

DOCTOR WHO

THE COMPLETE
**EIGHTH
DOCTOR**
COMIC STRIPS

VOLUME THREE



OBLIVION

A **panini BOOKS** GRAPHIC NOVEL

OBLIVION

COLLECTED COMIC STRIPS
FROM THE PAGES OF

**DOCTOR
WHO**

M A G A Z I N E

panini BOOKS

DOCTOR WHO™

OBLIVION

A **panini BOOKS** GRAPHIC NOVEL

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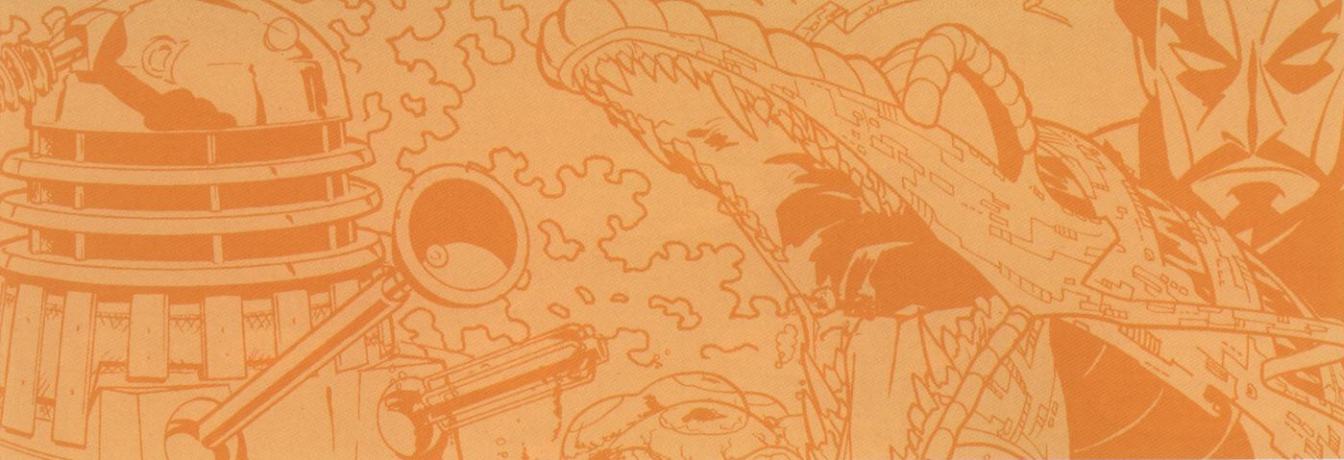
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OPHIDIUS

6

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ME AND MY SHADOW

114

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Beautiful Freak

34

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uroboros

122

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42

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OBLIVION

151

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CHILDREN OF THE REVOLUTION

70

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CHARACTER ASSASSIN

194

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COMMENTARY

202

WHERE DOES HE GET ALL THIS STUFF...?

SO! YOU IVORY POACHER? YOU KILL MY ELEPHANT! BAD MAN!





OPHIDIUS

part one

SCOTT GRAY - WRITER MARTIN GERAGHTY - PENCILLER ROBIN SMITH - INKER/COLOURIST
ROGER LANGRIDGE - LETTERER ALAN BARNES - EDITOR

I THOUGHT YOU SAID WE WERE ALONE OUT HERE?!

IT - IT DIDN'T REGISTER ON THE SENSORS! BRACE YOURSELF, IZZY...

...IT'S HEADING STRAIGHT FOR US!

YIIIKES!

ZWAP!

WE'RE INSIDE THAT THING!

HOLD ON! HAVE TO STABILISE THE INTERIOR DIMENSIONS...

WHY DIDN'T YOU GET US OUT OF THE WAY?!

NO TIME TO JUMP INTO THE VORTEX...

AND YOU TRY DODGING A JAW THE SIZE OF REGENT'S PARK!

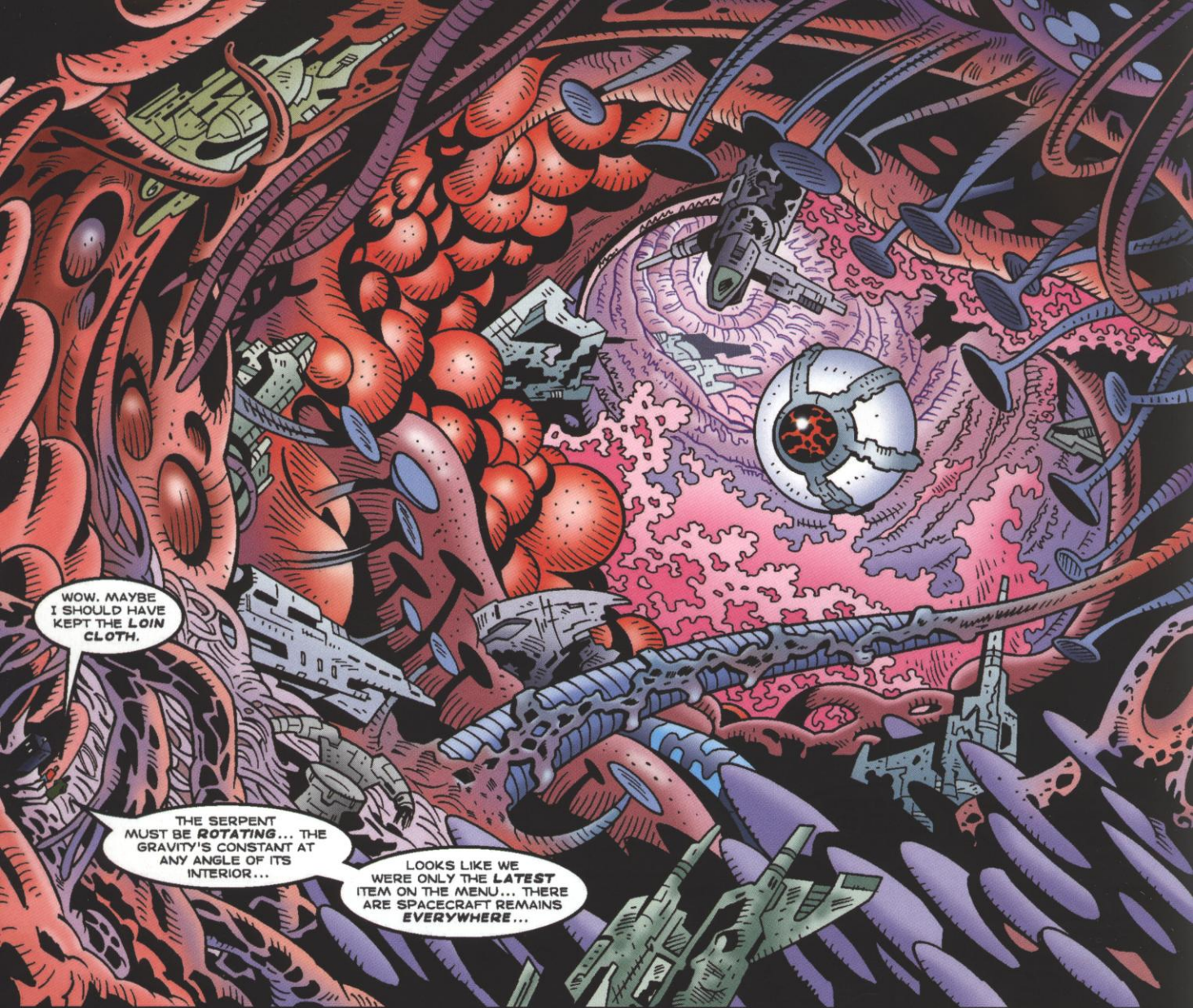
THERE. WE'VE STOPPED...

BLAZES. SOME KIND OF **POWER-DAMPENING FIELD** IS IN OPERATION - WE COULDN'T DEMATERIALISE NOW IF WE WANTED TO.

EVEN THE SCANNER CEILING'S DOWN...

SO... HOW DO WE FIND OUT WHERE WE ARE?

THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY...



WOW. MAYBE I SHOULD HAVE KEPT THE LOIN CLOTH.

THE SERPENT MUST BE **ROTATING**... THE GRAVITY'S CONSTANT AT ANY ANGLE OF ITS INTERIOR...

LOOKS LIKE WE WERE ONLY THE **LATEST** ITEM ON THE MENU... THERE ARE SPACECRAFT REMAINS EVERYWHERE...



WHAT'S THAT?

SOMEONE KEEPING AN EYE ON US? COME ON, LET'S TAKE A LOOK AROUND...



I DON'T RECOGNISE THIS SHIP'S DESIGN... BUT THE HULL'S BEEN **DISINTEGRATED**, NOT BLASTED OPEN...



...IN FACT, IT ALMOST LOOKS **EATEN**.

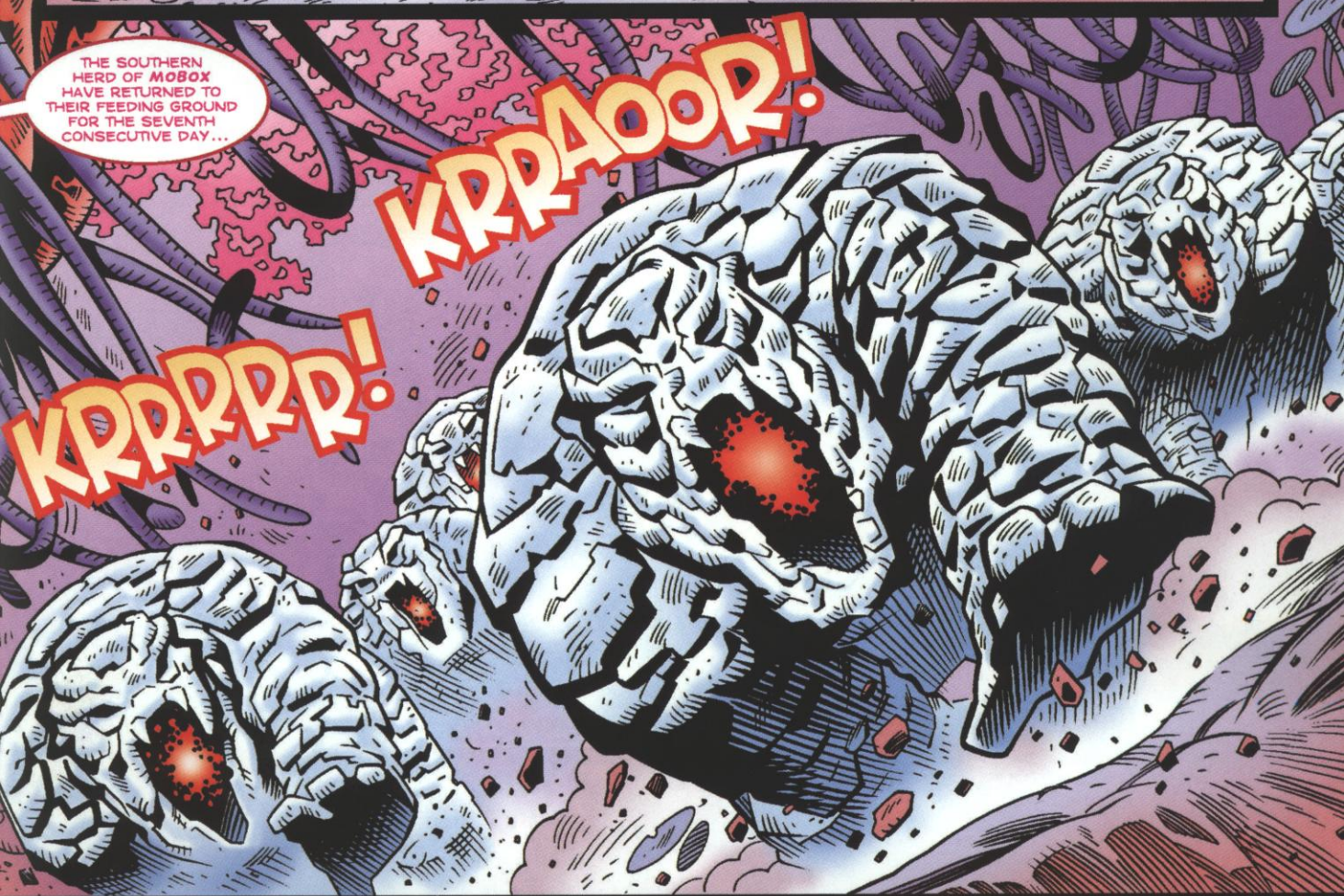
BEHOLDER PANOQUAI BEGINS HIS NARRATIVE FOR TIME-CYCLE 8356D-L. THE TWO LATEST ARRIVALS BEGIN TO EXPLORE THEIR STRANGE NEW ENVIRONMENT...



...LITTLE REALISING HOW **TREACHEROUS** IT CAN BECOME.

DO YOU THINK THE CREW SURVIVED THE CRASH?

NO-ONE AROUND - AND COMMON SENSE WOULD HAVE DICTATED THAT THEY STAY CLOSE TO THEIR SHIP...





... MUCH TO THEIR DISMAY.

WE'VE BEEN RUMBLING - AND THEY'RE BETWEEN US AND THE TARDIS! IZZY -

WAY AHEAD OF YOU...

LEG IT!



DESPITE THEIR GREAT BULK, THE MOBOX MOVE SWIFTLY TOWARD THEIR PREY. THE SIGHT OF LIVING FLESH EXCITES THEM...

KKRRROAA!

THIS WAY!



OH, GREAT!

DEAD-END - WE'RE FINISHED, UNLESS -

SKREEEAKA!

THE MOBOX BELLOW AT THE SIGHT OF THE SEEONKAAS, ONE OF THE FEW SPECIES WHICH CAN CHALLENGE THEIR MASTERY OF THIS HARSH DOMAIN. THEY WILL HAVE TO FIGHT FOR THIS MEAL...



SKREEEAKA!

KKRRROARR!



ULTRASONIC SHRIEKS CLASH WITH DEVASTATING ENERGY STREAMS. THE TWO PACKS ATTACK WITH AN EAGER SAVAGERY...

VROARRR!

A-ARE WE BEING RESCUED?

NO, JUST FOUGHT OVER! WHOEVER WINS, WE LOSE!

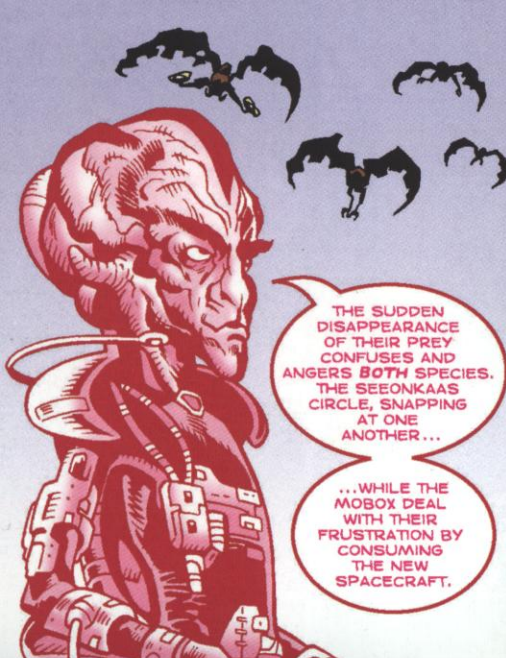
SHREEEE!



HEY, SWEETIE! TROUBLE AT TWO O'CLOCK!

HUH?





THE SUDDEN
DISAPPEARANCE
OF THEIR PREY
CONFUSES AND
ANGERS BOTH SPECIES.
THE SEONKAAS
CIRCLE, SNAPPING
AT ONE
ANOTHER...

...WHILE THE
MOBOX DEAL
WITH THEIR
FRUSTRATION BY
CONSUMING THE
NEW
SPACECRAFT.



BUT...

IN AN
UNFORSEEN DEVELOPMENT,
THE VESSEL SOMEHOW
RESISTS THEIR
ENERGY STREAMS...

VROOAR!

BEHOLDER
PANOQUAI...



...YOUR NARRATIVE
HAS BEEN MONITORED. TOO MANY
VARIABLES HAVE NOW ENTERED THE
CALCULATION. NOTHING MUST
INTERFERE WITH THE
RECIPROICATION.

THESE
NEWCOMERS ARE
AN UNWELCOME
COMPLICATION SO
LATE IN THIS
PROJECT...

LOCATE
AND DELETE
THEM.



NOTHING LIKE A
REFRESHING DIP, HUH?
NO WILDLIFE AROUND,
EITHER. COOL.

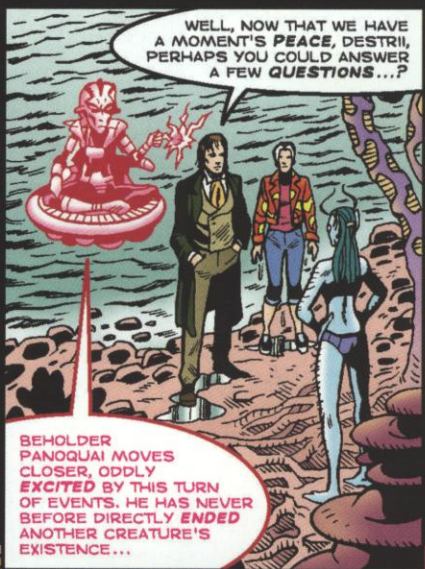
THANK
YOU
FOR YOUR
HELP,
MISS...?



THE NAME'S DESTRII,
SWEETIE. NO "MISS"
REQUIRED.

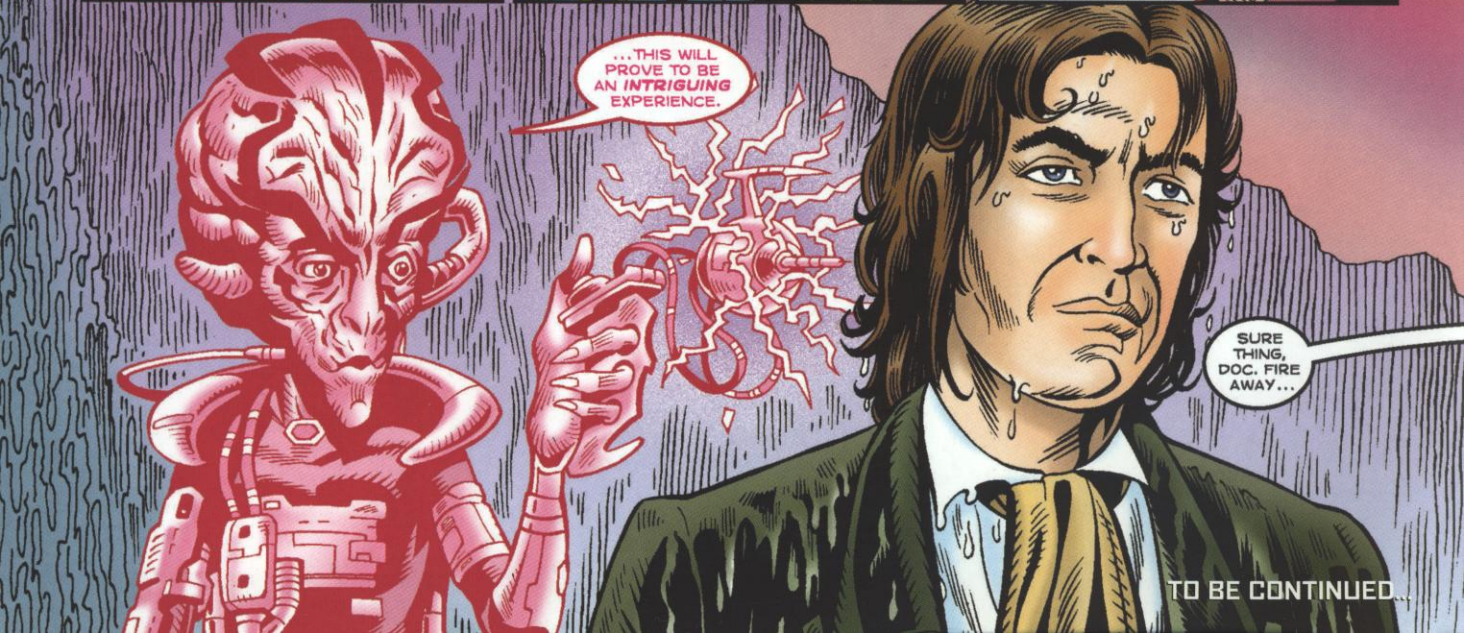
HOW DO
YOU DO? I'M
THE DOCTOR
AND THIS IS
IZZY.

YOW! WARM
HANDS! I LIKE IT!
CHARMED,
I'M SURE...



WELL, NOW THAT WE HAVE
A MOMENT'S PEACE, DESTRII,
PERHAPS YOU COULD ANSWER
A FEW QUESTIONS...?

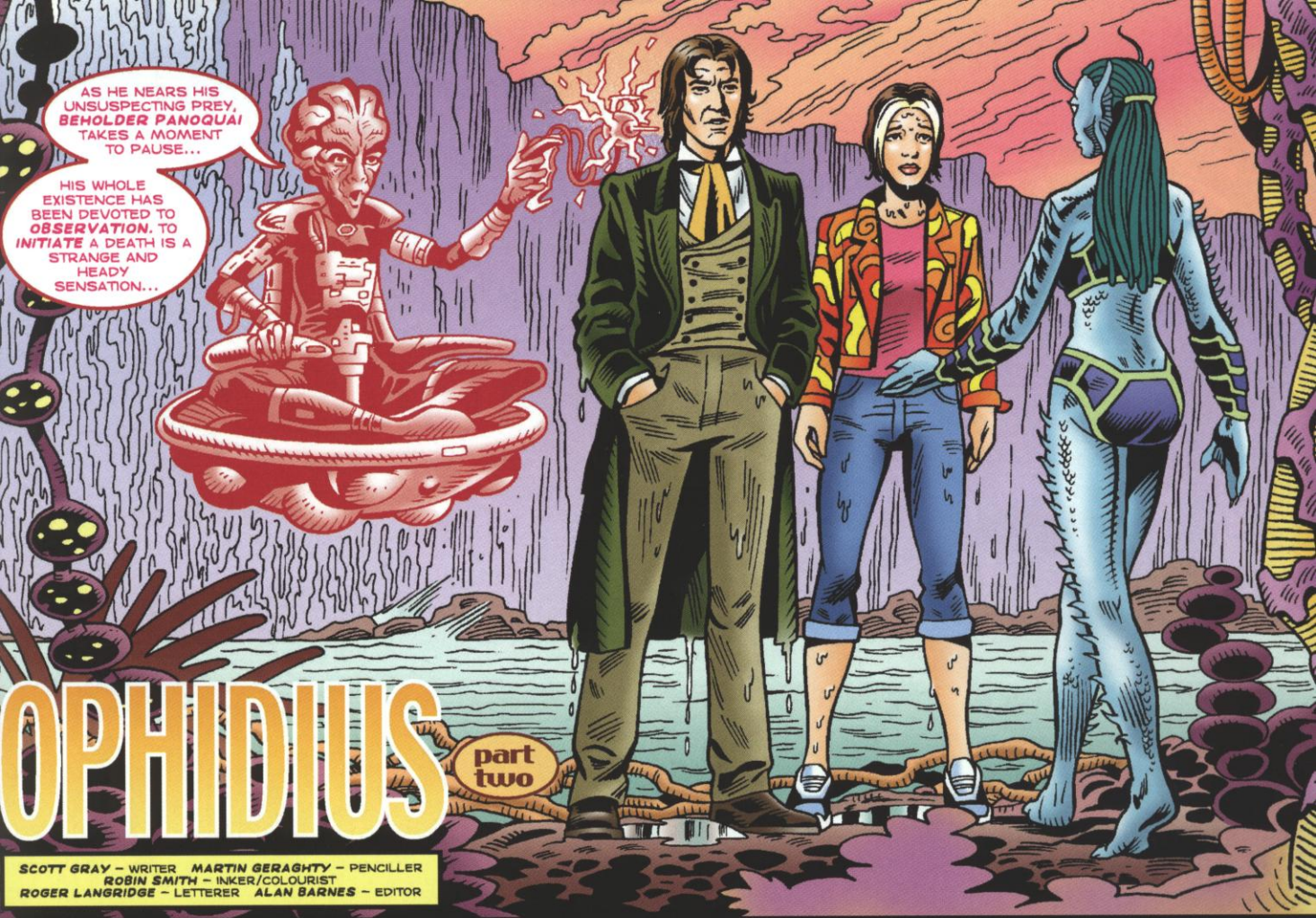
BEHOLDER
PANOQUAI MOVES
CLOSER, ODDLY
EXCITED BY THIS TURN
OF EVENTS. HE HAS NEVER
BEFORE DIRECTLY ENDED
ANOTHER CREATURE'S
EXISTENCE...



...THIS WILL
PROVE TO BE
AN INTRIGUING
EXPERIENCE.

SURE
THING,
DOC. FIRE
AWAY...

TO BE CONTINUED...



AS HE NEARS HIS UNSUSPECTING PREY, **BEHOLDER PANOQUAI** TAKES A MOMENT TO PAUSE...

HIS WHOLE EXISTENCE HAS BEEN DEVOTED TO **OBSERVATION**. TO INITIATE A DEATH IS A STRANGE AND HEADY SENSATION...

OPHIDIUS

part two

SCOTT GRAY - WRITER MARTIN GERAGHTY - PENCILLER
ROBIN SMITH - INKER/COLOURIST
ROGER LANGRIDGE - LETTERER ALAN BARNES - EDITOR



ZSHWIPP!

EXCUSE ME...

WH-?!

SORRY TO INTERRUPT, BUT IF THIS REALLY IS YOUR FIRST MURDER, MAY I MAKE A SUGGESTION?



SKZZLAK!

AAAUUNGH!!!

ACT FASTER, TALK SOFTER.



JUST A TOUCH OF CHRONO-LINEAR FEEDBACK. QUITE NASTY - BUT FAR LESS THAN WHAT HE HAD PLANNED FOR ME.

WH-WHERE DID THIS BLOKE SPRING FROM?!



A NANOSECOND IN THE FUTURE, IF MY GUESS IS CORRECT...

YES, ISO-TEMPORAL CIRCUITRY... THIS CHAIR FUNCTIONS AS A TIME-CLOCK. IT GENERATES A VIBRATORY FIELD THAT PLACES ITS OPERATOR SLIGHTLY OUT OF SYNC WITH THE SURROUNDING TIME-SPHERE...

HE WAS RENDERED INVISIBLE AND INTANGIBLE.



SO HOW'D YOU KNOW HE WAS THERE?

I'M SENSITIVE TO DISTURBANCES IN **TIME-FIELDS**, DESTRII. WHEN HE CAME CLOSE ENOUGH, I FELT HIS PRESENCE AND WAS ABLE TO DISRUPT HIS CLOAK...

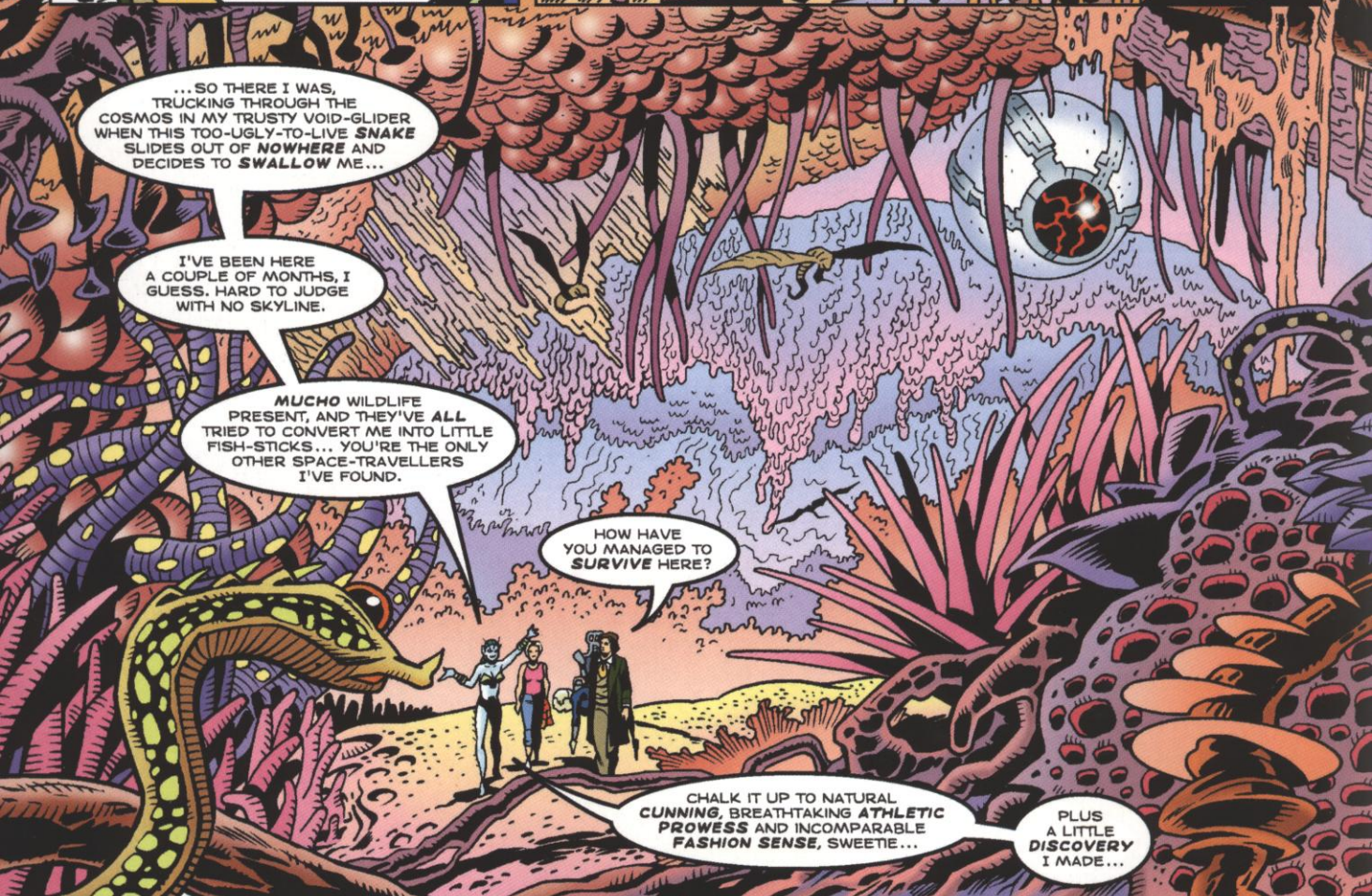
ACTUALLY, I USED TO BUILD GADGETS LIKE THIS IN **SCHOOL**.



I AM SO **UTTERLY IMPRESSED!**

SAVE THE APPLAUSE FOR LATER. WE HAVE TO FIND SOME **SHELTER** BEFORE OUR SHY FRIEND'S PEOPLE COME CALLING.

I THINK WE'LL TAKE HIM ALONG...



... SO THERE I WAS, TRUCKING THROUGH THE COSMOS IN MY TRUSTY VOID-GLIDER WHEN THIS TOO-UGLY-TO-LIVE **SNAKE** SLIDES OUT OF **NOWHERE** AND DECIDES TO **SWALLOW ME**...

I'VE BEEN HERE A COUPLE OF MONTHS, I GUESS. HARD TO JUDGE WITH NO SKYLINE.

MUCHO WILDLIFE PRESENT, AND THEY'VE ALL TRIED TO CONVERT ME INTO LITTLE FISH-STICKS... YOU'RE THE ONLY OTHER SPACE-TRAVELLERS I'VE FOUND.

HOW HAVE YOU MANAGED TO **SURVIVE** HERE?

CHALK IT UP TO NATURAL **CUNNING**, BREATHTAKING **ATHLETIC PROWESS** AND INCOMPARABLE **FASHION SENSE**, SWEETIE...

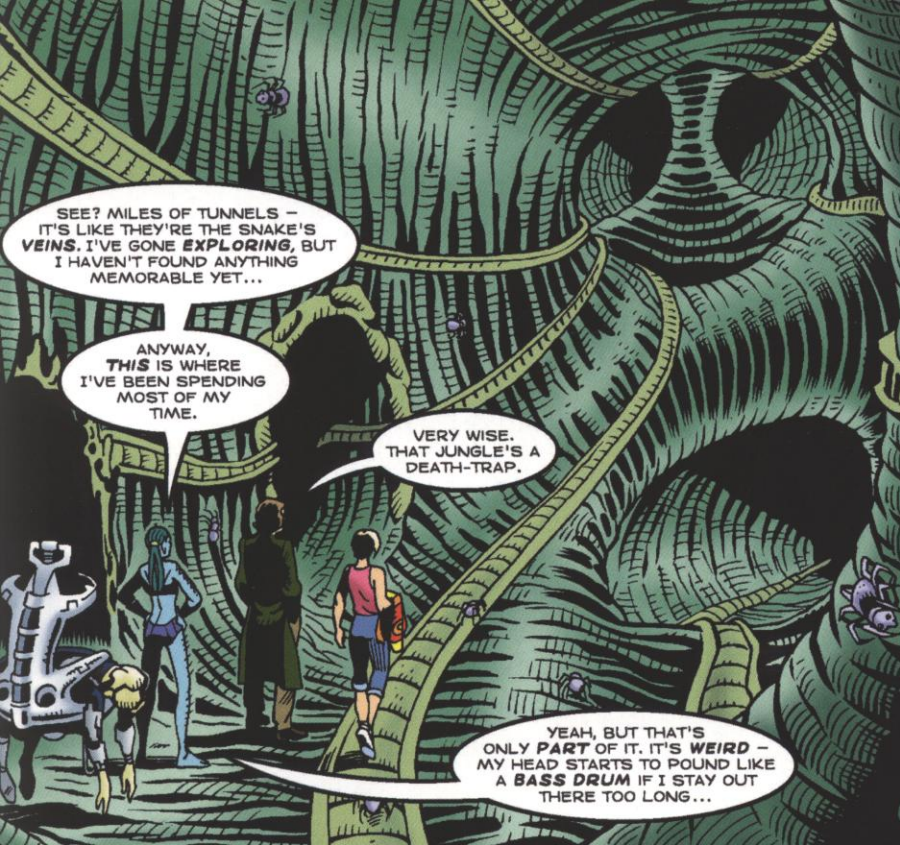
PLUS A LITTLE **DISCOVERY** I MADE...



I TOOK COVER IN **HERE** ON THE DAY I ARRIVED - **SERIOUSLY LUCKY MOVE**...

Y'SEE, MR SNAKE ISN'T QUITE WHAT HE **SEEMS**. THE JUNGLE IN HIS TUMMY LOOKS AU **NATURELLE**, BUT THERE'S A **HOLE** IN THE FACADE RIGHT HERE...

G'WAN, STEP IN...



SEE? MILES OF TUNNELS - IT'S LIKE THEY'RE THE SNAKE'S VEINS. I'VE GONE **EXPLORING**, BUT I HAVEN'T FOUND ANYTHING MEMORABLE YET...

ANYWAY, **THIS** IS WHERE I'VE BEEN SPENDING MOST OF MY TIME.

VERY WISE. THAT JUNGLE'S A DEATH-TRAP.

YEAH, BUT THAT'S ONLY PART OF IT. IT'S **WEIRD** - MY HEAD STARTS TO POUND LIKE A **BASS DRUM** IF I STAY OUT THERE TOO LONG...



UUGH! WHAT ARE THOSE?

SERVICER DRONES, PROGRAMMED TO REPAIR DAMAGE... LIKE THE SERPENT, THEY'RE **BIO-MECHANICAL** IN STRUCTURE - HALF-BUILT, HALF-GROWN.

BUT THESE ONES MUST BE **MALFUNCTIONING** IF THEY HAVEN'T FIXED THAT RIFT IN THE WALL...



AH, HOVEL, SWEET HOVEL!

I'VE BEEN SNOOZING HERE - I SALVAGED SOME STUFF FROM MY GLIDER BEFORE THOSE **ROCK-CRITTERS** ZAPPED IT INTO **DUST**, BUT NOTHING **TECHNOLOGICAL** WORKED ANYMORE...

WE HAD MUCH THE SAME PROBLEM...

FIND SOMETHING TO RESTRAIN OUR GUEST WITH, **IZZY**. I WANT TO TRY OUT HIS **CHAIR**...



WELL, THE CONTROLS SEEM SIMPLE ENOUGH...

ALRIGHT, I'M GOING OUTSIDE FOR A QUICK **TEST-FLIGHT**. BOTH OF YOU SIT TIGHT UNTIL I GET BACK. THAT MEANS **YOU**, **IZZY**...

NOW YOU SEE ME...



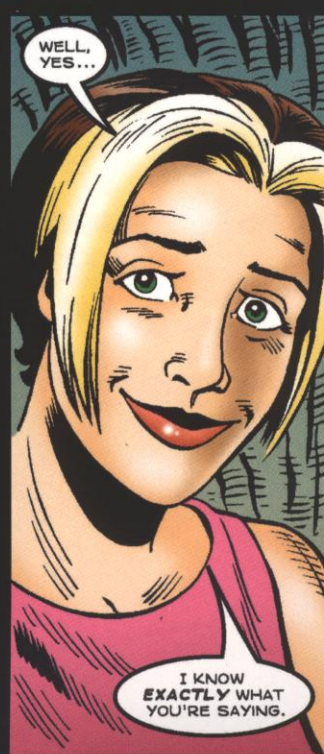
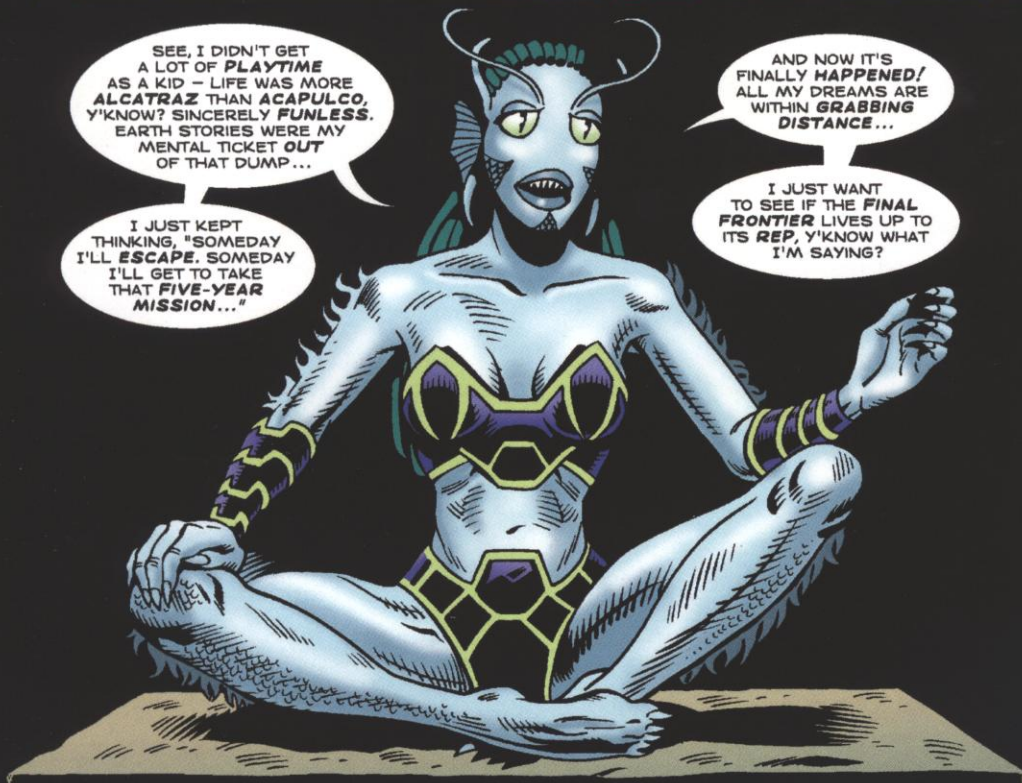
...NOW YOU **DON'T!**

WHAT...?

HUH?!



HEH. JUST LIKE FLOATING THROUGH CUSTARD...



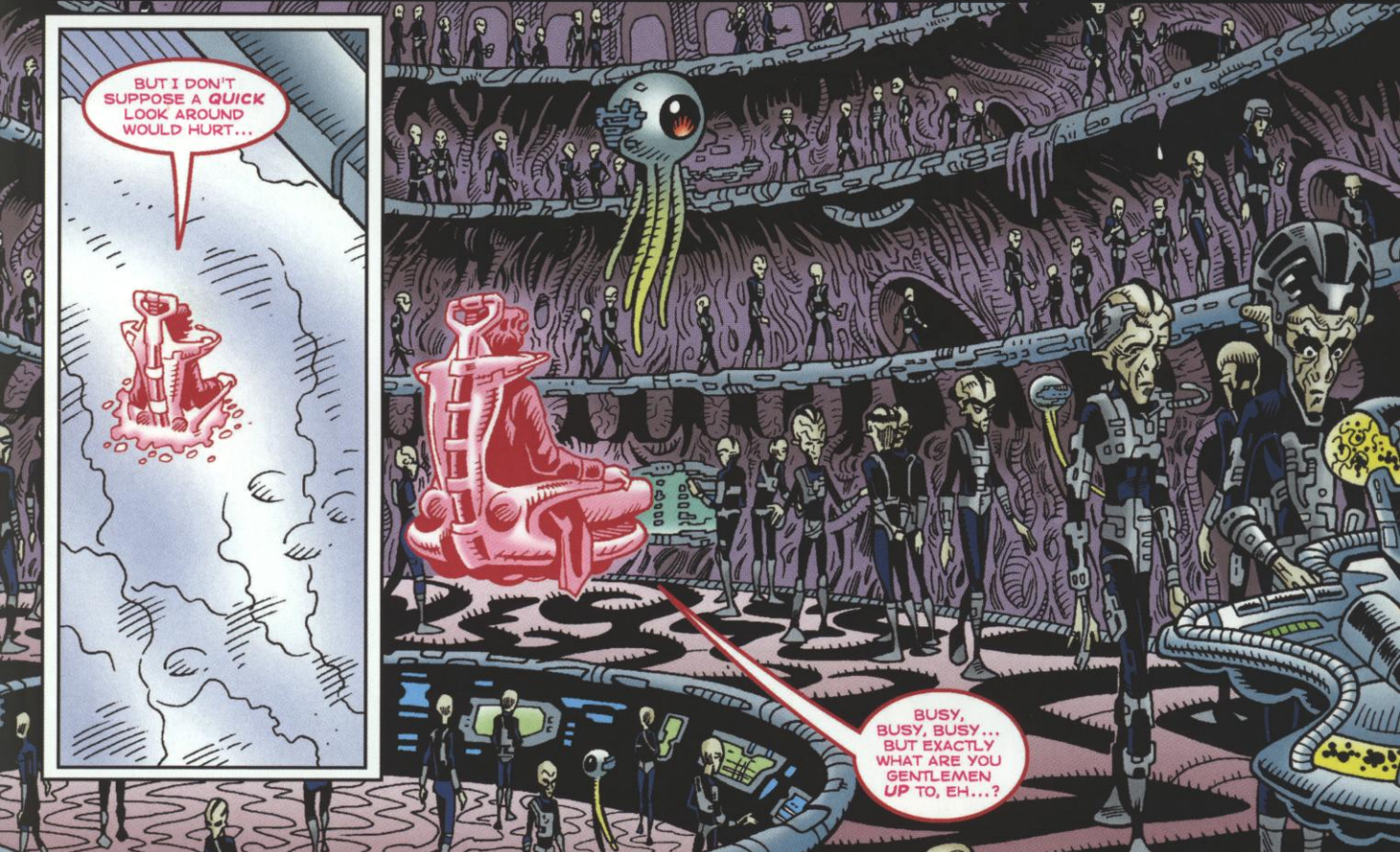


DESTRII WASN'T EXAGGERATING - I'VE COUNTED OVER A DOZEN DISTINCT ANIMAL SPECIES ALREADY...

SOMEONE'S GONE TO A LOT OF TROUBLE TO CONSTRUCT AN ARTIFICIAL ECO-SYSTEM INSIDE THIS SERPENT-CRAFT - BUT WHY?

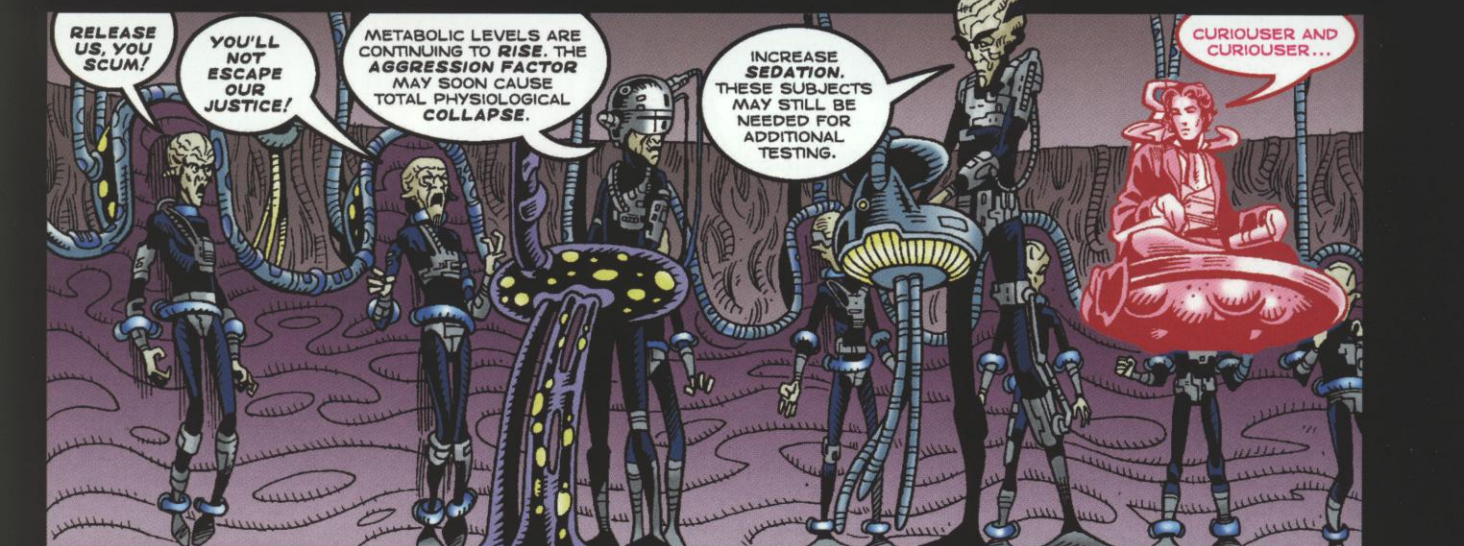
THE ANSWER'S GOING TO BE FOUND INSIDE THIS SPHERE, I'M CERTAIN OF IT.

NOW, THE **SENSIBLE** APPROACH WOULD BE TO WAIT UNTIL OUR CAPTIVE REVIVES AND INTERROGATE HIM **FIRST**...



BUT I DON'T SUPPOSE A **QUICK** LOOK AROUND WOULD HURT...

BUSY, BUSY... BUT EXACTLY WHAT ARE YOU GENTLEMEN UP TO, EH...?



RELEASE US, YOU SCUM!

YOU'LL NOT ESCAPE OUR JUSTICE!

METABOLIC LEVELS ARE CONTINUING TO RISE. THE AGGRESSION FACTOR MAY SOON CAUSE TOTAL PHYSIOLOGICAL COLLAPSE.

INCREASE SEDATION. THESE SUBJECTS MAY STILL BE NEEDED FOR ADDITIONAL TESTING.

CURIOSER AND CURIOSER...



...OH, SURE, "SPOCK'S BRAIN" IS MY FAVOURITE TOO! I LOVE THE BIT WHERE SULU HAS TO DO THE CAPTAIN'S LOG -

YES! YES! AND HE SAYS...

"CAPTAIN KIRK'S HUNCH THAT SPOCK'S BRAIN IS ON THIS PLANET APPEARS TO BE CORRECT!"

HAH-HAH-HAH!



HEY, I THINK MR POTATOHEAD'S WAKING UP.

HMM. DESTRII, YOU LIKE EARTH TV --

HAVE YOU EVER WATCHED ANY COP SHOWS...?

OoohHh...



B-BEHOLDER PANOQUAI... AWAKENS... HE IS... DISORIENTATED BY HIS ORDEAL. WH-WHERE -

RRRRAARRR!!!



HELLO! I'M IZZY AND THIS IS MY FRIEND DESTRII. I HOPE YOU'RE FEELING BETTER NOW...

AND I REALLY HOPE YOU'RE GOING TO COOPERATE WITH US...

LET ME GO! I'M GONNA TEAR HIS LUNGS OUT!



... BECAUSE I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG I CAN KEEP HER AWAY FROM YOU IF YOU DON'T.

I'LL RIP YOU INTO CONFETTI, YOU CREEPOID!

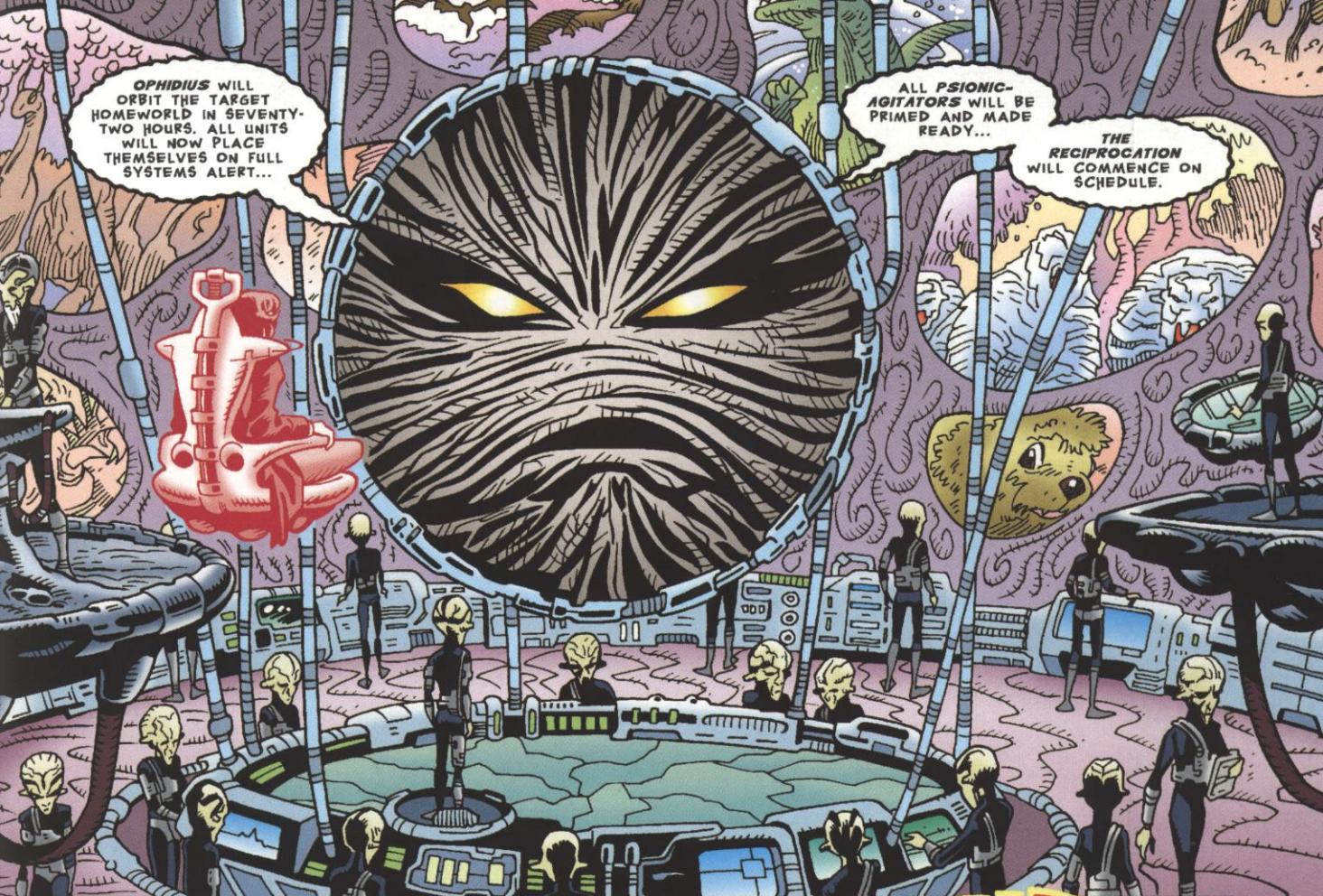


LOTS OF TRAFFIC THIS WAY... I'LL JUST FOLLOW THE TIDE FOR A WHILE, SEE IF THERE'S ANYTHING IMPORTANT IN THIS DIRECTION...



WELL, NOW... I THINK THIS QUALIFIES.

REINTEGRATE SENSOR BLOCKS... MAINTAIN TRANS-HARMONIC INTEGRITY...



OPHIDIUS WILL ORBIT THE TARGET HOMEWORLD IN SEVENTY-TWO HOURS. ALL UNITS WILL NOW PLACE THEMSELVES ON FULL SYSTEMS ALERT...

ALL PSIONIC-AGITATORS WILL BE PRIMED AND MADE READY...

THE RECIPROICATION WILL COMMENCE ON SCHEDULE.

HONOURED GOROLITH, ONE OF THE BEHOLDER UNITS - PANOQUAI - HAS FAILED TO MAKE HIS NARRATIVE REPORT FOR THE SECOND QUARTER. HE IS NOT RESPONDING TO MY SIGNALS.

I DISPATCHED PANOQUAI TO DELETE THREE NEWCOMERS...

TRACE HIS LOCATION VIA HIS MONITOR CHAIR.

MONITOR CHAIR LOCATED...

HERE?!

AH... GOOD MORNING! CAN I INTEREST ANYONE IN A SET OF ENCYCLOPEDIAS?

ZSHWIP!

INTRUDER ALERT!

SCHRAKK!

UUNGH!



W-WELL, HOW ABOUT SOME DOUBLE GLAZING, THEN...?

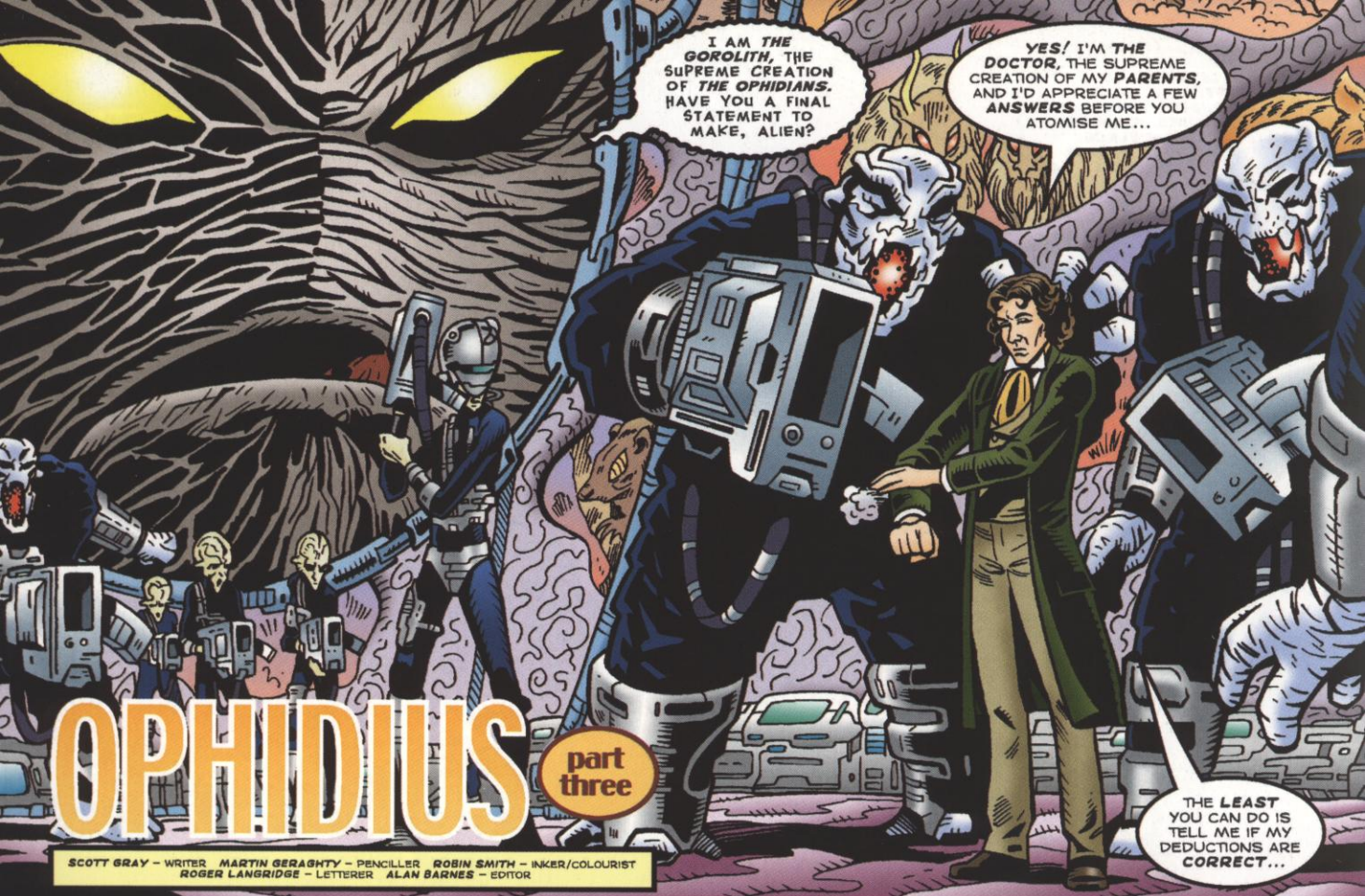
YOUR INSTRUCTIONS, HONOURED GOROLITH?

NO INTERFERENCE WILL BE TOLERATED...

DESTROY HIM!



TO BE CONTINUED...



I AM THE
GOROLITH, THE
SUPREME CREATION
OF THE OPHIDIANS.
HAVE YOU A FINAL
STATEMENT TO
MAKE, ALIEN?

YES! I'M THE
DOCTOR, THE SUPREME
CREATION OF MY PARENTS,
AND I'D APPRECIATE A FEW
ANSWERS BEFORE YOU
ATOMISE ME...

OPHIDIUS

part
three

SCOTT GRAY - WRITER MARTIN GERAGHTY - PENCILLER ROBIN SMITH - INKER/COLOURIST
ROGER LANGRIDGE - LETTERER ALAN BARNES - EDITOR

THE LEAST
YOU CAN DO IS
TELL ME IF MY
DEDUCTIONS ARE
CORRECT...



I'VE HEARD THE WORD "RECIPROCATION"
MENTIONED - YOU'RE BODY-STEALERS,
AREN'T YOU? THOSE BEINGS I SAW
RESTRAINED - SOMEHOW YOU'VE
TRADED YOUR BODIES FOR
THEIRS, YES?

CORRECT. WE
NOW INHABIT
THE FORMS OF
THE MOBOX, A
GROUP OF STAR-
TRAVELLERS
WE CAPTURED
SEVERAL
YEARS AGO...

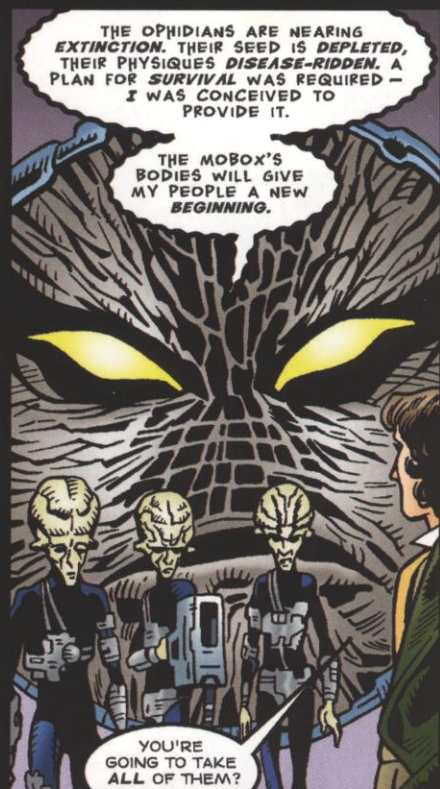
BUT
OUTSIDE,
IN THAT
"JUNGLE" YOU'VE
CONSTRUCTED,
THE MOBOX WERE
ONLY ANIMALS...



A PSIONIC AGITATOR
HAS BEEN USED TO
REGRESS ALL OUR
CAPTIVES' MINDS,
REDUCING THEM TO
CREATURES OF PURE
INSTINCT. WE
WISHED TO TEST
THEIR PHYSICAL
CAPABILITIES... PIT
THEM AGAINST
EACH OTHER...

THIS IS
SOME SORT OF
COMPETITION?

EXACTLY, DOCTOR -
ONE WHICH THE MOBOX
HAVE WON. THEY HAVE PROVEN
TO BE THE MOST SUCCESSFUL
SPECIES, FLOURISHING IN NUMBER
AND DOMINATING THIS ENVIRONMENT...



THE OPHIDIANS ARE NEARING
EXTINCTION. THEIR SEED IS DEPLETED,
THEIR PHYSIQUES DISEASE-RIDDEN. A
PLAN FOR SURVIVAL WAS REQUIRED -
I WAS CONCEIVED TO
PROVIDE IT.

THE MOBOX'S
BODIES WILL GIVE
MY PEOPLE A NEW
BEGINNING.

YOU'RE
GOING TO TAKE
ALL OF THEM?



OF COURSE. YOU STAND
ABOARD OPHIDIUS, THE VANGUARD
OF OUR ONCE-GREAT CULTURE. IT
APPROACHES THE MOBOX
HOMEWORLD EVEN NOW...

YOU KNOW, THE
MOBOX ARE PROBABLY
VERY
ATTACHED TO THEIR BODIES.
I DOUBT THEY'LL HAND
THEM OVER WITHOUT
A FIGHT...



THERE WILL BE NO BATTLE. WE SHALL SATURATE THEIR ENTIRE WORLD WITH **PSIONIC RADIATION**. IN A FEW DAYS THE MOBOX WILL ALL BE MERE **BEASTS** IN THE FIELD, READY FOR OUR PLANS...

WHICH DO NOT INCLUDE YOU, DOCTOR.



WAIT! YOU'D DARE EXECUTE ME WHILE I'M STILL FULLY CLOTHED?! WHY, NO GREATER **DISGRACE** EXISTS IN MY WORLD'S CULTURE! I WON'T **STAND** FOR IT, DO YOU HEAR?!

I DEMAND TO DIE NAKED!



THE VAGARIES OF LESSER LIFE-FORMS ARE MANY AND STRANGE...

VERY WELL, DOCTOR. **DISROBE.**

THANK YOU, GOROLITH. YOU'RE A BIO-MECHANICAL ENTITY WITH SOME **ETIQUETTE.**



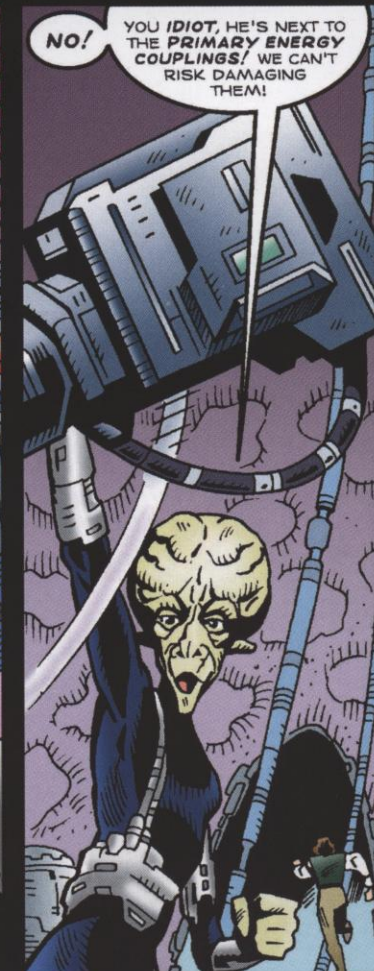
AHH... ON **SECOND** THOUGHT, IT'S A BIT **FROSTY** IN HERE. COULD WE **POSTPONE** THE FIRING SQUAD UNTIL THE **CENTRAL HEATING'S** FIXED?

NO.



I'M SORRY, I HAVE TO **INSIST!**

FIRE!

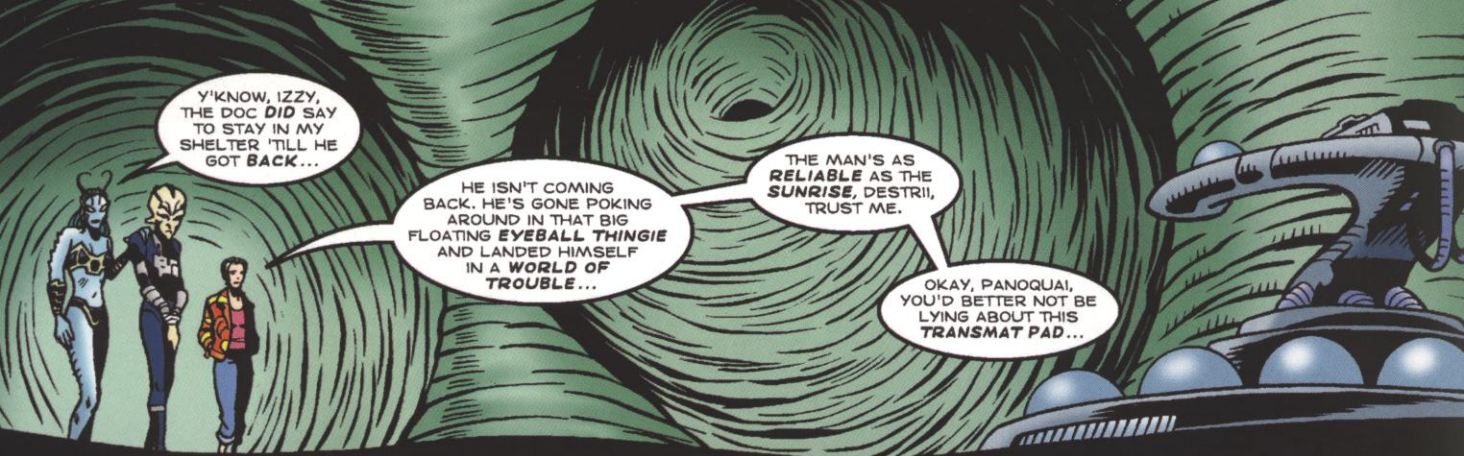


NO!

YOU **IDIOT**, HE'S NEXT TO THE **PRIMARY ENERGY COUPLINGS!** WE CAN'T RISK DAMAGING THEM!



GET AFTER HIM!

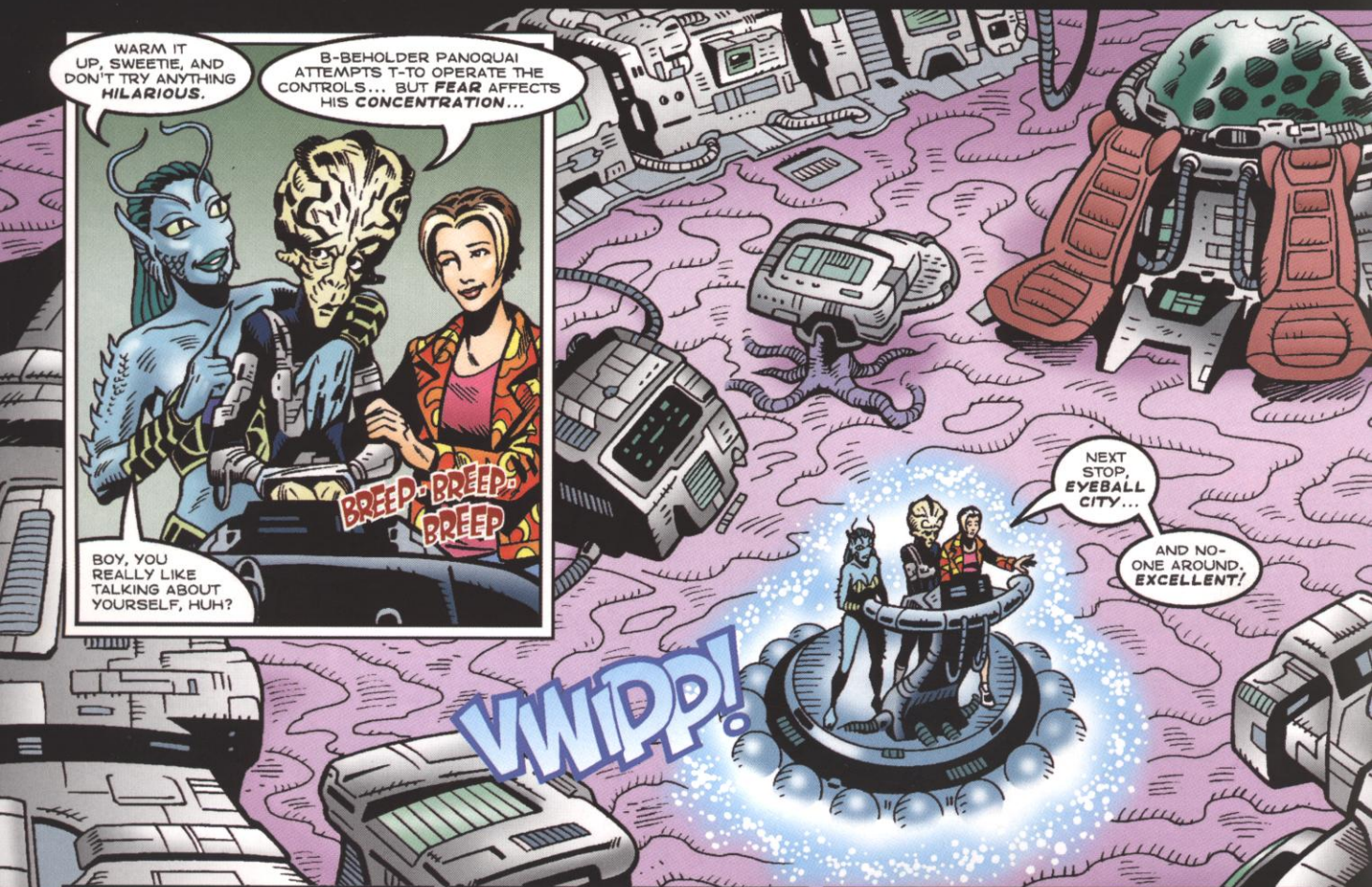


Y'KNOW, IZZY, THE DOC DID SAY TO STAY IN MY SHELTER 'TILL HE GOT BACK...

HE ISN'T COMING BACK. HE'S GONE POKING AROUND IN THAT BIG FLOATING **EYEBALL THINGIE** AND LANDED HIMSELF IN A **WORLD OF TROUBLE...**

THE MAN'S AS **RELIABLE** AS THE **SUNRISE**, DESTRII, TRUST ME.

OKAY, PANOQUAI, YOU'D BETTER NOT BE LYING ABOUT THIS **TRANSMAT PAD...**



WARM IT UP, SWEETIE, AND DON'T TRY ANYTHING **HILARIOUS.**

B-BEHOLDER PANOQUAI ATTEMPTS T-TO OPERATE THE CONTROLS... BUT **FEAR** AFFECTS HIS CONCENTRATION...

BREED-BREED-BREED

BOY, YOU REALLY LIKE TALKING ABOUT YOURSELF, HUH?

VWIPPI!

NEXT STOP, **EYEBALL CITY...**

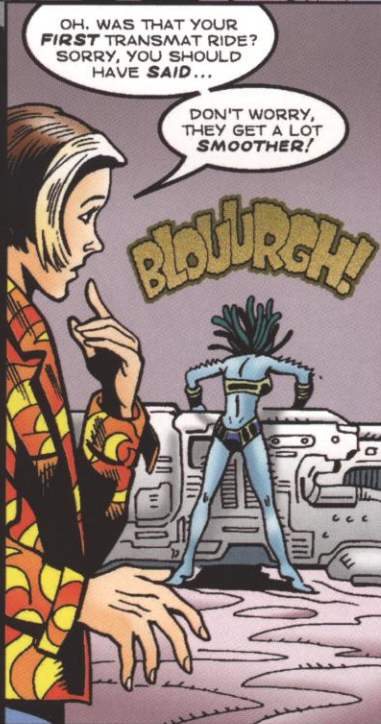
AND NO-ONE AROUND, **EXCELLENT!**



THIS PLACE LOOKS **MASSIVE**. FINDING THE DOCTOR MAY NOT BE -

DESTRII...?

BLMMPHH!



OH, WAS THAT YOUR **FIRST** TRANSMAT RIDE? SORRY, YOU SHOULD HAVE **SAID...**

DON'T WORRY, THEY GET A LOT **SMOOTHER!**

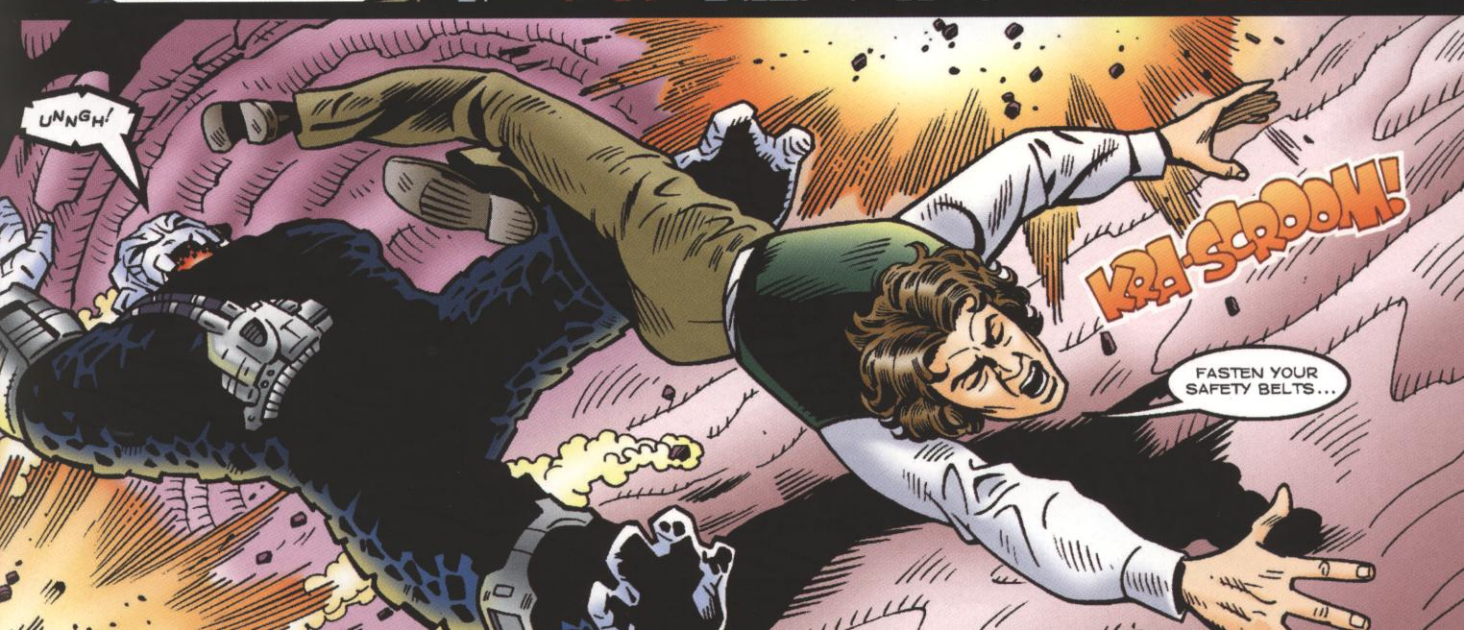
BLOURCH!

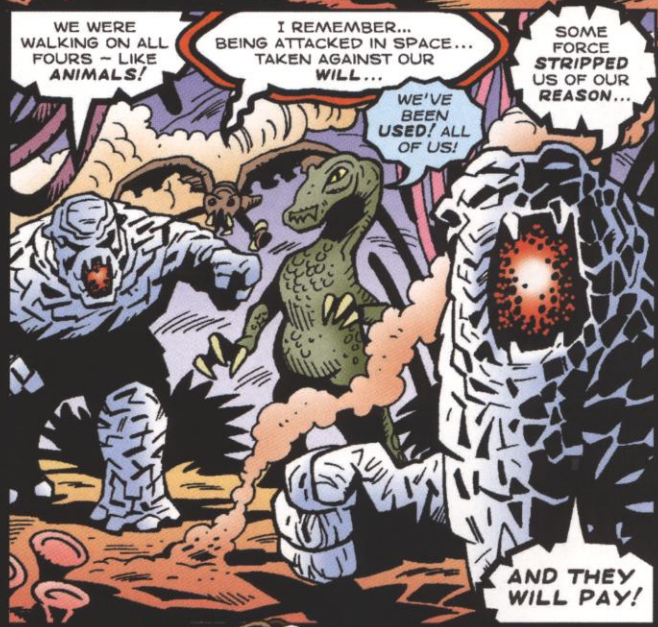


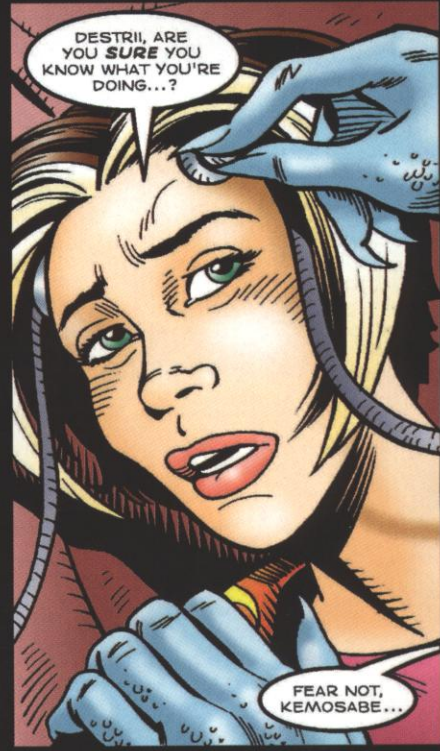
THIS WAY!

NO! HE'S GONE DOWN HERE!

FEEL FREE TO TAKE BOTH THE **HIGH AND LOW** ROADS, GENTLEMEN...









JUSTICE!

VROOARR!

AARRUGH!!



"JUSTICE"?
HARDLY...

BUT I
DON'T HAVE TIME
TO ARGUE WITH
YOU...



WH... WHAT
HAPPENED...

WHY WAS
I ASLEEP...?

DESTR!...



DESTR!...
DID IT
WORK...?



OH, YOU
BET YOUR LIFE
IT WORKED,
SWEETIE...



...TAKE A BIG,
LONG LOOK
AT YOURSELF
AND SEE.

WH...?!

N-NO!
NO!



IT'S
INSANE!
TH-THIS
CAN'T BE
REAL!

OKAY, SO MAYBE I
MADE A TEENSY-WEENSY FIB,
IZZY... THIS MACHINE DOESN'T
TRANSMIT THOUGHTS - IT
EXCHANGES THEM. NOW MY
MIND'S IN YOUR BODY,
AND VICE-VERSA...

BUT HEY!
YOU KNOW
WHAT THEY
SAY...

FRIENDS
SHOULD SHARE
STUFF...

TO BE CONCLUDED...



WHY, DESTRII?
WHY STEAL MY BODY?
AND WHY SHOVE MY
MIND INTO YOURS?

EXCUSE
ME? REALITY
CHECK, PLEASE,
WAITER...

YOU ACTUALLY THINK I
WANTED TO SWAP MY MAGICAL
CURVES FOR YOUR STICK-INSECT
BOD? DREAM ON, SWEETIE! I'LL BET
YOU NEVER SPENT A DAY AT
THE GYM IN YOUR LIFE!

GEEZ,
EVEN YOUR
EYESIGHT
SUCKS!

OPHIDIUS

part four

SCOTT GRAY - WRITER MARTIN GERAGHTY - PENCILLER
ROBIN SMITH - INKER/COLORIST
ROGER LANGRIDGE - LETTERER ALAN BARNES - EDITOR

WH-WHAT
HAPPENED TO...



... PANOQUAI?

OH, YEAH. PANOQUAI.
HE'S KIND OF DEAD
RIGHT NOW, COURTESY
OF THIS GROOVY
LITTLE SOLID-LIGHT
PROJECTOR
I FOUND.

THIS HAS TO BE A
WITNESS-FREE ZONE,
Y'SEE...



LOOK, THIS IS NOTHING PERSONAL,
OKAY? I'VE JUST TICKED OFF A FEW
AUTHORITY FIGURES AND I NEED
SOMEWHERE TO HIDE. SO WHEN I SAW
THAT RECIPROCATOR, I THOUGHT,
"HEY! WHY NOT TRY MY OL' PAL
IZZY'S BODY?"

SEE, THE
POSSE THAT'S
ON MY TRAIL WILL
CATCH ME SOONER
OR LATER. THEY
CAN'T EVEN
SPELL THE WORD
"FAILURE"...

BUT IF THEY
ONLY BELIEVE
THEY'VE FOUND
ME, THEN THE
CHASE IS OVER.
COMPREHEND...?



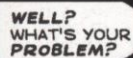
YOU THINK THEY WON'T REALISE
I'M NOT YOU? YOU'RE EVEN
STUPIDER THAN
YOU...

UH, I
MEAN...

YEAH,
THIS IS
CONFUSING
FOR ME, TOO...
BUT I'M AFRAID
YOU WON'T
BE MAKING
ANY DETAILED
EXPLANATIONS,
IZZY...



... THOSE BEAUTIFUL
LIPS ARE ABOUT TO BE
SEALED FOREVER.



JUST... JUST
SHUT UP, WILL YOU?
SHOOTING **YOURSELF**
ISN'T AS EASY AS IT
LOOKS, OKAY?

GOT IT!
OH, I AM A
GENIUS...

I CAN SET
THE RECIPROCATOR'S
POWER FEED TO **OVERLOAD**.
THERE'LL STILL BE PLENTY
OF PIECES OF YOU
LEFT OVER FOR A
POSITIVE ID...

DESTROY, NO!
-YOU'LL REGRET
THIS!

NOT AS MUCH
AS *YOU*, KIDDO...

ZZZSSSSZZSSZZ

**COME
BACK
HERE!**

UH-UH, MUSTN'T
KEEP THE UNIVERSE WAITING!
I WANT TO GET MY HANDS ON
THIS **TARDIS** GIZMO YOU WERE
TELLING ME ABOUT... PLUS
ITS OH-SO GORGEOUS
CAPTAIN...

SO THIS IS
THE **END**, MY
HUCKLEBERRY
FRIEND...

HAPPY TRAILS!

NO!

PANOQUAI?!

PANOQUAI ATTEMPTS...
 TO RELEASE THE OTHER...
 FEMALE... BEFORE HIS LAST
 BREATH IS FELT...

I'M
STRONGER NOW -
I CAN FEEL IT. BUT
I STILL CAN'T BREAK
THESE STUPID
STRAPS...

**SHE CAN'T WIN!
SHE CAN'T!**

BEHOLDER PANOQUAI...
STRUGGLES TO RISE... THE
FEMALE'S ATTACK... WAS
SERIOUS... BUT
SOMEWHAT
MISPLACED...

THE HEART SHE AIMED
FOR... IS IN FACT... LOCATED...
IN HIS PELVIC REGION...

WH-WHY
ARE YOU
HELPING
ME?

HIS... FINAL
DESIRE... IS
A... **SIMPLE**
ONE...

REVENGE...



YOO-HOO!
DOCTOR? ARE
YOU THERE? IS
ANYONE?

WHO DO I HAVE
TO KILL TO GET SOME
SERVICE AROUND
HERE?



HALT!

IDENTIFY
YOURSELF!
ARE YOU ONE OF THE
CREATURES WHO
TRAPPED US IN THIS
OBSCURE PLACE?

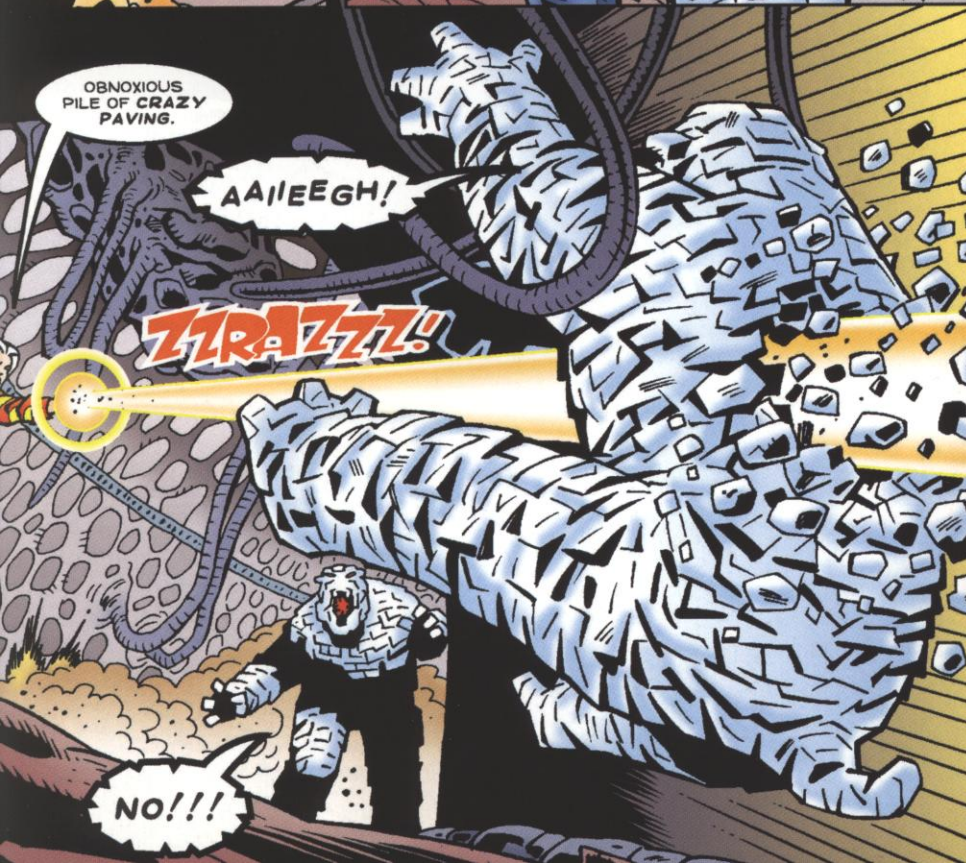
HEY, IT
TALKS! NOPE,
I'M LIKE YOU,
GRANITE-HEAD -
ONE OF THE
KIDNAPPEES...

SHIFT
YOURSELF,
HUH? I'M ON A
SCHEDULE...



REMAIN WHERE
YOU ARE! YOU HAVE THE
SCENT OF CORRUPTION
ON YOU! I SAY AGAIN,
IDENTIFY
YOURSELF!

ARE... ARE YOU SAYING
I SMELL? HUH? IS THAT
WHAT YOU'RE SAYING?



OBNOXIOUS
PILE OF CRAZY
PAVING.

AAIEEGH!

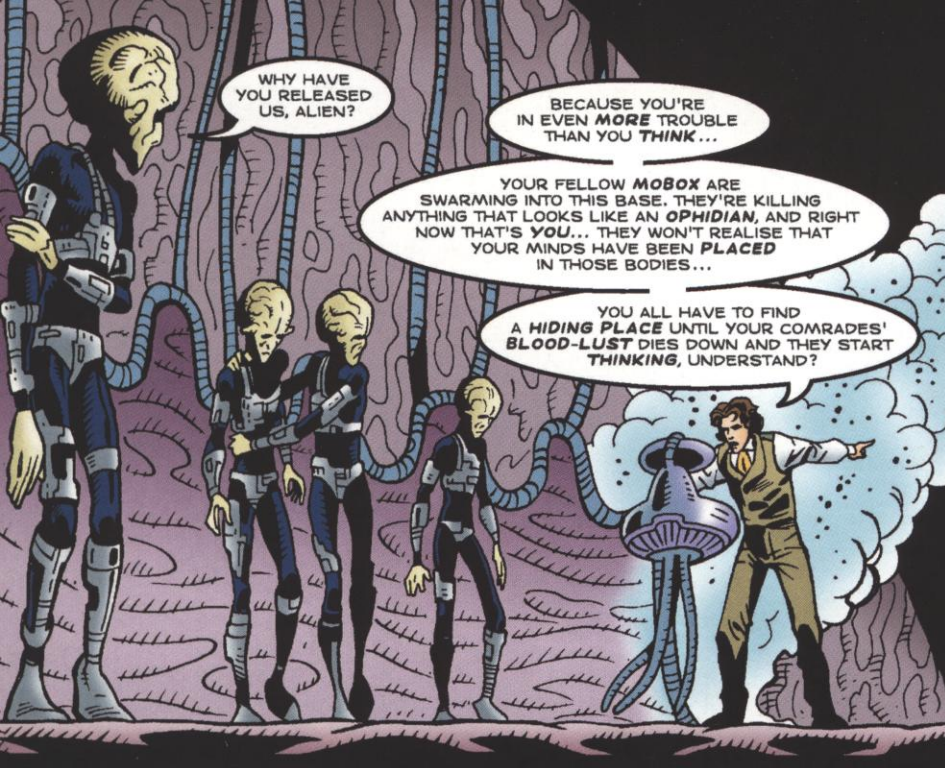
ZIRAZZ!

NO!!!



OH, K'YRUSS...
MY LIFE-BREATH...
MY SOUL-HEART...

NO...



WHY HAVE YOU RELEASED US, ALIEN?

BECAUSE YOU'RE IN EVEN MORE TROUBLE THAN YOU THINK...

YOUR FELLOW **MOBOX** ARE SWARMING INTO THIS BASE. THEY'RE KILLING ANYTHING THAT LOOKS LIKE AN **OPHIDIAN**, AND RIGHT NOW THAT'S **YOU**... THEY WON'T REALISE THAT YOUR MINDS HAVE BEEN **PLACED** IN THOSE BODIES...

YOU ALL HAVE TO FIND A **HIDING PLACE** UNTIL YOUR COMRADES' **BLOOD-LUST** DIES DOWN AND THEY START **THINKING**, UNDERSTAND?



HIYA, BOSS!

IZZY! HOW DID YOU GET HERE?

DOES IT **MATTER**? I'M LOCKED AND LOADED - WHOSE BUTT DO YOU WANT KICKED FIRST?



NOBODY'S. JUST HELP THESE PEOPLE FIND A **SAFE HAVEN**.

HUH? BUT I WANT TO **HELP YOU**...

YOU WILL **BE**. BELIEVE ME, **IZZY**...



"...THIS JOB ISN'T **NEARLY** OVER YET."

JUSTICE!

AAIIEGH!

VOOOOP!



THE PLAN WAS PERFECT... I AM IN... IN...CAPABLE OF **ERROR**... THERE IS...

MAL...FUNCTION...

GOROLITH! IT'S OVER! YOUR SENSOR BLOCKS HAVE **COLLAPSED** - THE **MOBOX** HOMEWORLD WILL BE AWARE OF THIS SHIP'S PRESENCE BY NOW!

THIS CHAMBER IS ABOUT TO BE **OVERRUN** BY SOME VERY **ANGRY CREATURES** - I'M GOING TO TRY TO CALM THEM DOWN BEFORE THEY **TEAR YOU APART!**



SPARE ME... YOUR "**COMPASSION**"...

WE WILL **NOT** BE TAKEN ALIVE... I CAN STILL... **DESTROY** **OPHIDIUS**... AND ALL WITHIN HER...

OH? LET'S SEE YOU **TRY** AFTER I'VE DISCONNECTED YOU FROM THE SHIP'S **CENTRAL NERVOUS SYSTEM!**



YOU FAIL... TO GRASP THE TRUE
POTENTIAL... OF BIO-MECHANICAL
TECHNOLOGY, DOCTOR...

WH-?!

GULP!



IF I COMMAND...
IT CAN DEFEND...
ITSELF...

WITH...
LETHAL
FORCE...

UUNNGHH!



DIE,
DOCT—

ZIRAZZZ!

ZIRAZZZ!

ZIRAZZZ!

AAAHIEKKK!



GHTHRAKK!



WELL, SO
MUCH FOR THE BIG
GIANT HEAD...

HASTA
LA VISTA,
BABES!

I...

THANK
YOU, IZZY.

NO SWEAT.
THAT'S WHAT I'M
HERE FOR...



WHERE'S DESTRII?

OH. SHE... SHE
DIED. ONE OF THOSE
ROCKY GOONS ZAPPED
HER. SHE'S JUST A PILE
OF ATOMS NOW...

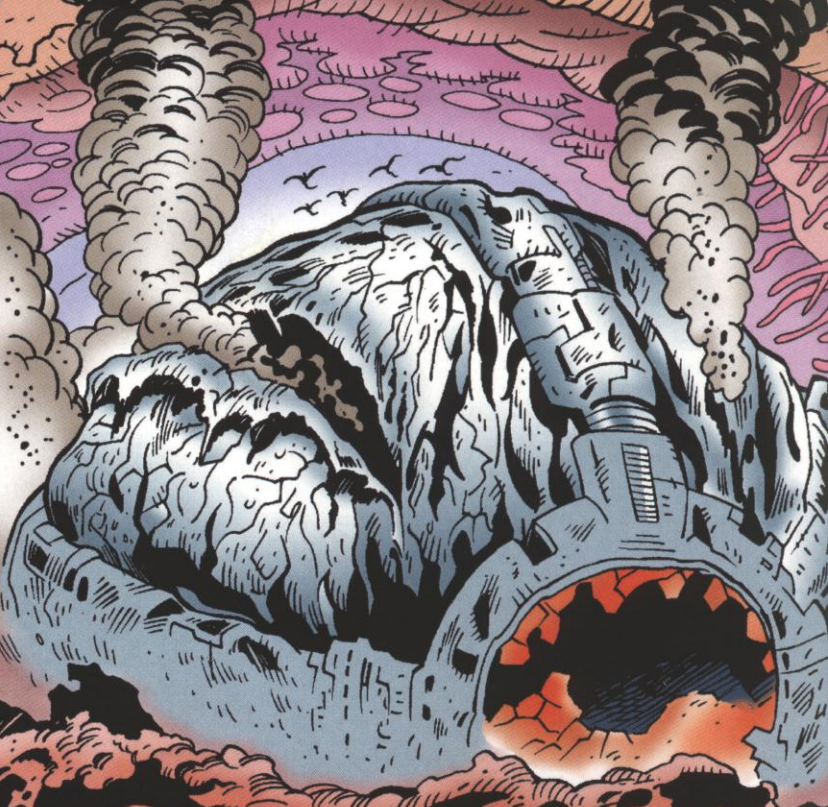
IT WAS
REALLY SAD,
Y'KNOW?

CAN WE JUST HEAD BACK TO THE TARDIS NOW, DOCTOR?

YES... IF YOU LIKE...

THE MOBOX SHOULDN'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE GETTING THEIR ORIGINAL BODIES BACK. THOSE RECIPROCATION MACHINES ARE ELEGANTLY SIMPLE TO OPERATE...

...I DARESAY A CHILD COULD USE ONE.



SO WHERE WOULD YOU LIKE TO GO NEXT?

EARTH! I REALLY WANT TO SEE EARTH... AGAIN, I MEAN. SEEMS LIKE FOREVER SINCE I WENT BACK HOME...

FINE.

AH, HERE'S THE RIVER AGAIN. SHALL WE SWIM ACROSS AND LOOK FOR A WAY UP?

YOU GOT IT! LAST ONE IN'S A ROTTEN EGOTIST!

IZZY NEVER LEARNED HOW TO SWIM.

YOU REALLY SHOULD HAVE NOTICED THAT EARLIER, DESTRII.

UHH... HEH. ME NO UNDERSTAND, DOCTOR. WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?

THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE IZZY NEVER LEARNED HOW TO DO: KILL. YOU DESTROYED THE GOROLITH AS IF YOU WERE SWATTING A FLY...

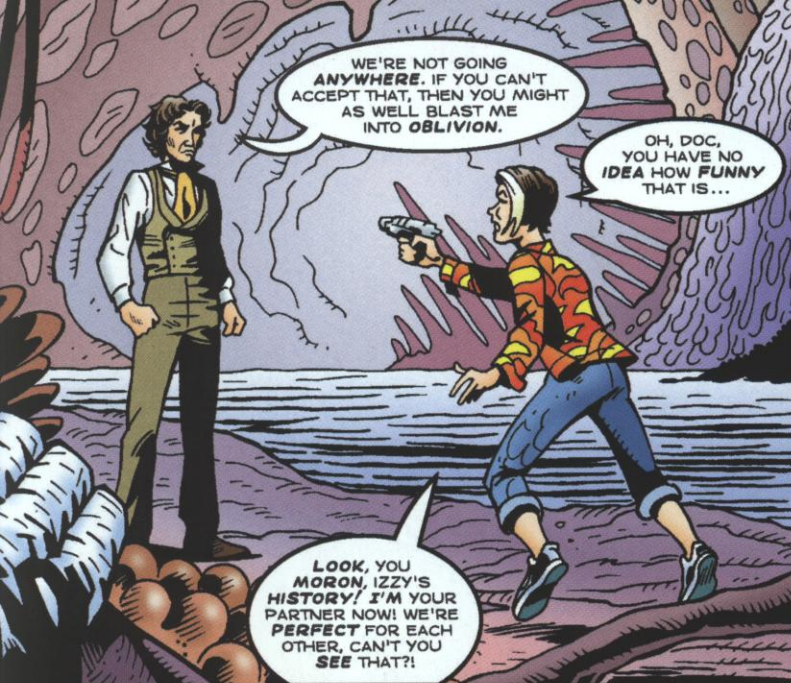
NO... NO, YOU'RE CRACKING UP... MAYBE YOU HIT YOUR H-

THE AUDITION'S OVER, DESTRII, YOU DON'T GET THE PART. WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH IZZY?

IZZY, SHMIZZY! YOU DON'T NEED HER! YOU'VE GOT ME NOW!

I PROMISE YOU, DOC, I'LL MAKE YOU FORGET MISS SKINNY BOOKWORM FAN-GEEKOID EVER EXISTED!

NOW GET PADDLING, SWEETIE!





IZZY...
WE HAVE
TO TALK.

THIS HAS BEEN A
TERRIBLE **SHOCK** FOR
YOU... I UNDERSTAND
THAT. DON'T FORGET THAT
THIS IS SOMETHING I'VE
ALSO EXPERIENCED.
MANY TIMES.

I KNOW
WHAT IT'S LIKE
TO LOOK INTO A
MIRROR AND SEE
A **STRANGER**.



BUT IZZY... YOU
HAVE TO UNDERSTAND
ONE THING: YOU'RE
STILL YOU.

THE BODY IS ONLY
A **SHELL**. EVERYTHING THAT
MAKES YOU, EVERYTHING
THAT DEFINES YOU - YOUR
BELIEFS, YOUR MEMORIES,
YOUR CHARACTER - IT'S
ALL STILL **THERE**.

IN TIME YOU
MAY EVEN COME
TO SEE THIS AS AN
OPPORTUNITY --

SHUT
UP.

WE DEFINE OUR
WORLD - AND OUR OWN
SENSE OF **SELF** - THROUGH
OUR **PERCEPTIONS**. WITH A
NEW BODY, THOSE
PERCEPTIONS
CHANGE.

EVERYTHING
MUST SEEM **ALTERED**
TO YOU NOW. I SUSPECT
YOUR VISUAL SPECTRUM HAS
WIDENED. YOUR **HEARING**
HAS PROBABLY ALSO
BECOME MORE
ACUTE.

YOUR WHOLE
PHYSIOLOGICAL
MAKEUP IS
RADICALLY **DIFFERENT**.
YOU MAY REQUIRE A
SPECIAL **DIET**. YOUR NEW
BODY IS **COLD-BLOODED** -
WE DON'T KNOW WHAT
YOUR REACTIONS TO
DIFFERING
TEMPERATURES
WILL BE.

I KNOW YOU'RE
FRIGHTENED AND
DISTURBED... BUT
THAT WILL **PASS**.



Beautiful Freak

SCOTT GRAY: STORY MARTIN GERAGHTY: PENCIL ART ROBIN SMITH: INKING/COLOR
ROGER LANGRIDGE: LETTERING ALAN BARNES: EDITOR





I ONLY WANT TO HELP YOU, IZZY.

GOOD. THEN PUT YOUR MONEY WHERE YOUR MOUTH IS...

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

TAKE US BACK!

THIS IS A TIME MACHINE, FOR GOD'S SAKE! WE CAN GO BACK TO OPHIDIUS, I CAN WARN MYSELF ABOUT DESTRII, CHANGE EVERYTHING!

NONE OF THIS HAS TO HAPPEN!

BUT IT HAS HAPPENED, IZZY. IT HAS.

DESTRII PLACED YOUR CONSCIOUSNESS IN HER BODY, AND SHE WAS KILLED WHILE HER MIND WAS STILL INHABITING YOURS. YOUR ORIGINAL FORM IS GONE NOW.

I WISH I COULD JUST HIT A "REWIND" BUTTON AND MAKE EVERYTHING ALRIGHT. YOU CAN'T IMAGINE HOW MANY TIMES I'VE YEARNED FOR THAT KIND OF POWER...

BUT INTERFERING WITH OUR OWN PERSONAL HISTORY IS **FORBIDDEN**. IT'S THE ONE RULE EVEN I CAN'T BREAK.

WE MOVE THROUGH TIME, BUT TIME ALSO MOVES THROUGH US. WE HAVE TO ACCEPT ITS IMPACT ON OUR LIVES.



YOU PICKED A GREAT TIME TO GET PHILOSOPHICAL.

THANKS SO MUCH.

I'M SORRY.



I - I WISH I'D NEVER MET YOU!

IZZY, WAIT!

LEAVE ME ALONE!



YOU'D BETTER BE! IF YOU HADN'T LEFT ME ALONE WITH DESTRII I WOULDN'T BE LIKE THIS!

ALL I WANT NOW IS TO GO HOME, BACK TO STOCKBRIDGE, BACK TO MUM AND DAD AND MAX - BUT I CAN'T, CAN I? NOT EVER! I'D END UP DISSECTED IN SOME GOVERNMENT LABORATORY, OR SOLD TO A FREAK SHOW!

STEP RIGHT UP! DON'T BE AFRAID! EVERYONE LOOK AT IZZY THE AMAZING FISH-GIRL!



DON'T RUN AWAY! YOU'VE COPED WITH SO MUCH ON OUR TRAVELS, SURVIVED SO MANY CHALLENGES! YOU CAN DEAL WITH THIS TOO, I KNOW YOU CAN!

IZZY, YOU'RE ONE OF THE STRONGEST PEOPLE I'VE EVER MET!



I D-DON'T WANT TO BE STRONG... I W-WANT TO BE ME...



GGACCHH!!

IZZY!



C-CAN'T... BR-BRE...

RASSILON'S BEARD, I'M AN IDIOT! YOUR BODY'S AMPHIBIOUS - AND YOU'VE BEEN OVER A DAY WITHOUT ANY MOISTURE! YOUR TRAUMA MUST HAVE ACCELERATED THE DEHYDRATION!

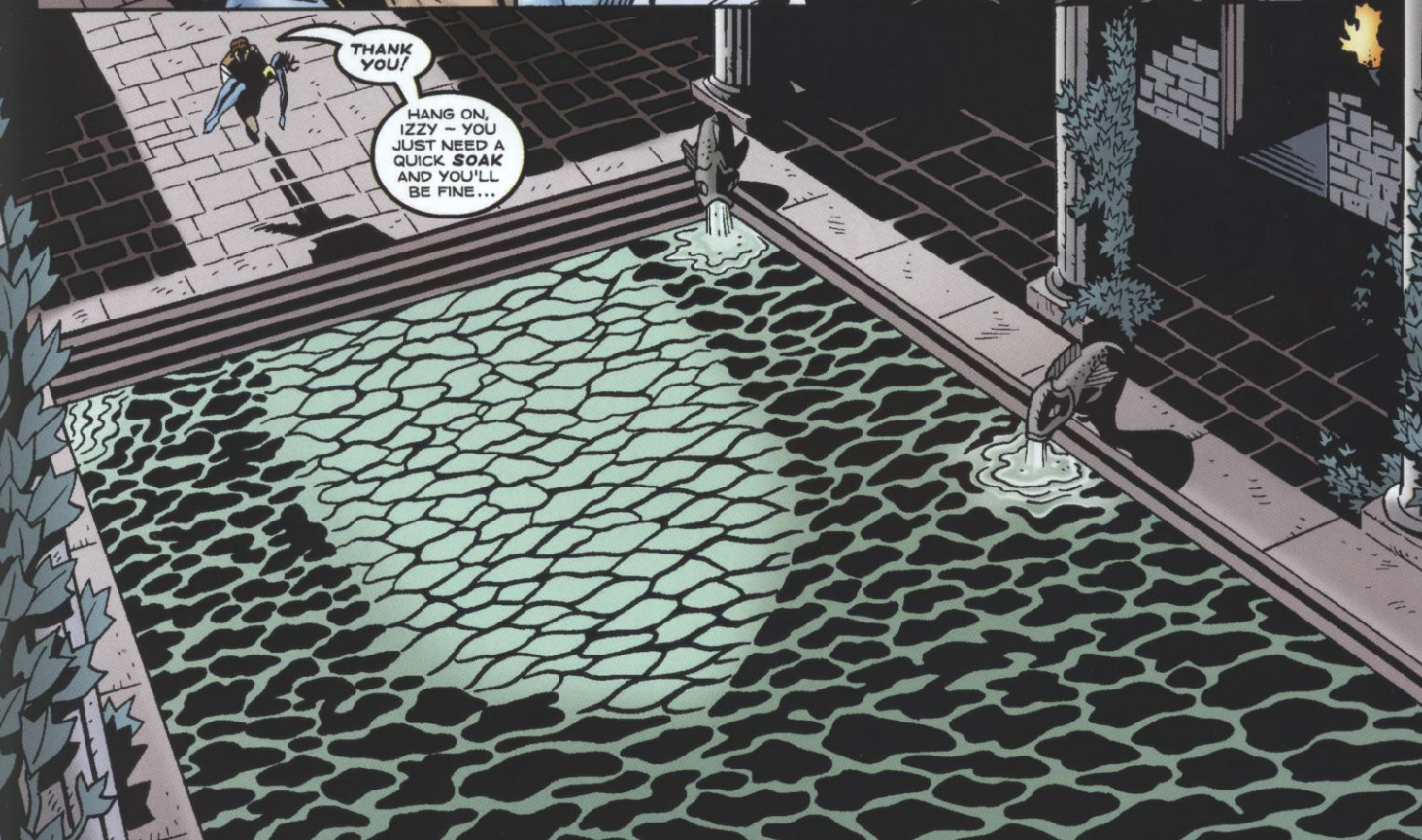
HOLD ON!



BLAZES, WHERE DID I PUT THAT ROOM?!

COME ON, OLD GIRL, HELP ME! I NEED THE POOL TO BE AT THE END OF THIS HALLWAY!

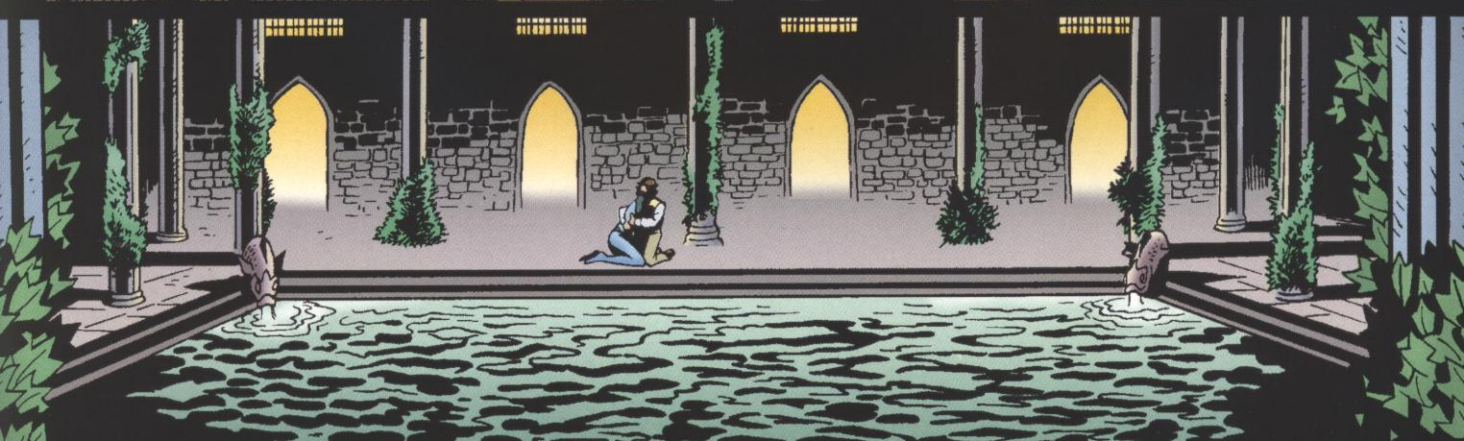
FOR IZZY'S SAKE - PLEASE!



THANK YOU!

HANG ON, IZZY - YOU JUST NEED A QUICK SOAK AND YOU'LL BE FINE...







PENNY
FOR THEM.



TRAINERS
DON'T FIT ANYMORE,
BUT THE REST OF THE
GEAR'S OKAY...

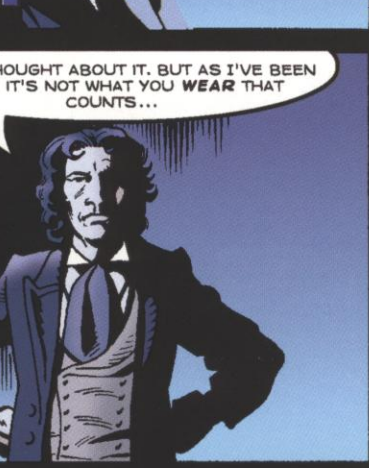
THE **JACKET**
CLASHES WITH
THE **SKIN** A BIT,
BUT THAT'S THE
LEAST OF MY
PROBLEMS.

YOU LOOK
KIND OF
SURPRISED. DID
YOU THINK I WAS GOING
TO KEEP WEARING
THAT STUPID
BIKINI?



I HADN'T THOUGHT ABOUT IT. BUT AS I'VE BEEN
SAYING, IT'S NOT WHAT YOU **WEAR** THAT
COUNTS...

SURE.



DOCTOR... JUST SO
YOU KNOW... I DON'T
BLAME YOU FOR
THIS. NOT
REALLY.

I'M LIKE **YOU**,
I SUPPOSE -
JUST TOO QUICK TO
TRUST PEOPLE.



THAT'S
NOT A
FAULT,
YOU
KNOW.

MAYBE...
BUT IN **OUR** LINE
OF WORK IT IS A
MISTAKE...



... ONE
I'M NOT
GOING TO
REPEAT.

Next:
THE WAY OF ALL FLESH





HE'S ONLY BEEN GONE A FEW MONTHS...



... BUT IT FEELS LIKE A DECADE ALREADY.

I HAD A LOT OF RESPECT FOR YOUR OLD MAN...



I REMEMBER WHAT GUILLERMO SAID WHEN I TOLD HIM I WANTED TO MARRY YOU...

"SEÑOR RIVERA, YOU KNOW MY LITTLE FRIDA IS A DEMONIO, DON'T YOU?"

HAH. SUCH A WISE MAN...



DIEGO, WHEN WE GET TO CARLOS' PARTY, PROMISE ME YOU WON'T FIRE YOUR PISTOL AT HIS CHANDELIER LIKE LAST YEAR...

MY DOVE, OF COURSE NOT! A GOOD MAGICIAN NEVER REPEATS A TRICK!

YOU'RE AN ARTIST, NOT A MAGICIAN, YOU GAF!



THEY ARE ONE AND THE SAME, FRIDA! WE ARE BLESSED, YOU AND I... WE PLUCK SUBSTANCE FROM THE ETHER, CRAFTING WHOLE WORLDS FROM OUR BOUNDLESS IMAGINATIONS!

AND HERE I WAS THINKING WE WERE JUST SLAPPING SOME PAINT AROUND A CANVAS.

HEY, IT'S COLD OUT TONIGHT. THAT'S STRANGE...



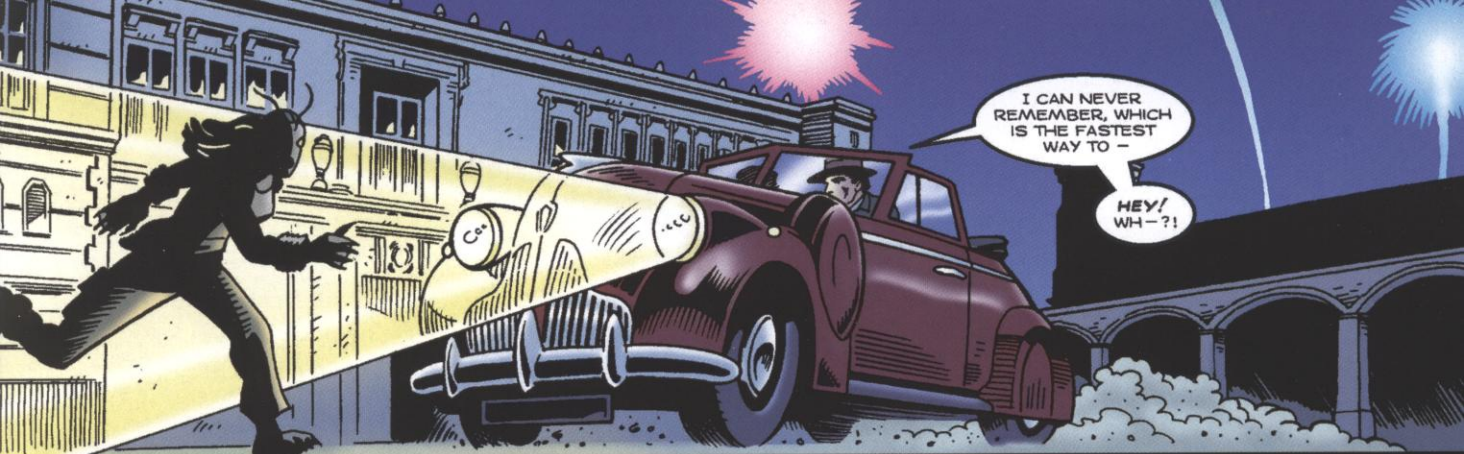
AH, LOOK AROUND YOU, MY DOVE! DOESN'T IT MAKE YOU PROUD TO BE MEXICAN? LET THE REST OF THE WORLD HIDE AWAY FROM THIS NIGHT IN FEAR...

WE KNOW HOW TO CELEBRATE LIFE!

THE WAY OF ALL FLESH

PART ONE

SCOTT GRAY - WRITER MARTIN GERAGHTY - ARTIST ROBIN SMITH - INKER/COLORIST
ROGER LANGRIDGE - LETTERER ALAN BARNES & CLAYTON HICKMAN - EDITORS



I CAN NEVER REMEMBER, WHICH IS THE FASTEST WAY TO -

HEY! WH-?!



DIEGO, LOOK OUT!

SCREEECH! THWUMPH!



MADRE DE DIOS! SHE CAME OUT OF NOWHERE... I-I SWERVED, BUT...

NEVER MIND THAT! SHE NEEDS HELP!



JODER. THAT'S SOME MASK SHE'S WEARING...

TAKE A CLOSER LOOK...

THAT'S NO MASK.



BUT... HOW? WHAT IS IT?

A GIRL. A VERY SPECIAL GIRL...

I THINK SHE'S JUST STUNNED... NO BONES SEEM TO BE BROKEN...

BONES... NOTHING... BUT BONES...



WE SHOULD GET HER TO THE HOSPITAL...

AND HAVE SOME BOBO DOCTOR CUT HER OPEN TO SEE WHAT MAKES HER TICK? NO! WE'RE TAKING HER HOME...



EASY NOW, LITTLE ONE... YOU'LL BE OKAY...

WHAT KIND OF A LIFE MUST YOU HAVE HAD, GROWING UP LOOKING LIKE THIS...?



DOCTOR... STILL OUT THERE... ALONE...

HAVE TO... HELP HIM...

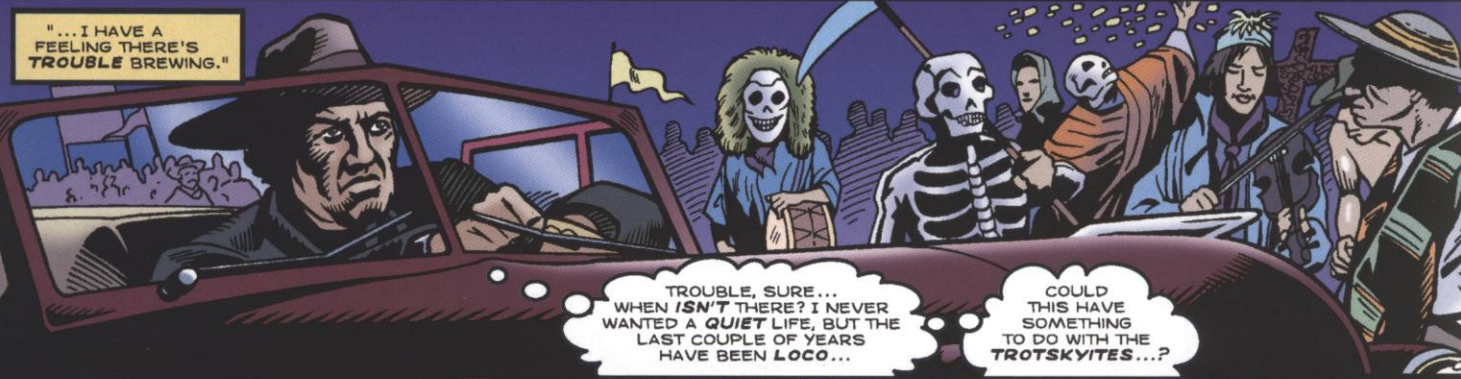
SOUNDS LIKE SHE HAS A FRIEND.



YES... DIEGO, I THINK IT WOULD BE A GOOD IDEA IF YOU...

WENT BACK OUT AND LOOKED FOR HIM? I'M NOT SURE I WANT TO LEAVE YOU ALONE WITH THIS CREATURE...

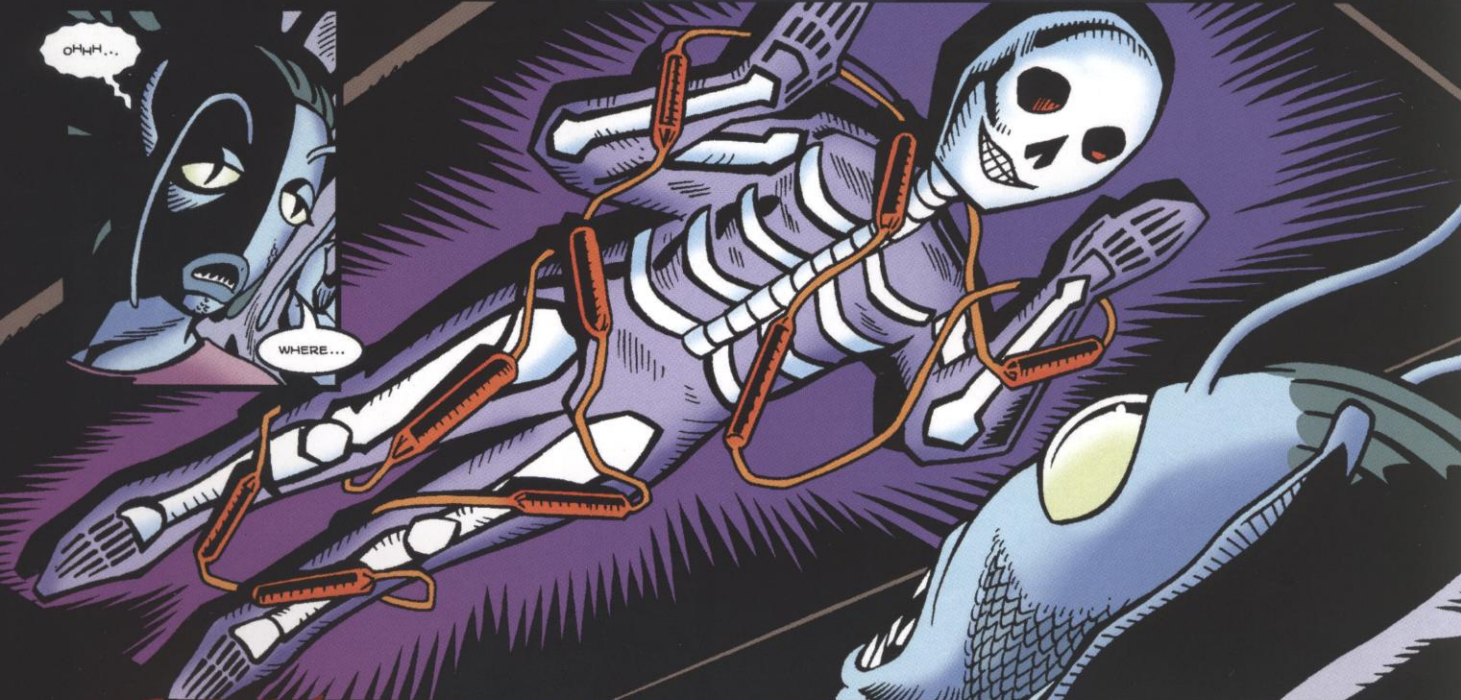
SHE'S NO THREAT, I'M SURE OF THAT. PLEASE, MY LOVE...



"...I HAVE A FEELING THERE'S TROUBLE BREWING."

TROUBLE, SURE... WHEN *ISN'T* THERE? I NEVER WANTED A *QUIET* LIFE, BUT THE LAST COUPLE OF YEARS HAVE BEEN *LOCO*...

COULD THIS HAVE SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE *TROTSKYITES*...?



OH-HH...

WHERE...



AAAAHHH!



PLEASE, D-DON'T BE AFRAID! I ONLY WANT TO -

STAY BACK! Y-YOU'RE PART OF IT! YOU CAN'T TRICK ME!





... AND TAKE MY HAND.



NOOOO!



DON'T LET HIM TOUCH YOU!



LET ME GO! POPPA, HELP!

DON'T STRUGGLE! YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, W-WE'VE GOT TO GET AWAY!

WHAT A MONSTER YOU MUST BE, TO KEEP A FATHER FROM HIS DAUGHTER...



SHWAKK!

NNNGH!

YOU SHOULD CHOOSE YOUR FRIENDS MORE CAREFULLY, FRIDA...



WELL, NO-ONE AROUND WHERE WE FOUND THE GIRL...

MIERDA! I'M DRIVING AROUND COYOACAN LOOKING FOR A MAN WITH NO DESCRIPTION! HOW DOES FRIDA TALK ME INTO THESE THINGS?!

HEY, THERE'S A LIGHT COMING FROM COSTILLIO PARK...



WHO'S THERE...?

COME ON, I KNOW I SAW SOMEONE...



YOU DON'T WANT TO MESS WITH ME, FRIEND... SHOW YOUR FACE BEFORE I GET -



ROOAAHH?!

SORRY ABOUT THAT, BUT I WOULDN'T RECOMMEND BEING OUT IN THE OPEN RIGHT NOW...



ARE -- ARE YOU TIRED OF LIVING, YOU CRAZY GRINGO?! I'VE GOT A GUN, COMPRENDE?!

AND VERY NICE IT IS TOO. WOULD YOU MIND KEEPING QUIET FOR A MOMENT? TRUST ME, IT'S IN BOTH OF OUR INTERESTS...



WHY? WHO ARE YOU? WHY ARE YOU HIDING HERE?

WHAT'S THAT MACHINE?

SIGH...

THIS IS AN ENDO-DIMENSIONAL TRACER. I'M USING IT TO STUDY AN OBJECT IN THE PARK...



YOU ARE CRAZY. THE PARK'S EMPTY...

I ONLY WISH IT WAS. TAKE A LOOK THROUGH THE LENS...

AND PLEASE START WHISPERING.



ESTUPENDO!

IT'S -- IT'S LIKE SOMETHING BOCCIONI MIGHT HAVE CARVED! WHERE DID IT COME FROM?!

A LONG, LONG WAY FROM HERE. IT'S BEEN SHIELDED FROM PRYING EYES BY A SOPHISTICATED SPECTRAL REFRACTION SCREEN...

I HAVE TO CONFESS, I'VE NEVER SEEN A SPACECRAFT QUITE LIKE IT...

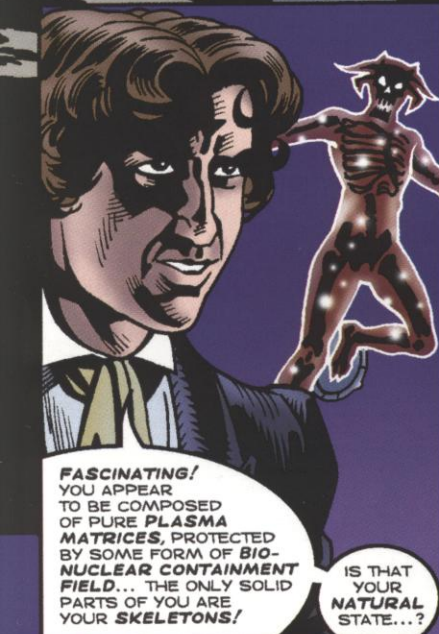


TO BE CONTINUED...



THE WAY OF ALL FLESH PART TWO

SCOTT GRAY - WRITER MARTIN GERAGHTY - ARTIST ROBIN SMITH - INKER/COLOURIST
ROGER LANGRIDGE - LETTERER ALAN BARNES & CLAYTON HICKMAN - EDITORS







INTERESTING SHIP
YOU HAVE HERE, VORESETH.
VERY DECORATIVE.

PLEASE WAIT *INSIDE*,
I'LL RETURN *SHORTLY*.
I DO HOPE YOU'LL BE
COOPERATIVE...

I NEVER
SAID IT WAS
MY SHIP,
DOCTOR...

YOU MAY WISH TO CONSIDER
THE CONDITION OF THIS ROOM'S
OTHER OCCUPANTS BEFORE
PLANNING ANY *HEROIC* GESTURES.



GOOD GRIEF.
THIS IS
OBSCENE.

DO YOU THINK OUR
HOSTS ARE TRYING TO
INTIMIDATE US
BY ANY CHANCE...?

THESE CORPSES
BELONG TO SPECIES
SPREAD OUT ACROSS
THE *GALAXY*. THIS
SPACECRAFT'S *OWNER* IS
WELL-TRAVELLED...

I...
I'VE SEEN
SOME *EVIL* IN
MY TIME...
BUT THIS...

THIS IS A
TORTURE
CHAMBER!

IS IT? I'M NOT
SO *SURE*. THIS ROOM
REMINDS ME OF
SOMETHING *ELSE*...

I JUST
WISH I COULD
REMEMBER
WHAT.





NOTHING LEFT BUT DUST...

THANK YOU FOR THAT... I GUESS THAT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN EASY FOR YOU. I'M IZZY.

"IZZY"? IS THAT SHORT FOR "ISABELLE"?

YES.



THAT WAS MY GRANDMOTHER'S NAME.

REALLY? FOR HER SAKE, I HOPE THAT'S ALL WE HAVE IN COMMON.

PLEASE TELL ME - HOW DID YOU KNOW THAT THIS... MONSTER WASN'T THE SPIRIT OF MY FATHER?

THAT'S GOING TO TAKE SOME EXPLAINING...



"THE DOCTOR AND I LAN--ARRIVED IN YOUR TOWN EARLIER TONIGHT. HE'D BEEN LOOKING FOR SOME WEIRD **POWER SIGNALS** HE'D NOTICED...

ANY JOY?

YES, DEFINITELY SOME SPECTROGRAPHIC ANOMALIES HERE, IZZY. WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO TRACK THEM TO THEIR **SOURCE...**



WAIT A MINUTE. THAT SIGN... IS THAT **SPANISH**?

I THOUGHT YOU SAID WE WERE ON THE PLANET **COYOACAN**?

HMM? NO, COYOACAN'S THE NAME OF THIS **TOWN**. WE'RE ABOUT SIXTY MILES WEST OF **MEXICO CITY**, SOMEWHERE IN 1941...



WHAT?!

Y-YOU MEAN THIS IS **EARTH**? FOR **REAL**?!

DOCTOR, HAVE YOU GONE MAD? I CAN'T BE HERE **NOW**! NOT -- NOT LOOKING LIKE **THIS**!



I... I'M **SORRY**, IZZY. THAT WAS THOUGHTLESS OF ME.

JUST GO BACK **INSIDE**. I'LL GET THIS SORTED OUT AND BE BACK FOR **BREAKFAST**.

IT'S PROBABLY **NOTHING**, ANYWAY...



"BUT WE BOTH KNEW IT **WOULDN'T** BE NOTHING. IT NEVER **IS**. I WATCHED HIM WALK OFF INTO THE NIGHT ON HIS OWN..."

"I HAD **CHICKENED OUT**, FOR THE FIRST TIME **EVER**."



"BY THE TIME THE **GUILT ATTACK** REALLY KICKED IN, I HAD BUNDLED UP A BIT AND WAS HEADING OUT **AFTER HIM**..."

"I KNEW I WAS GOING TO CAUSE A **STIR**, NO MATTER HOW HARD I TRIED TO COVER MYSELF UP..."

"... BUT AS IT TURNED OUT, NO-ONE EVEN GAVE ME A **SIDWAYS GLANCE**. I GUESSED IT WAS **HALLOWEEN**. LUCKY BREAK...



"BUT THE DOCTOR HAD GOTTEN A FIVE-MINUTE **HEAD-START**, AND I'D LOST HIS TRAIL **COMPLETELY**."

"THEN I SPOTTED THIS FUNNY **GLOW** COMING FROM INSIDE A HOUSE. AT FIRST I THOUGHT IT WAS THE LIGHT FROM AN OLD **BLACK-AND-WHITE TV**..."



"BUT IT'S A LITTLE **EARLY** FOR THAT, RIGHT?"

"THERE WAS THIS **ELDERLY COUPLE**... I HAD NEVER SEEN TWO PEOPLE LOOK SO **HAPPY**."



"THEY WERE TALKING TO A **YOUNG MAN**. THE **GLOW** WAS COMING FROM HIM."

"HE WAS SAYING SOMETHING I COULDN'T MAKE OUT."

"THEY REACHED OUT AND TOOK HIS **HANDS**..."



"AND THEN..."



"AND THEN HE..."

"HE... **KILLED THEM**."



"HE **DRANK THEM**..."



"**DRANK THEM DRY**."





"AND THEN HE... HE TURNED AND **SMILED** AT ME, LIKE HE HAD KNOWN I WAS THERE ALL ALONG..."



"AND I HAD TO LOSE THE HAT AND THE SCARF, BECAUSE I NEEDED TO **BREATHE**, AND I NEEDED TO **SCREAM**, AND I NEEDED TO **RUN**. OH GOD, HOW I NEEDED TO **RUN**..."

"I JUST LEGGED IT FOR I DON'T KNOW **HOW LONG**..."

"UNTIL, **BAM!** THE LIGHTS WENT OUT..."



... AND I WOKE UP IN YOUR BED WITH A BIG PAPER **SKELETON** STARING DOWN AT ME.

AH, FORGIVE ME, I'VE ALWAYS BEEN FOND OF **DEATH SYMBOLS**. IT'S A NATIONAL TRAIT..."

THIS IS A SPECIAL NIGHT, ISABELLE. NOVEMBER 2ND IS **LOS MUERTE DOS DIOS** - THE DAY OF THE DEAD. ALL OVER MEXICO, **SHRINES** ARE BUILT FOR THE **SPIRITS** OF OUR **LOVED ONES**. WE LAY OUT THEIR FAVOURITE **FOOD** AND **CLOTHING** AND INVITE THEM BACK TO THEIR HOMES...

THE TRADITION REACHES BACK TO THE TIME OF THE **AZTECS**.



"THE DAY OF THE DEAD"? YOU'VE GOT A NATIONAL HOLIDAY THAT SOUNDS LIKE A **ZOMBIE MOVIE**? THAT'S JUST **TWISTED**...

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND. MEXICANS STARE DEATH IN THE **EYE**. WE RESPECT **LA PELONA** - THE **BALD WOMAN** - BUT WE DON'T **FEAR** HER.

YEAH... ME.

ISN'T THERE SOMEONE YOU WOULD LIKE TO REMEMBER TONIGHT? SOMEONE CLOSE TO YOU WHO HAS **DIED**?



I'M SORRY YOU'VE BECOME INVOLVED IN THIS, SEÑOR...

MAY I ASK WHY YOU CAME TO THAT PARK **ARMED** AND **DAUGHTER**?

HEH. EVER SINCE OLD **LEON TROTSKY** CAUGHT AN **ICE PICK** IN HIS THICK SKULL LAST YEAR, MY WIFE AND I HAVE HAD TO KEEP SOME **FIREPOWER** CLOSE AT HAND... I SHOULD **NEVER** HAVE INVITED THAT FOOL TO MEXICO...

I'VE MADE **MANY** ENEMIES IN MY TIME. **COMMUNISTS, FASCISTS, ANARCHISTS, FRENCH SURREALISTS**... THEY'D ALL LIKE TO SEE MY HEAD HANGING FROM A **LAMPOST**...

BUT I DON'T SCARE **EASILY**, MY FRIEND, AS OUR CAPTORS WILL SOON **LEARN**.



TROTSKY...?

OF COURSE, YOU'RE **DIEGO RIVERA**! I REMEMBER SEEING ONE OF YOUR MURALS AT THE PALACIO NACIONAL, IT WAS **SUPERB**!

GRACIAS, DOCTOR! HONESTY DEMANDS THAT I **AGREE** WITH YOU...



WAIT A
MINUTE...
ART...

...THEY'RE MUCH,
MUCH WORSE.

ZZZZZZZ

YES,
THAT'S
IT...

YOU KNOW,
THINGS AREN'T
QUITE AS BAD AS
THEY SEEM, SENOR
RIVERA...



GOOD
EVENING...
I'M TH-

VORESETH TELLS ME YOU
CLAIM TO BE **BODY-SCULPTORS**
FROM **GALLIFREY**. IS THIS
CORRECT?

I DON'T KNOW
WHAT A "BODY-SCULPTOR"
IS. I'M A **TIME LORD**.



I HAVE
NO INTEREST
IN TIME...

TEKK



SSRAKKKKK!

AAUUNGH!

AARRGH!



I AM
SUSINI
OF THE
WASTING
WALL.

I AM THE
GREATEST ARTIST TO
EVER GRACE THE NINE
DIMENSIONS...

BUT YOUR SPECIES HAS A
UNIQUE ABILITY - YOU LIVE AND
DIE REPEATEDLY, RESHAPING YOUR
FORMS WITH EACH NEW INCARNATION.
I HAVE LONG WISHED TO OBTAIN SOME
EXAMPLES OF YOUR KIND...

INSPIRATION
IS ALREADY
SEIZING ME...

AND YOU
SHALL HAVE
THE HONOUR
OF BECOMING
MY CLAY.

TO BE CONTINUED...



I DO SO ADMIRE THE EFFICIENCY OF YOUR **BIO-SCANNER**, SUSINI... ARE YOU RECEIVING THE RESULTS YOU WERE **HOPING** FOR?

NEO-ARTRONIC TRACES IN HIS BLOODSTREAM... YES, IT APPEARS THAT THIS "DOCTOR" IS INDEED A **GALLIFREYAN**. HOW FORTUITOUS.

THE WAY OF ALL FLESH

PART THREE

SCOTT GRAY - WRITER MARTIN GERAGHTY - ARTIST
ROBIN SMITH - INKER/COLOURIST ROGER LANGRIDGE - LETTERER
ALAN BARNES & CLAYTON HICKMAN - EDITORS



AND THE OTHER ONE?

NO... MERELY A SIMPLISTIC JUMBLE OF MUNDANE **CARBON ATOMS**. A TYPICAL **HOMO SAPIEN**. I WONDER WHO HE IS?



I AM **DIEGO JUAN NEPOMUCENO ESTANISLAO DE RIVERA**... THE GREATEST ARTIST IN ALL MEXICO...

AND I DEMAND TO KNOW WHAT YOUR **DEMONIOS** ARE DOING IN MY COUNTRY!



HE'S SO VERY NEARLY AMUSING. WHAT BREATH-TAKING **VULGARITY**...

SO YOU ARE AN "ARTIST", THEN, SEÑOR RIVERA? AND YOUR **CAVE-WALL SCRATCHINGS** ARE MET WITH APPROVAL BY YOUR FELLOW MONKEYS? HOW **SWEET**.

NO DOUBT YOU'VE HEARD OF ME, DOCTOR?



NO... BUT I'M WELL AWARE OF THE **ARTISTIC MOVEMENT** TO WHICH YOU CLEARLY **BELONG**...

YOU'RE A **NECROTIST**.

THIS ISN'T A **TORTURE CHAMBER** - IT'S A **GALLERY**. NECROTISTS HAVE BEEN DENOUNCED ACROSS THE CIVILISED UNIVERSE FOR THEIR CRIMES: **SLAUGHTERING INNOCENTS** IN THEIR PURSUIT OF "AESTHETIC PERFECTION"...



YOU DISAPPOINT ME.

NECROTISTS ADHERE TO A SCHOOL OF **AESTHETIC DISCIPLINE**. CONSERVATIVE MINDS CANNOT **HOPE** TO COMPREHEND. WE EMBRACE A TRUTH MOST **HIDE** FROM: ANY VALID ACT OF **CREATION** MUST ORIGINATE FROM **DESTRUCTION**.

FOR ART TO **LIVE**, IT MUST ALWAYS BE SOWN FROM **DEATH**.

FORGIVE ME IF I REMAIN **UNCONVINCED**.

AND WHAT ABOUT **YOU**, VORESETH? HOW DID **YOUR** PEOPLE GET **ROPED** INTO THIS "ARTISTIC ENDEAVOUR"?

MY RACE - THE **TORAJENN** - ARE SUFFERING A PECULIAR **AFFLICTION**, DOCTOR. AS YOU CORRECTLY SURMISED, WE HAVE BECOME **ENERGY MATRICES**, HELD TOGETHER ONLY BY A **BIO-NUCLEAR FORCE-FIELD**...

IT'S THE AFTER-EFFECT OF AN UNFORTUNATE **LITTLE WAR** WE WAGED A FEW DECADES AGO. THE **RADIATION** HAS LEFT US **FLESHLESS**...

BUT NOW THE DELIGHTFUL **SUSINI** HAS OFFERED US AN OPPORTUNITY TO... HOW CAN I PUT THIS...

RECLOTHE OURSELVES.

MY CHILDREN ARE BUSY TONIGHT... SEEKING OUT THE **LONELY** AND THE **NEEDY**... THE ONES WHO SHELTER INSIDE **MEMORY** AND **REGRET**...

THEY ARE SEEKING **RAW MATERIAL** FOR MY WORK.

THESE PEOPLE WORSHIP **DEATH** ALMOST AS FIERCELY AS THEIR **ANCESTORS**. I FIND THEM QUITE CHARMING.

AND THE FACT THAT THEY DO NOT **FEAR** THE ETERNAL VOID IS THE KEY...

"WE CAN PSIONICALLY **STRIP** THE **FLESH** FROM THEIR **BONES**, BUT WE ARE **WEAK** TELEPATHS - ANY **MENTAL RESISTANCE** FROM OUR PREY **HALTS** THIS PROCESS."

"FORTUNATELY, OUR TECHNOLOGY ALLOWS US TO SUBTRACT LIGHT-PATTERNS FROM TWO-DIMENSIONAL IMAGES - "**PHOTOGRAPHS**". I THINK YOU CALL THEM - AND **PROJECT** THEM ONTO OUR FORCE-FIELDS..."

"THEREBY ASSUMING FORMS MORE **PLEASING** TO THE LOCAL POPULACE."

AND TONIGHT... TONIGHT IS THE **DAY OF THE DEAD!**

YES... THE **IDEAL** TIME FOR THESE CREATURES TO **STRIKE**. EVERYONE WILL BE **HOPING** - EVEN **EXPECTING** - TO SEE SOME SIGN OF THEIR DECEASED LOVED ONES AGAIN...

THE **TORAJENN'S VICTIMS** WILL WELCOME THEM WITH **OPEN ARMS!**



YOUR SISTER DIDN'T SEEM TOO KEEN ON LENDING US HER CAR, FRIDA...

MY SISTER OWES ME FAR MORE THAN SHE CAN EVER **REPAY**, ISABELLE. AND I WANT TO FIND **DIEGO** AND YOUR **DOCTOR** AS SOON AS WE CAN...

HAH! WAIT UNTIL I TELL **DIEGO** I KILLED A **DEMONIO** THAT COULD CHANGE ITS BODY LIKE A **CHAMELEON**...

UH... I DON'T THINK YOU SHOULD ASSUME THERE WAS JUST **ONE** OF THOSE CREATURES, FRIDA...

DIOS MIO! I - I DIDN'T THINK...

THEY COULD BE ALL OVER COYOACAN BY NOW, LYING THEIR WAY INTO HOMES...

WE CAN'T.

MAYBE I SHOULD JUST GO OUT THERE AND JOIN IN...

ISABELLE... I DON'T WISH TO **PRY**, BUT...

SO MANY PEOPLE CELEBRATING - HOW CAN WE WARN THEM ALL?

WHO'D NOTICE ONE MORE **MONSTER**?

WILL YOU TELL ME WHY YOU LOOK... THE WAY YOU DO? I WOULD LIKE TO **UNDERSTAND**...

I WASN'T ALWAYS LIKE THIS. I WAS AS HUMAN AS YOU ONCE.

MY **REAL** BODY WAS **DESTROYED**, AND I WAS LEFT LOOKING LIKE THIS... **THIS THING**, AND IT'S **HORRIBLE**. EVERYTHING'S SO **STRANGE** NOW... BUT I WANT IT TO **STAY** THAT WAY...

THERE. **THAT** WAS THE REAL ME.

DON'T EVEN **TRY** TO UNDERSTAND THIS, FRIDA. YOU DON'T HAVE A **HOPE**.

BECAUSE IF IT **STOPS** BEING STRANGE, THAT MEANS I'M GETTING **USED** TO IT, AND THAT MEANS I'LL HAVE STARTED TO **FORGET** WHAT IT WAS LIKE TO BE **HUMAN**.



SCREEECH

LISTEN TO ME, ISABELLE. WHEN I WAS **SIXTEEN** I TOOK A RIDE ON A **BUS** IN **MEXICO CITY**. IT COLLIDED WITH A **STREETCAR**, AND I WAS CAUGHT IN THE **MIDDLE** OF THE **IMPACT**...

MY **SPINE** WAS **CRACKED** IN THREE PLACES. TWO OF MY **RIBS** AND MY **PELVIS** WERE **BROKEN**. MY **STOMACH** WAS **IMPALED** BY A **STEEL HANDRAIL**. MY **RIGHT FOOT** WAS **CRUSHED**.

I WAS NOT EXPECTED TO SURVIVE THE NIGHT, BUT I **DID**. I LAY ON MY BACK FOR A **YEAR** BEFORE I LEARNED HOW TO MOVE AGAIN. I HAVE ENDURED MORE SURGICAL OPERATIONS THAN I CAN **COUNT**.

I WALK WITH **PAIN** EVERY DAY OF MY LIFE, BUT I **DO** WALK...

... YOU SEE, YOU ARE NOT THE **ONLY** GIRL WHO ONE DAY FOUND HERSELF **TRAPPED** IN ANOTHER **BODY**.

SUSINI... WHAT YOU'RE DOING IS **UNACCEPTABLE**. THE PEOPLE OF COYOACAN AREN'T LUMPS OF STONE, WAITING FOR YOU TO CARVE THEM INTO ANY SHAPE YOU **PLEASE**...

IN THE NAME OF BASIC **MORALITY**, YOU HAVE TO **STOP** THIS.

ART **TRANSCENDS** MORALITY, DOCTOR - YOUR ARGUMENT IS **MEANINGLESS**.

I HAVE A **DUTY** TO EXPLORE **HIGHER TRUTHS**.

YOU CALL YOURSELF AN **ARTIST**, WOMAN? YOU'RE NO BETTER THAN THOSE **GRANDES CACAS** GOOSE-STEPPING THEIR WAY ACROSS **EUROPE** - **LYING** AND **KILLING** FOR YOUR OWN **PERVERTED GLORY**!

GUARD, CONTAIN THIS ONE. I WILL BE REQUIRING HIS AGONY LATER.

THE **OTHER** ONE MAY BE DIVIDED INTO AS MANY **PIECES** AS YOU WISH.

COME, VORESETH. IT'S TIME TO **BEGIN**...

MY **PUBLIC** AWAITS...

ALL ALONE, EH...?

WHATEVER SHALL WE **DO** TO PASS THE TIME...?

NNNGHH!

THWOKK!

ZZZWIPP



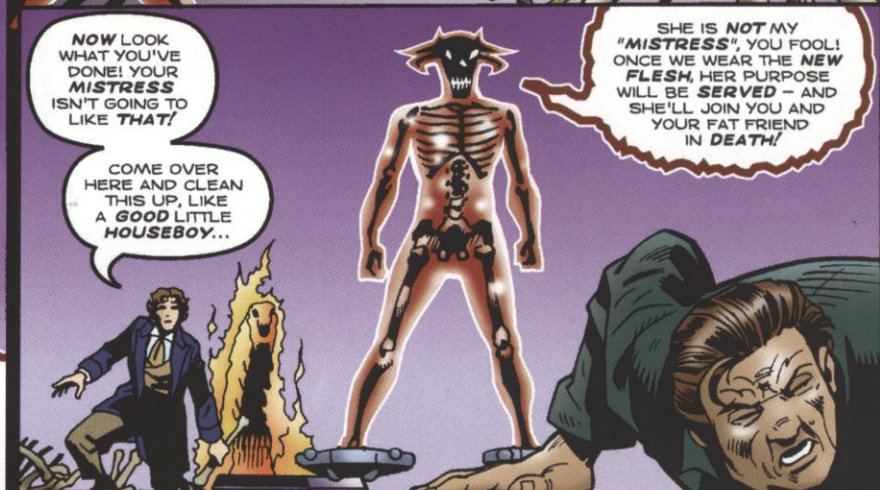
WH-?!



... BUT IF YOU PROMISE NOT TO TELL, NEITHER WILL I.

SKRASSH!

AAGGH!



NOW LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE! YOUR MISTRESS ISN'T GOING TO LIKE THAT!

COME OVER HERE AND CLEAN THIS UP, LIKE A GOOD LITTLE HOUSEBOY...

SHE IS NOT MY "MISTRESS", YOU FOOL! ONCE WE WEAR THE NEW FLESH, HER PURPOSE WILL BE SERVED - AND SHE'LL JOIN YOU AND YOUR FAT FRIEND IN DEATH!

NO NEED FOR YOU TO FEEL LEFT OUT, DOCTOR... I KNOW I'M NOT SUPPOSED TO HARM YOU...



YES, I THOUGHT SO... YOUR MOTIVATION'S AS TRANSPARENT AS THE REST OF YOU...

PARDON ME, SIR... I DON'T MEAN TO ADD INSULT TO INJURY, BUT I NEED A LIGHT...



LET HIM GO!



WH-WHAT-?

N-NO! STOP IT! ST-

HAH-HAH-HAH! TIME LORD, I AM TORAJENN! WE SWIM IN THE FIRES OF THE SORANAX INFERNO!



AAIEEE!



WELL, THAT WAS SLIGHTLY UNEXPECTED... IS THAT THE FIRE ALARM...?

YES! YES, OF COURSE... DIEGO, I'M STARTING TO SEE WHAT'S GOING ON HERE...



WHERE ARE WE GOING?

"THE PLACE WHERE ALL ROADS LEAD," ISABELLE...

IT WAS SOMETHING THAT DEMONIO WHO POSED AS MY FATHER SAID TO ME - AND I THINK I KNOW WHAT HE MEANT...

...HERE.

I DO NOT BELIEVE IT - THOSE PEOPLE ARE THROWING A PARTY - IN A CEMETERY? YOU WERE RIGHT, FRIDA, I DON'T GET MEXICANS AT ALL...

WE HAVE TO WARN THEM... COME ON!



EVERYONE, LISTEN TO US, PLEASE! YOU'RE ALL IN DANGER!

THERE ARE MONSTERS ABROAD TONIGHT - CREATURES SPAWNED IN THE PITS OF HELL! THEY WANT TO FEAST ON YOUR FLESH!

DIOS! LOOK AT THAT...

IT'S THAT CRAZY KAHLO WOMAN... WHAT'S THAT WITH HER?



PLEASE, WE'RE TELLING YOU THE TRUTH! THESE THINGS CAN DISGUISE THEMSELVES... THEY...

MAMMA!

IT-IT'S ALRIGHT, GILBERTO, I W-WON'T LET IT HURT YOU...



WHAT IS IT?

ANIMAL?

DEFORMED...

CARNIVAL SHOW...



EVERYBODY
LOOK! LOOK
TO THE SKY!

CARLOS!
CARLOS!

BEATRIZ! OH,
MY BEAUTIFUL
SISTER, IT'S YOU!



NO, IT'S A
TRICK!
DON'T BEL-

SHINK!

UUNGH!



FRIDA!



Hi, IZZY...



YES... IT'S
ME, AND YOU'VE
MISSED ME **SO**
MUCH, HAVEN'T
YOU...?

BUT NOW I'M
BACK. NOW
EVERYTHING WILL
BE AS IT **WAS**, AND
ALL THE **PAIN**
CAN **GO AWAY**...

ALL YOU HAVE
TO DO IS **BELIEVE**.
WISH FOR IT.
MAKE IT **REAL**.

JUST LOOK
INTO MY **EYES**
AND TAKE MY
HAND, IZZY. AND
THEN WE'LL BE
TOGETHER
AGAIN...



... FOREVER.

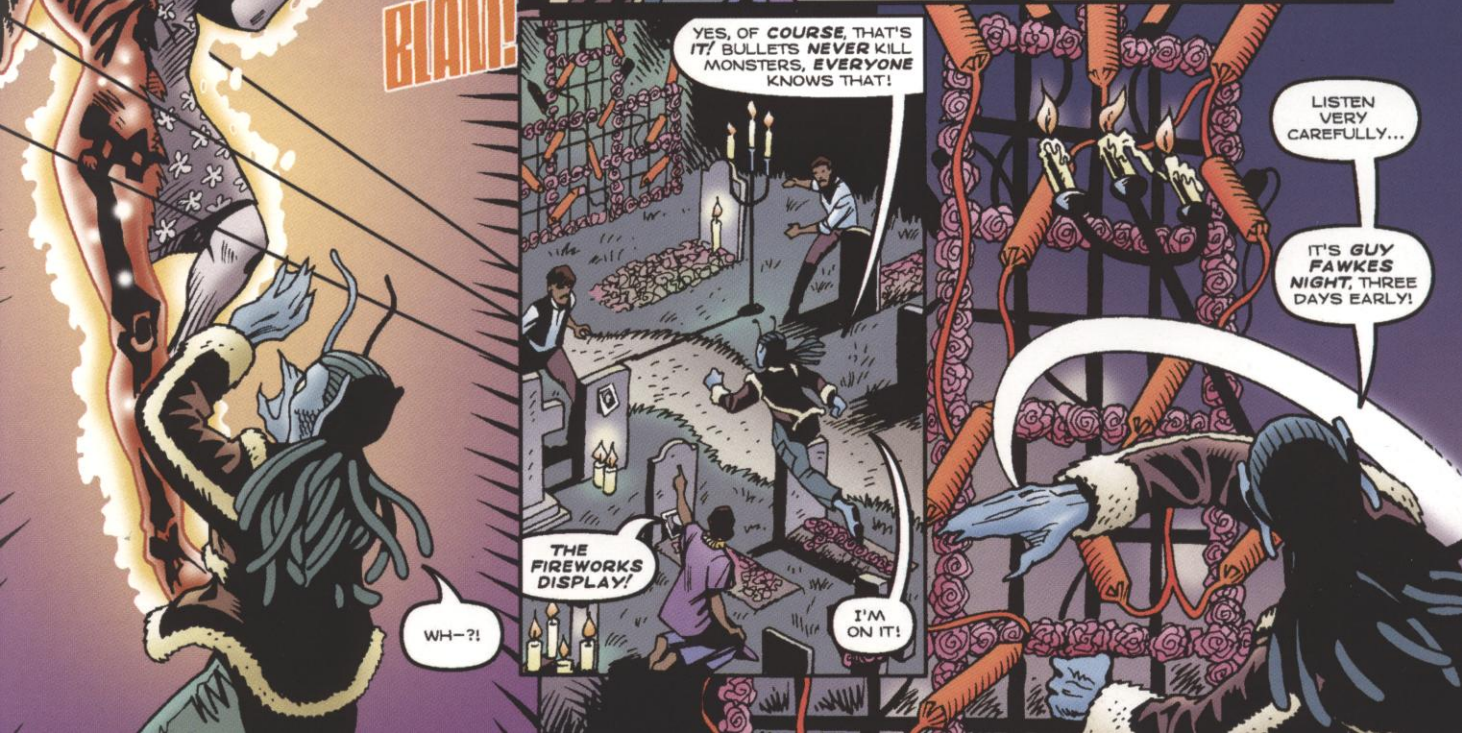
yesss...

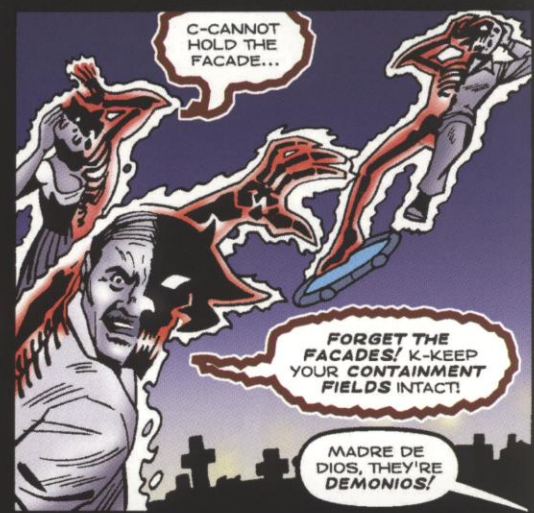
TO BE CONCLUDED...

THE WAY OF ALL FLESH PART FOUR

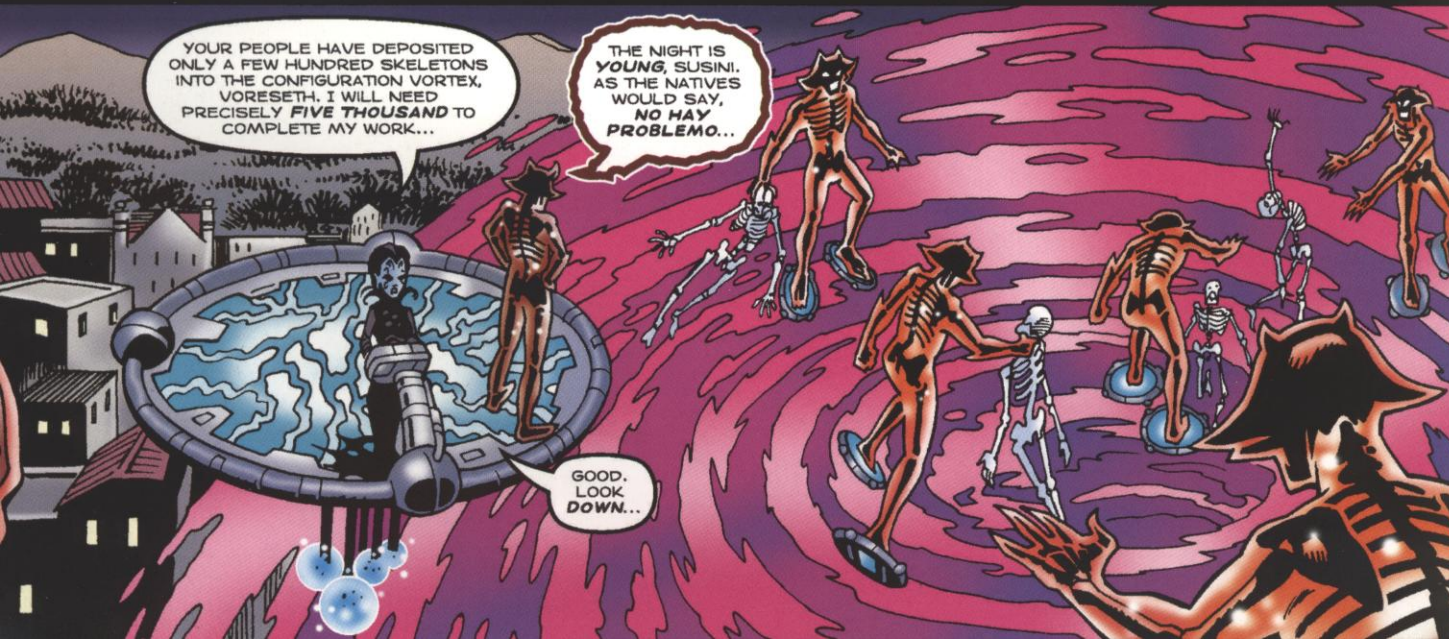


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ZREK-ZREK-ZREK-ZREK-ZREK-ZR--



"SEE HOW THESE CREATURES REACT...
WITH *CURIOSITY*, NOT FEAR..."

"THEY DOUBTLESS
ASSUME THIS IS
SOME FORM OF
CONJURING TRICK,
PART OF TONIGHT'S
RITUAL..."

"WHEN IN FACT THEY
ARE WATCHING THEIR
NEIGHBOURS BECOME
IMMORTALISED BY MY
GENIUS."

HEY, VORESETH,
LOOK WHAT OUR
MEXICAN FRIENDS
HAVE GIVEN US!

IT'S
WORKING!
WE'RE GETTING
OUR **FACES**
BACK!

HAH-HAH-HAH!
WELL DONE, MY
CHILDREN, YOU'RE
ALL AS HANDSOME
AS I REMEMBER!

WHO KNOWS, DEAR
SUSINI... PERHAPS WHEN
I TAKE SOME FLESH
FOR *MYSELF*, YOU AND I
CAN *CEMENT* OUR
PARTNERSH—

IS THAT
IT?

THAT'S WHAT ALL
THIS **BUTCHERY**
HAS BEEN IN AID OF,
A CLUMPING GREAT
TOWER? CLICHÉD,
VAPID, AND UTTERLY
UNORIGINAL!

YOU'RE NOT
JUST A
CALLOUS
MURDERER,
SUSINI,
YOU'RE A
TALENTLESS
ARTIST AS
WELL!

I HAD PLANS TO TURN YOU
INTO A **MASTERPIECE**, DOCTOR,
BUT I SEE NOW THAT YOU'RE
ENTIRELY UNWORTHY OF
THE **EFFORT**.

VORESETH,
PLEASE
DISMANTLE
HIM.

WITH THE
GREATEST OF
PLEASURE...

ZWIP

VREEEEEEEE!

HOLA, MY
FRIEND! THE DOCTOR
SAYS YOU DON'T
LIKE **SOUND**...

AAAUUNGH!

WHAT DO
YOU THINK OF THIS
SCREWDRIVER HE
LENT ME, HEY?



YOU SEEM TO MAKE A HABIT OF TAKING OTHER PEOPLE'S POSSESSIONS, DOCTOR...



...LET'S SEE HOW WELL YOU DO WITHOUT THEM.

WHA-?!

SSSSSTT!



WHOOA!



I AM CONSTANTLY FORCED TO DEFEND MYSELF AGAINST YOUR NARROW-MINDED ILK...

IMBECILES WHO CANNOT HOPE TO PERCEIVE THE SACRIFICES ALL GREAT ARTISTS MUST MAKE.

I MAY NEVER BE RID OF YOUR KIND COMPLETELY, DOCTOR...



... BUT I CONSIDER THIS A STEP IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION.



NNNGH!

SHWOKK!

HEY, SUSINI...

SOMETIMES THE CRITICS ARE RIGHT.



N-NO, WAIT... THIS ISN'T ACCEPTABLE...

I W-WILL NOT ALLOW...



NNNOOO!!!

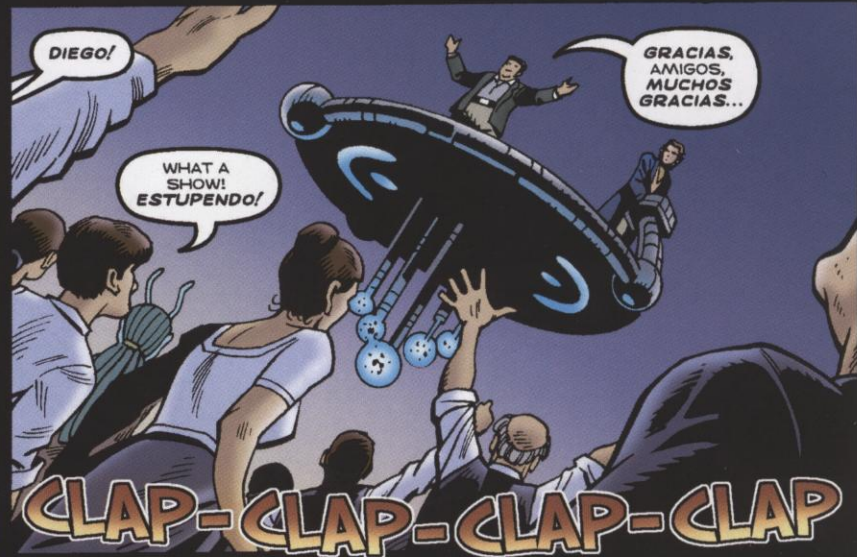


WHAT'S BEEN HAPPENING HERE?
ISABELLE, ARE WE TOO LATE?

I'M NOT SURE...



... BUT NO,
I THINK
WE'RE JUST
IN TIME.



DIEGO!

WHAT A
SHOW!
ESTUPENDO!

GRACIAS,
AMIGOS,
MUCHOS
GRACIAS...

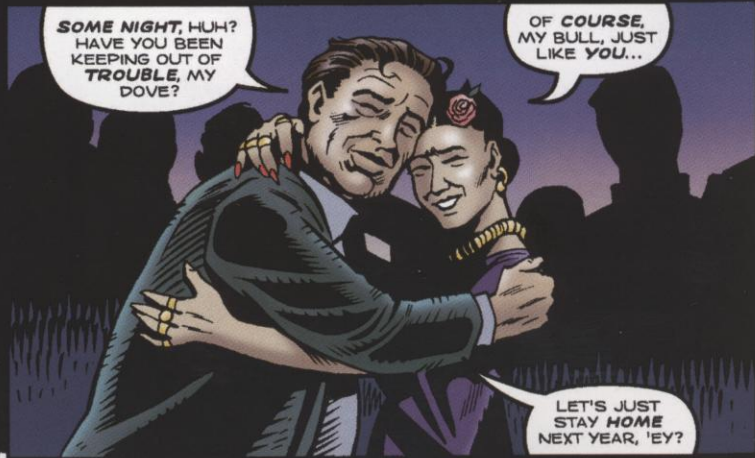
CLAP-CLAP-CLAP-CLAP



I GUESS
WE WON,
THEN?

WELL, OF COURSE!
WE'RE THE GOOD GUYS,
REMEMBER?

TOLD YOU I'D
BE BACK IN TIME
FOR BREAKFAST!



SOME NIGHT, HUH?
HAVE YOU BEEN
KEEPING OUT OF
TROUBLE, MY
DOVE?

OF COURSE,
MY BULL, JUST
LIKE YOU...

LET'S JUST
STAY HOME
NEXT YEAR, 'EY?



OH.

OH NO...

ISABELLE...?

MY PICTURE...

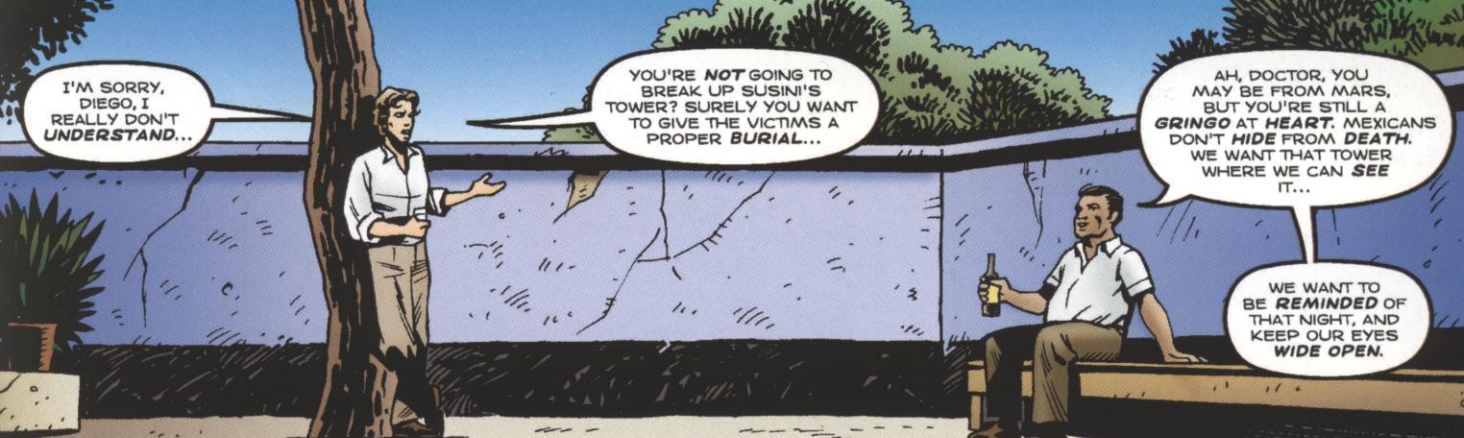


IT'S JUST
LIKE YOUR
DAD'S
PHOTO...

I'M -- I'M
GONE, FRIDA...
WIPED OUT.
THEY STOLE MY
PICTURE...



IT WAS
THE ONLY
ONE I HAD.



I'M SORRY, DIEGO, I REALLY DON'T UNDERSTAND...

YOU'RE **NOT** GOING TO BREAK UP SUSINI'S TOWER? SURELY YOU WANT TO GIVE THE VICTIMS A PROPER BURIAL...

AH, DOCTOR, YOU MAY BE FROM MARS, BUT YOU'RE STILL A **GRINGO** AT HEART. MEXICANS DON'T HIDE FROM DEATH. WE WANT THAT TOWER WHERE WE CAN SEE IT...

WE WANT TO BE **REMINDED** OF THAT NIGHT, AND KEEP OUR EYES **WIDE OPEN**.



I APPRECIATE YOU LETTING US STAY HERE. IZZY'S NEEDED A FEW DAYS AWAY FROM THE TARDIS... AND THE **HELTER SKELTER** WORLD WE BELONG TO...

NOT **JUST** ISABELLE, I THINK, 'EY...?



IT'S TRUE... I PRIDE MYSELF ON BEING ABLE TO FIND A **QUICK FIX**, AN **EASY SOLUTION** TO ANY PROBLEM... BUT IT JUST DOESN'T **APPLY** THIS TIME.

I WANT TO HELP HER **COPE** WITH THIS TRANSFORMATION, BUT I DON'T KNOW **HOW**...

I HAVEN'T FELT THIS **TONGUE-TIED** IN CENTURIES.



I HAVE KNOWN **MANY** WOMEN, MY FRIEND. **ALL** HAVE BEEN MYSTERIES, AS MUCH TO **THEMSELVES** AS ANYONE ELSE...

LET ISABELLE UNLOCK HER **OWN** SECRETS.



I FEEL LIKE **SUCH** AN **IDIOT** IN THIS OUTFIT...

DIOS! STOP **FIDGETING**, GIRL!



WHY ARE YOU MAKING ME **DO** THIS, FRIDA? AND WHY CAN'T I SEE THE **PAINTING**?

HOUSE RULES. **NO-ONE** SEES MY WORK UNTIL I'M FINISHED...



WHICH I **ALMOST** AM, BY THE WAY.

GREAT. I DON'T REALLY WANT THE DOCTOR WALKING IN ON THIS...

YOU KNOW, I WANTED TO BE A DOCTOR WHEN I WAS LITTLE. BUT AFTER MY **ACCIDENT**, WHEN I WAS FLAT ON MY **BACK** ALL THOSE MONTHS, I STARTED TO **PAINT**...

FATE HAD STEERED ME ONTO A **NEW** PATH, YOU SEE, BUT IT WAS STILL MY DECISION TO **TAKE** IT...



WILL YOU BE A **KITE** ON THE WIND, BLOWN IN ANY **DIRECTION**? OR WILL YOU TAKE **CONTROL** OF YOUR LIFE?

YOU HAVE NOTHING BUT **CHOICES** AHEAD OF YOU, ISABELLE...



...BUT NEVER FORGET WHO YOU **TRULY** ARE.

THE END

Dear Max,
Hi there. How are things in Stockbridge? Here's another letter I guess I won't ever get the chance to send to you. I still feel a little better writing them, though. I need some connection with home more than ever now.

The Doctor and I are on Kyrol. That's a planet Earth people colonise a few centuries in the future, but we haven't really seen a lot of it...

We've spent the past week on a big high-tech submarine called the 'Argus'. It's a science ship that's been exploring Kyrol's oceans for a few years...

The Doctor's brought me here because... are you ready for this...?

I've been turned into the Creature from the Black Lagoon.

No, honestly. It's a long, nasty story which I won't go into, but I'm stuck like this. Anyway, I'm here so a friend of the Doctor's can give me the once-over...

Her name's Dr Alison Lavelle. She's a Braniac-level marine biologist. I'm the first fish she's ever been able to have a conversation with, so she was pretty excited to meet me.

Maybe a little too excited, actually. I mean, she's a nice lady, don't get me wrong...

OKAY, I'VE GOT ENOUGH RESPIRATORY RESPONSE TIMINGS FOR THIS SESSION. LET'S TAKE FIVE...

THESE READINGS ARE REMARKABLE, IZZY. YOU'VE GOT THE CONSTITUTION OF A MAKO SHARK!

But sometimes I get the feeling she'd like to examine me with a scalpel instead of a tricorder.

GREAT. THAT'S ALWAYS BEEN MY DREAM...

THE NUTRIENT TREATMENTS ARE DEFINITELY HELPING TO EXTEND YOUR DEHYDRATION CYCLE. YOU'LL BE ABLE TO STAY OUT OF THE WATER FOR SEVERAL DAYS AT A TIME NOW...

CAN I GET OUT OF HERE NOW, ALISON? I'D LIKE TO BREATHE THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY FOR A WHILE...

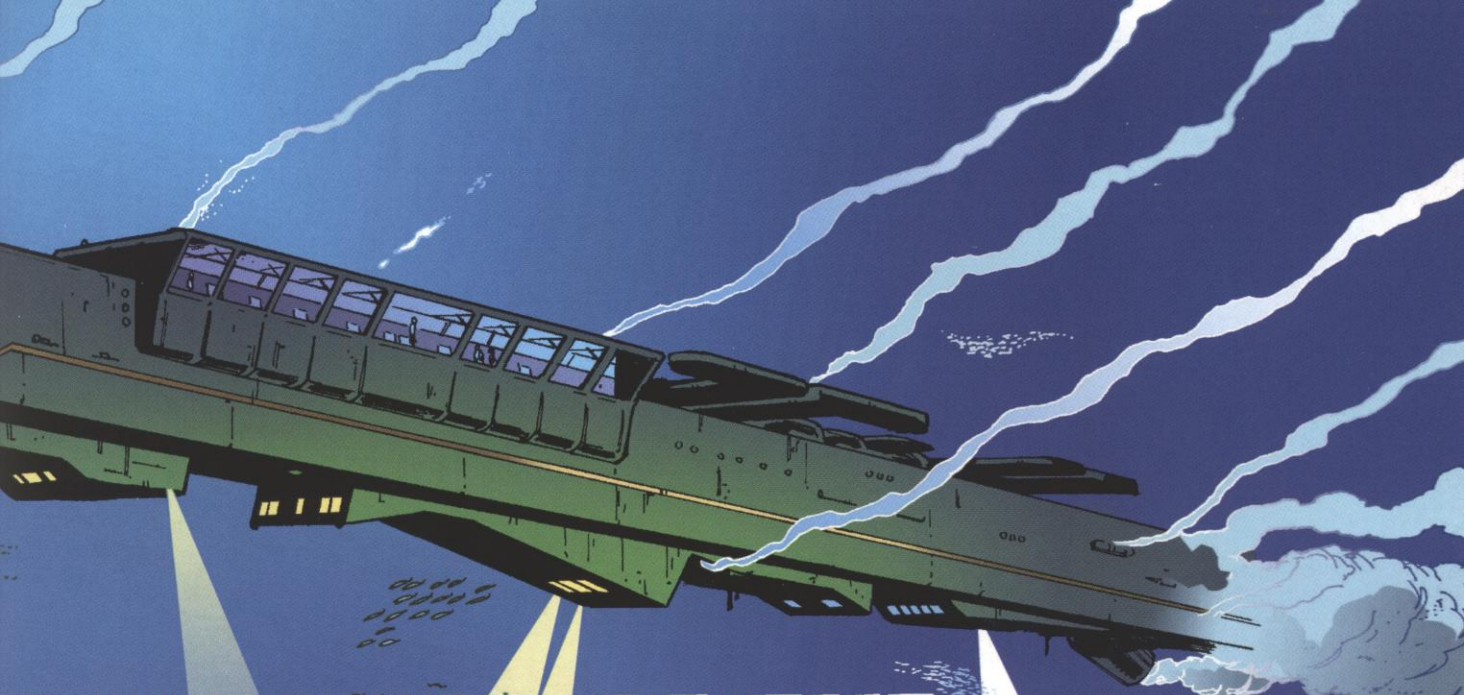
No, wait, that makes her sound creepy. She really is very nice.

SO... HAVE YOU GIVEN ANY THOUGHT TO WHAT I SUGGESTED YESTERDAY?

IT'S ALL I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT, ALISON.

I WANT TO TALK IT OVER WITH THE DOCTOR FIRST, OKAY?

OF COURSE...



CHILDREN OF THE REVOLUTION

part one

SCOTT GRAY - STORY LEE SULLIVAN - ART
ADRIAN SALMON - COLOURING
ROGER LANGRIDGE - LETTERING
ALAN BARNES & CLAYTON HICKMAN - EDITORS

The Doctor's hit it off with the Argus' captain, Julius Otago...

SO LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT - 'CAUSE, Y'KNOW, I'D HATE TO MISQUOTE YOU...

YOU'RE SAYING YOU KNEW JACQUES COUSTEAU?

KNEW HIM? JULIUS, I BOUGHT HIM HIS FIRST PAIR OF FLIPPERS! I'M A TIME TRAVELLER, DIDN'T I MENTION THAT?

Julius used to be in the military, but you'd never believe it - he's totally laid-back in a Troy Tempest-meets-Lennox Lewis kind of way...

RIIIGHT... WELL, THAT EXPLAINS THE WHOLE LORD BYRON THING YOU GOT GOING - HOPE THAT WORKS WITH THE LADIES, MAN, OTHERWISE IT'S KINDA TRAGIC...

NO-NO-NO! CEASE AND DESIST! DO NOT LISTEN TO CRAZY MEN, THEY TAUGHT ME THAT AT CAPTAIN SCHOOL!

YOU'RE TOO MUCH, DOC... TIME TRAVEL! HAVE YOU BEEN SMOKING THAT ORANGE PLANKTON ALISON FOUND?

TOO BAD, IT'S PRETTY GOOD...

BREEP-BREEP-BREEP

IT'S WILD BILL HICKOCK AND I'VE HAD NO COMPLAINTS SO FAR...

ANYWAY, JACQUES AND I FIRST MET WHEN WE WERE BOTH STRANDED ON THE GREAT BARRIER REEF. THE WEATHER GREW MENACING AND I WAS FORCED TO INVENT THE SNORKEL...

YO, THEO! SAY SOMETHING SENSIBLE. PLEASE...

I THOUGHT YOU'D WANT TO KNOW, JULIUS, WE'VE REACHED THE RIDGE...

GOTCHA. I'LL BE UP IN A SEC.

SEE YOU AT DINNER, DOC. MAYBE I'LL INTRODUCE YOU TO THE SHIP'S PSYCHIATRIST...



MORNING, PEOPLE. MY, YOU'RE ALL LOOKING BEAUTIFUL TODAY...

ANYONE TRY THE NORWEGIAN CHILLI AT BREAKFAST? FOOD FOR THE GODS!

THE GALLEY ONLY MAKES THAT STUFF FOR YOU TO EAT, CAPTAIN...

THAT'S TRUE, JULIUS. THE REST OF US USE IT TO UNCLOG THE EXHAUST PIPES...

COME ON UP AND TAKE A LOOK. THERE IT IS, IN ALL ITS NATURAL GLORY...



...THE ASAMDA RIDGE.

2500 KILOMETRES LONG, AND A HOTBED OF MINEROLOGICAL GOODIES. OR AT LEAST THAT'S WHAT KYROL CENTRAL IS HOPING FOR...

MAYBE THEY ARE - I'M NOT. I KNOW WE'VE GOTTA PAY OUR WAY SOMEHOW, THEO, BUT I'D HATE TO SEE ALL THIS TURNED INTO ONE BIG PROTRANIUM MINE...

BRING US TO A STOP. WE'LL IDLE HERE FOR A DAY OR TWO AND START SOME BROAD-RANGE SCANNING...



NO! ABSOLUTELY, POSITIVELY, EMPHATICALLY NOT!

ALISON, HOW CAN YOU EVEN SUGGEST THIS?

I BROUGHT IZZY HERE SO YOU COULD HELP HER GAIN SOME UNDERSTANDING OF HER NEW BODY, HELP HER AVOID ANY RISKS IT MIGHT PRESENT...



AND INSTEAD YOU'VE BEEN ENCOURAGING HER TO GO OUT THERE? INTO AN ALIEN OCEAN?!

LISTEN, BUSTER, YOU MAY OWN EVERY DEGREE IN QUANTUM CLOCK-WATCHING BUT I'M THE MARINE LIFE EXPERT HERE! THERE'S A LIMIT TO WHAT I CAN GLEAN FROM LABORATORY TESTS...

I NEED TO STUDY IZZY WHEN SHE'S OPERATING AT PEAK CAPACITY. SHE CAN'T DO THAT FLOATING IN A TANK OR PADDLING AROUND IN A SWIMMING POOL!

THIS IS INSANE, I WON'T HEAR OF IT!



UH, HELLO? THE TOPIC OF DISCUSSION IS ACTUALLY IN THE ROOM?

LOOK, I'VE LISTENED TO BOTH OF YOU, BUT GET THIS - IT'S MY DECISION.

I WANT TO TRY IT, DOCTOR.



BUT... IZZY, THIS COULD BE HIGHLY DANGEROUS...

SO IS STEPPING OUT OF THE TARDIS, BUT I KEEP DOING THAT, DON'T I?

I'VE GOT TO START MAKING SOME CHOICES, DOCTOR. WELL, THAT'S WHAT A SMART MEXICAN LADY TOLD ME, ANYWAY...

I CAN'T STAY IN THE SHALLOW END FOREVER, YOU KNOW?

The Doctor really is sweet. He eventually gave up and agreed to go along with it...



So tomorrow we're all going outside for a little dip.

Wish me luck.
xxx
izzy

JUST GO SLOWLY TO START. STAY IN SIGHT OF THE ARGUS AT ALL TIMES...



OKAY, DAD. I'LL BE HOME BY TEN AND I PROMISE NOT TO SPEAK TO ANY STRANGE GUPPIES.

YOU'RE ALL WIRED UP, IZZY. WE'LL BE ABLE TO MONITOR YOUR BIO-FUNCTIONS AND STAY IN CONTACT VIA YOUR THROAT TRANSCEIVER...

BON VOYAGE...



CAN YOU HEAR ME?

CLEAR AS A WHISTLE. HOW ARE YOU FEELING?

FINE. I MEAN, REALLY GOOD. THIS IS MUCH EASIER THAN I WAS EXPECTING...

THE OCEAN...

THERE'S A RHYTHM TO IT - I CAN ALMOST FEEL IT BREATHING. IT'S LIKE THE OCEAN ISN'T MOVING AROUND ME...



...IT'S MOVING THROUGH ME!

THIS IS... THIS IS ABSOLUTELY INCREDIBLE!



FANTASTIC! ADRENALIN PRODUCTION'S SURGING, CARDIOVASCULAR SYSTEM'S FIRING UP - HER WHOLE BODY'S PURRING LIKE A FERRARI!

DOCTOR, LOOK AT THESE READINGS!

I AM LOOKING. I'M LOOKING AT A YOUNG GIRL WHO LAST MONTH COULDN'T SWIM A SINGLE STROKE BEING SHOVED INTO AN UNKNOWN ENVIRONMENT...



WILL YOU JUST RELAX? WE'VE BEEN CHARTING THIS OCEAN FOR EIGHT YEARS - THE CURRENTS ARE MILD AND THERE ARE NO LARGE OCEANIAIC PREDATORS ON KYROL!

TRUST ME, DOCTOR, THERE'S NOTHING OUT THERE BIGGER THAN YOUR HAND...



THAT YOU KNOW OF, ALISON, THERE'S A BASIC RULE OF NATURE I DON'T THINK YOU'VE GRASPED...

THE ONLY SUCCESSFUL PREDATORS ARE THE ONES WHO LEARN HOW TO STAY HIDDEN.

I'M FREE! I
FEEL SO FREE
I COULD BURST!
I'M A TORPEDO!

I CAN GO
EVEN FASTER,
I KNOW I CAN!
WATCH ME,
DOCTOR!

WATCH
ME!

IZZY, WHERE
ARE YOU GOING?
STAY WITH
THE ARGUS!

WAIT A MINUTE -- ALISON, YOU SAID
IZZY'S ADRENALIN FLOW HAD
INCREASED, YES?

SO?

DON'T YOU
SEE? SHE'S
UNPREPARED FOR
THE RUSH FROM
ALL THIS ACTIVITY --
SHE'S GETTING
HIGH ON IT!

I THOUGHT
I WAS SWIMMING
BUT I'M NOT!
I'M FLYING!

I DON'T EVEN HAVE
TO THINK -- IT'S LIKE MY
BODY KNOWS EXACTLY
WHAT TO DO! DOES THAT
MAKE SENSE?

HAH-HAH-HAH!
I'M ON AUTO
PILOT!

ATHLETIC LITTLE THING, ISN'T SHE?
MAYBE YOU COULD CONVINCE HER TO
STICK AROUND, JULIUS -- SHE'D BE
PRETTY **USEFUL** IN OUR LINE OF
WORK...

I'M JUST
GLAD TO SEE
A **SMILE** ON HER
FACE AT LAST...

UH... CAPTAIN?
THERE'S
SOMETHING
SCREWY HERE...

WHAT'S
UP, PHIL?

I'M PICKING
UP A **POWER SOURCE**
COMING FROM INSIDE
THE ASAMDA RIDGE. IT'S
LOOKING A LOT LIKE AN
E-M FIELD...

**ELECTROMAGNETIC
RADIATION?** THEO,
COME AND TAKE A
LOOK AT THIS...

HEY, THE
READING'S
JUST
SPIKED!

LIKE A
RESONANT
PARTICLE
FLUX OR...

OR A
**WEAPONS
BATTERY
CHARGING!**

SHARD



CHOOM! CHA-THRAKK!

AOOAAHH!

STRAP IN!
EVERYONE GRAB
SOMETHING!



THAT WAS
AN E-M SCYTHER!
WE'RE BEING
ATTACKED!

WE HAVE A
SHIP-WIDE SYSTEMS
CRASH! GYRO-
STABILISERS
HAVE FAILED!

MAIN ENGINES
HAVE SEIZED! I REPEAT,
MAIN ENGINES HAVE
SEIZED! OH, GOD...



"...WE'RE
SINKING!"

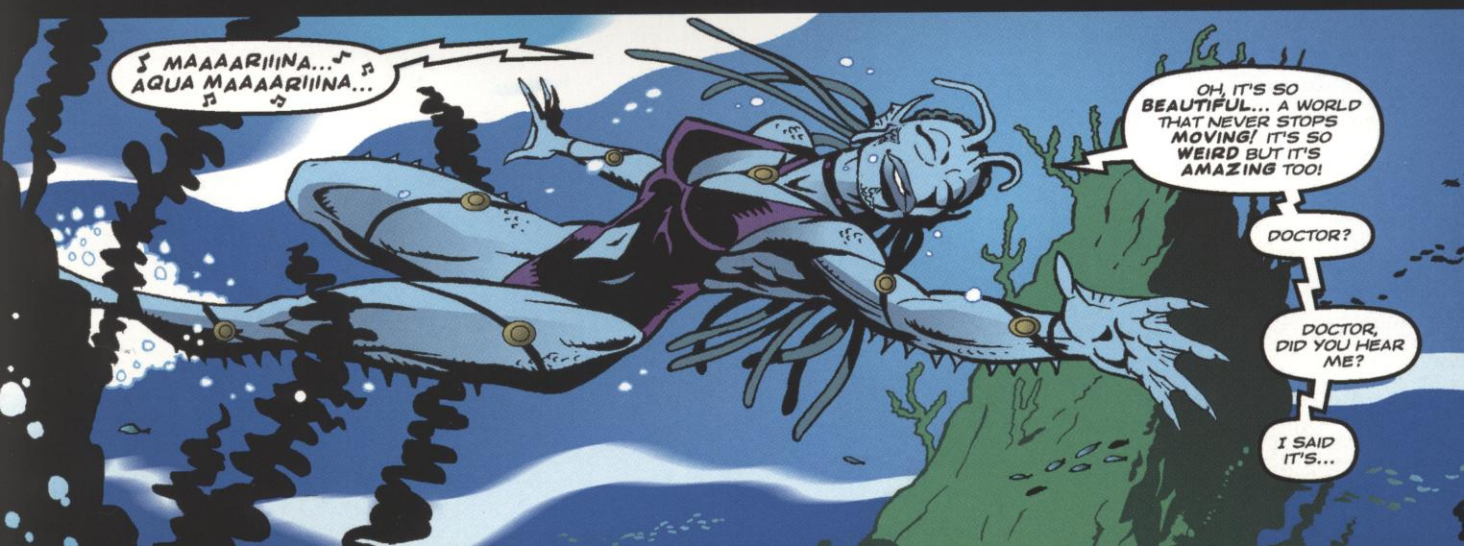


DOCTOR!
IF THE ARGUS
HITS THE SEA
BED --

WE'LL
BE SMASHED
TO A PULP
AGAINST
THE HULL!

IZZY, WE'RE
IN TROUBLE!
KEEP AWAY
FROM THE
SHIP!

IZZY,
COME
IN!



MAAAARIINA...
AQUA MAAARIINA...

OH, IT'S SO
BEAUTIFUL... A WORLD
THAT NEVER STOPS
MOVING! IT'S SO
WEIRD BUT IT'S
AMAZING TOO!

DOCTOR?

DOCTOR,
DID YOU HEAR
ME?

I SAID
IT'S...



...AMAZING...

TO BE CONTINUED...



THE ARGUS IS DRIPPING LIKE A BRICK!

K-CHNK!

ALISON, BREAK YOUR TETHER LINE, IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!



IT'S NO GOOD, THE INFLOW'S STILL DRAGGING US DOWN!

BUT MORE SLOWLY - WITH ANY LUCK, OUR PRESSURE SUITS SHOULD PROTECT US FROM MOST OF THE IMPACT!



OOOFF!

UUGH!



OH LORD... DOCTOR, HOW COULD THIS HAVE HAPPENED?

WE WERE HIT BY AN ENERGY SURGE -- AN ELECTROMAGNETIC BOMBARDMENT COULD HAVE KNOCKED OUT THE CENTRAL THRUSTERS. AND IF THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED...

BUT HOW COULD THE SHIP JUST DIE LIKE THAT? THE ARGUS' TECHNOLOGY IS STATE OF THE ART!

CHILDREN OF THE REVOLUTION part two

I WISH THAT WERE TRUE - BUT I'M AFRAID IT'S EXTREMELY OUTDATED IN ONE RESPECT. IF MY SUSPICIONS ARE CORRECT...

THEN OUR TROUBLES HAVE BARELY BEGUN.



DAMN IT, THAT WAS NO WAY TO PARK! IS EVERYONE OKAY?

SARAH'S BASHED HER COLLAR BONE, CAPTAIN, BUT SHE'LL BE ALRIGHT...

SAYS YOU! THIS HURTS LIKE HELL!

SEND A MAYDAY TO KYROL CENTRAL, THEO - TELL THEM WE'VE BEEN ATTACKED.

COMMUNICATIONS ARE KAPUT, JULIUS - COULD BE DUE TO THE SYSTEMS CRASH, BUT I'D BET A YEAR'S SALARY WE'RE BEING SCRAMBLED...



TONY, GO TO MY CABIN - YOU'LL FIND A CACHE OF PULSE GUNS IN A PANEL UNDERNEATH THE BUNK. REPORT BACK HERE WITH THEM.

YESSIR!



UHH... THE ARGUS IS A SCIENCE VESSEL, JULIUS - YOU DO KNOW YOU'VE CONTRAVENED A DOZEN DIFFERENT TREATIES BY BRINGING WEAPONS ABOARD...

NOT THAT I'M COMPLAINING, YOU UNDERSTAND.

SOMETHING OUT THERE DOESN'T LIKE US MUCH, THEO...

WE'RE NOT GONNA STOP THEM BY AIMING A TREATY AT THEIR HEADS.



ELSEWHERE...

EASY, DAVE, JUST REST YOUR HEAD...

TAK-TAK-TAK

WH-WHAT'S THAT SOUND...?



IT'S THE AIRLOCK - THE IMPACT MUST HAVE JAMMED THE INNER HATCH.

WAIT, I REMEMBER NOW! ALISON AND HER FRIENDS - THAT DOCTOR GUY AND THAT FISH-GIRL - THEY WERE OUTSIDE WHEN THE ARGUS WENT DOWN! IT MUST BE THEM!

TAK-TAK-TAK



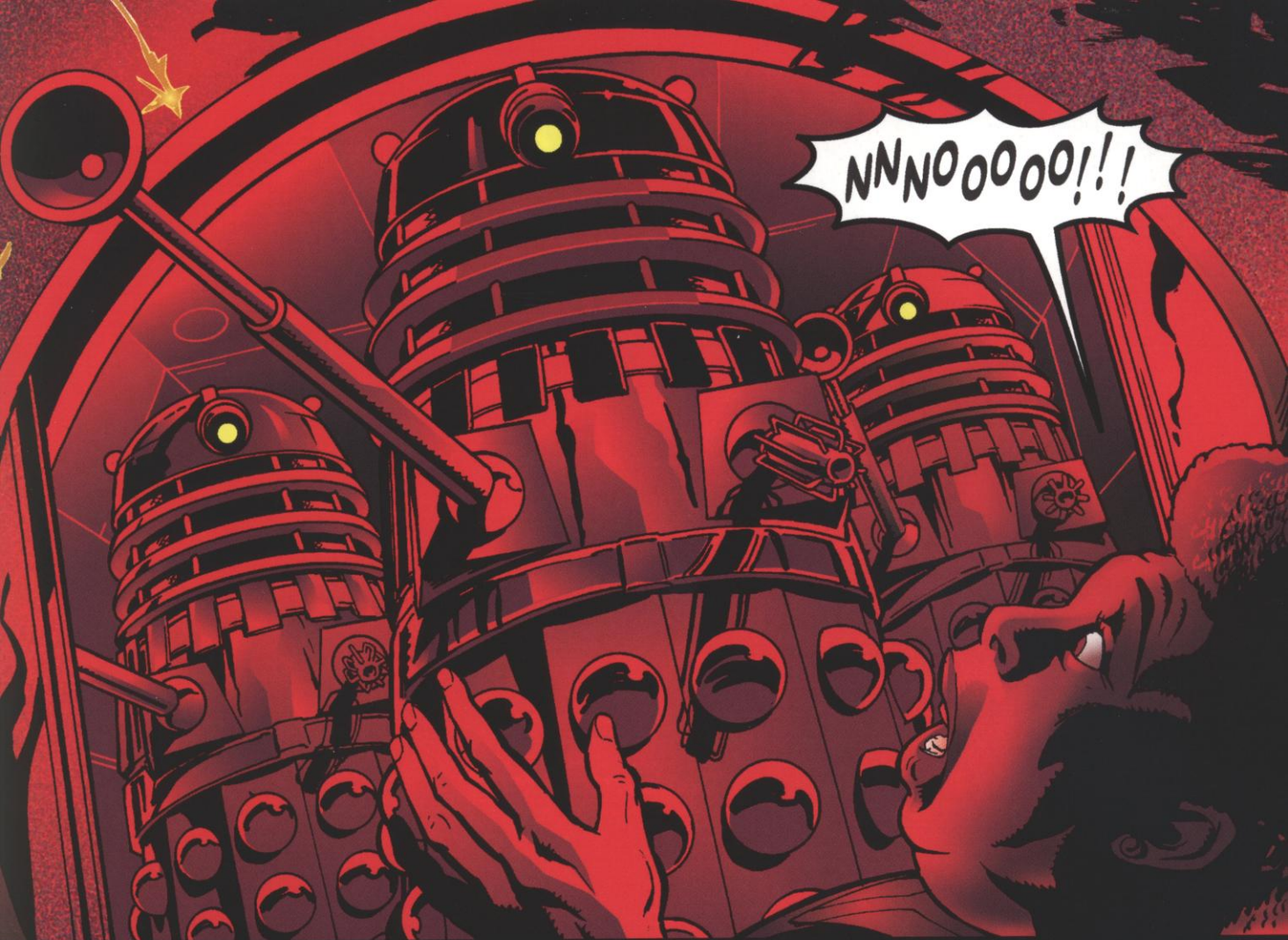
TAK-TAK-TAK

HANG ON, ALISON, I CAN GET IT OPEN MANUALLY FROM HERE! DON'T PANIC...



SSSSSSSSSS

SEE? YOU'RE SAFE...



DALEKS. THIS IS REALLY, TRULY, INSANELY BAD...

AFTER THAT FIGHT ON ICARUS FALLING,* I DID SOME RESEARCH - THEY'RE THE ONE SUBJECT THE TARDIS LIBRARY COVERS IN DEPTH...

THIS ONE LOOKS LIKE A LOW-RANKER... IF IT HASN'T KILLED ME THEN IT MUST HAVE BEEN ORDERED NOT TO, WHICH MEANS I CAN MOUTH OFF... I THINK...

HEY, ARE WE IN A TUNNEL? WHAT HAPPENED TO ALL YOUR FRIENDS? WHERE ARE WE GOING?

* SEE DWM #251-255.



YOU WILL SEE SOON ENOUGH, HUMANOID... AND YOUR PRIMITIVE MIND WILL SHATTER LIKE GLASS WHEN YOU DO!

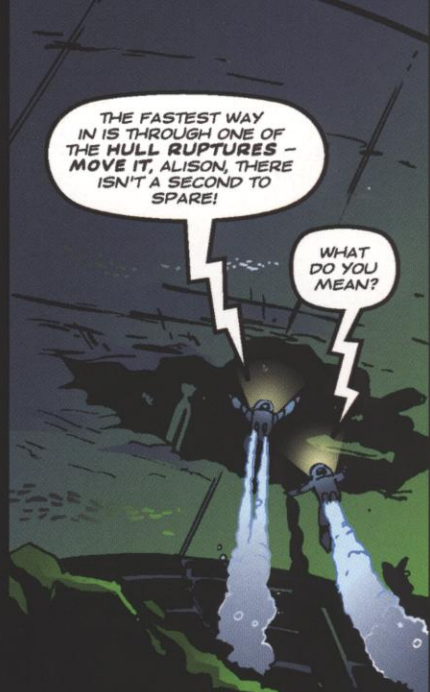
I GUESS HE'S BEEN PROGRAMMED FOR MELODRAMA...

HOLD ON, IT'S GETTING LIGHTER... THERE IS SOMETHING UP AHEAD...



OH... NO...

THIS JUST CANNOT BE REAL...



THE FASTEST WAY IN IS THROUGH ONE OF THE HULL RUPTURES - MOVE IT, ALISON, THERE ISN'T A SECOND TO SPARE!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN?



OH MY GOD.

THEY'RE BEYOND HELP NOW - BUT THERE ARE PLENTY OF PEOPLE ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THAT DOOR WHO STILL HAVE A CHANCE...



I - I REALLY NEED TO GET OUT OF THIS TIN CAN...

NO, KEEP YOUR SUIT ON, THERE'S NO TIME TO CHANGE. BESIDES, IT'LL BE SAFER...

I REPEAT: WHAT DO YOU MEAN? DOCTOR, WHAT'S GOT YOU SO WORRIED?



JULIUS SHOWED ME THE ARGUS' PROPULSION SYSTEMS - THEY'RE POWERED BY AN ECOTRONIC FISSION REACTOR - DEFINITELY NOT STATE OF THE ART TECHNOLOGY. A COST-CUTTING EXERCISE, HE SAID...

IF THE FAILSAFES HAVE BEEN WIPED BY THAT E-M SURGE, THE REACTOR'S COOLANT SYSTEMS MAY HAVE CRASHED.

SO Y-YOU'RE SAYING...

I'M SAYING THERE'S AN EXCELLENT CHANCE THIS SHIP IS ABOUT TO TURN INTO A ROMAN CANDLE! COME ON!



HOSTILE FORCE
HAS BEEN ENCOUNTERED
IN STARBOARD SECTION,
SQUADRON LEADER!

YOU WILL
RENDEZVOUS WITH
EPSILON TEAM AT
THE COMMAND DECK!
NO DELAY WILL
BE TOLERATED!

WE
OBEY!

ZZKROW!

ZZKROW!



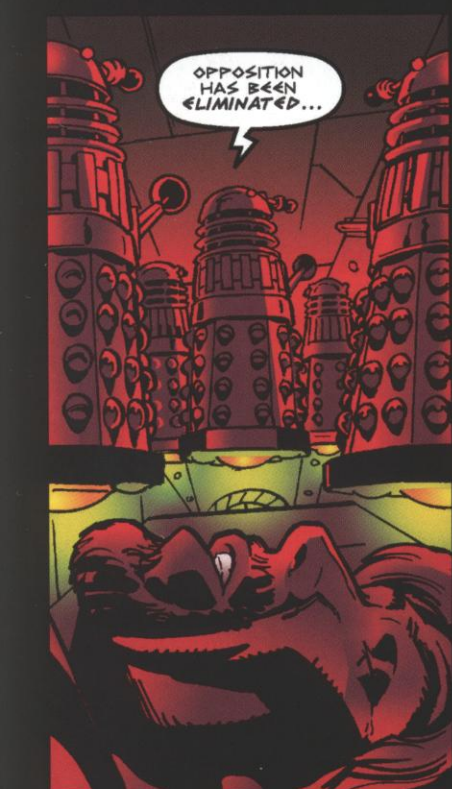
GET BACK!
THE PULSE GUNS
AREN'T --

AAIIEERGH!

AUNNGH!

SZRAKK!

SZRAKK!



OPPOSITION
HAS BEEN
ELIMINATED...



THE COMMAND DECK HAS
BEEN SEALED, SQUADRON
LEADER. I ESTIMATE 200 RELS
FOR THE DECIPHERING OF
THE ACCESS CODE...

UNNECESSARY...



VVVZZZZZZ

CAPTAIN...

CAPTAIN,
THE DOOR'S
GETTING HOT!

GET
AWAY FROM
IT! FAST!



SSSSSSSSSSS!



HOLY...

PLEASE, GOD, NO...

IT'S THEM... IT'S REALLY THEM...

EVERYONE STAY COOL... NOBODY MOVES AN INCH, IS THAT CLEAR?

I'M JULIUS OTAGO, THE CAPTAIN OF THIS SHIP. YOU'VE FIRED ON AN UNARMED SCIENCE VES-

THIS CRAFT IS NOW UNDER DALEK CONTROL! YOU WILL SURRENDER IMMEDIATELY!

Y'KNOW, I HAD A CRAZY FEELING YOU WERE GONNA SAY THAT...



TH-THEY'RE ALL DEAD! WAS IT A RADIATION SURGE?

MORE LIKELY JUST THE HEAT WHEN THE INDUCTION FURNACE OVERLOADED - BUT IT WON'T BE LONG NOW BEFORE THE REACTOR REACHES MELTDOWN...



K-SHROW!

IN FACT IT MAY ALREADY BE TOO LATE! WE COULD ONLY HAVE SECONDS LEFT...

DON'T SAY THAT! DON'T SAY THAT!



DOCTOR, PLEASE!

I CAN TRY RECHARGING THE TERTIARY LINKS... BUT MOST OF THE COOLANT FUNNELS HAVE ALREADY BEEN EXHAUSTED...

PRAY FOR A MIRACLE, ALISON!



AAAAHHH!

STAND ASIDE!

OH NO...

SOMEONE UP THERE'S GOT A NASTY SENSE OF HUMOUR...



TARGET FISSION RODS! FIRE CRYO-SPRAY!

SSSSHHHHSSSSHHHH



SSSHHHSSSSHHHH

INTERNAL TEMPERATURE OF FISSION RODS FALLING...

AUTONOMIC SAFETY FUNCTIONS RETURNING TO NORMAL...

MELTDOWN HAS BEEN AVERTED, SQUADRON LEADER.

SATISFACTORY. MAINTAIN STABILITY OF COOLANT SYSTEMS...



DID... DID THEY JUST SAVE THE ARGUS? DOCTOR, WHY WOULD DALEKS -

ALISON, SHSSH! THEY CAN HEAR US!



DOCTOR? THE FEMALE REFERRED TO YOU AS "DOCTOR"?

PARDON ME? OH, NO... SHE SAID "PROCTOR". I REPRESENT THE UNIVERSITY OF CONJECTURAL HERRING, PERHAPS YOU'VE HEARD -

YOUR IDENTITY WILL BE VERIFIED! ACTIVATE SONIC SCAN!



I AM REGISTERING A BINARY HEARTBEAT, SQUADRON LEADER!

YOU ARE THE DOCTOR!

YES, YES, FINE, IT'S ME. VERY CLEVER. GIVE YOURSELF A GOLD PLUNGER...

ZINEEEEEE

WE REALLY HAVE TO STOP MEETING LIKE THIS, PEOPLE ARE STARTING TO TALK...



YOU ARE THE DOCTOR! YOU ARE THE ONE FORETOLD! THE SAVIOUR OF THE DALEKS!

ALL HAIL THE SAVIOUR!



ALL HAIL THE SAVIOUR!



ALL HAIL THE SAVIOUR!

WELL... THIS IS NEW...

TO BE CONTINUED...

THAT'S THE FOURTH GROUP TO ARRIVE IN THE LAST TWO HOURS. GOD, THEY'RE LIKE FLIES BUZZING AROUND A CARCASS...

DOCTOR, WHAT ARE THEY ATTACHING TO THE HULL? ARE THOSE BOMBS?

CHILDREN OF THE REVOLUTION part three

SCOTT GRAY - STORY LEE SULLIVAN - ART
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I DOUBT IT, ALISON - IF THE DALEKS WANTED US DEAD, THEY COULD HAVE JUST LET THE ARGUS' REACTOR EXPLODE. SO MANY QUESTIONS...

I'VE GOT ONE FOR YOU, DOC...

WHY ARE THEY CALLING YOU THEIR "SAVIOR"?

I... DON'T KNOW.

YEAH? YOU DON'T SEEM TOO CERTAIN OF THAT.

C'MON, TALK TO ME, MAN. I THOUGHT WE WERE FRIENDS.

THEY ALWAYS EXTERMINATE ANY RESISTANCE DURING AN INVASION, BUT YOUR CREWMEN WERE ONLY PARALYSED...

HOW ARE YOU FEELING, TONY?

SINCE THEY TOOK CONTROL, THEY'VE SIMPLY SEALED YOUR CREW INTO A FEW MEETING AREAS. THEY HAVEN'T KILLED ANYONE...

WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? FIFTEEN OF MY PEOPLE DIED WHEN THE ARGUS CRASHED! HAS THAT LITTLE FACT SLIPPED YOUR MIND?

NO! BUT SOMETHING DOESN'T ADD UP HERE...

PERHAPS I SHOULD JUST GO AND ASK...

JULIUS, I'M AS MUCH IN THE DARK AS YOU. I'VE FACED THE DALEKS COUNTLESS TIMES, BUT THIS ATTACK DOESN'T FOLLOW THEIR USUAL PATTERN AT ALL...

LIKE MASAI TRIBESMEN ARE DOING A VICTORY DANCE INSIDE MY SKULL... OWWWWW...



EXCUSE ME... I'D LIKE TO SEE YOUR **COMMANDER**, PLEASE...

I... I HAVE ORDERS TO CONTAIN ALL HUMAN PERSONNEL HERE...

BUT YOU KNOW I'M NOT HUMAN - I'M THE **SAVIOUR**. REMEMBER?

YES... AS YOU WISH...



"NOT HUMAN"...

ALISON, YOU **VOUCHED** FOR THE DOCTOR WHEN HE CAME ABOARD - WE ALL TRUSTED YOUR JUDGEMENT...

BUT HOW MUCH DO YOU REALLY **KNOW** ABOUT THIS FELLOW?

ENOUGH TO KNOW **THIS**, THEO...



"...IF THERE'S ANY WAY OUT OF THIS MESS, HE'LL FIND IT."

GREETINGS, SAVIOUR. I AM **MAKKITH**, LEADER OF **KOPATH SQUADRON** AND A DEFENDER OF THE STATE.

GOOD AFTERNOON. I WAS JUST SAYING TO MY FRIENDS THAT I'VE ENCOUNTERED DALEKS ALL OVER THE GALAXY, AND I'VE FLATTERED MYSELF THAT I'M AN **EXPERT** ON YOUR SPECIES...

BUT YOU'RE THE FIRST ONE I'VE EVER MET WHO HAD A **NAME**.



WOULD YOU PLEASE EXPLAIN THIS SITUATION TO ME? MAYBE I'M JUST BEING EXTRAORDINARILY **DENSE** TODAY, BUT I NEED SOME **HELP** HERE...

FORGIVE ME, SAVIOUR... I AM UNWORTHY TO IMPART SUCH KNOWLEDGE. THAT IS A PRIVILEGE RESERVED FOR THE **FIRST-BORN**...

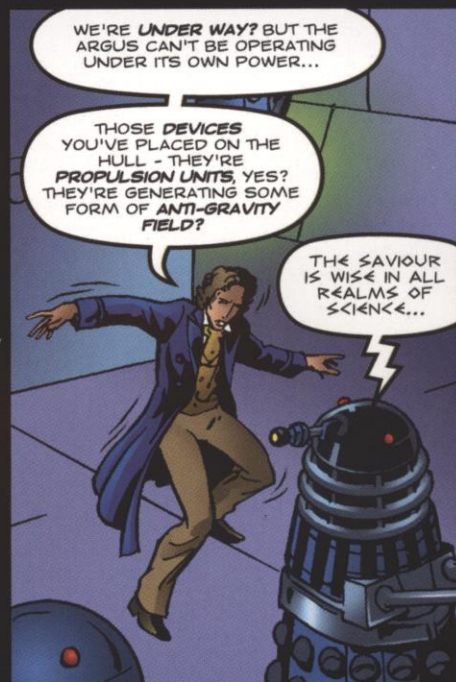
STRUCTURAL INTEGRITY OF THIS CRAFT HAS BEEN RE-ESTABLISHED, SQUADRON LEADER.



UNDERSTOOD...

COMMENCE RETRIEVAL OPERATION.

VVROOSSH



WE'RE **UNDER WAY**? BUT THE ARGUS CAN'T BE OPERATING UNDER ITS OWN POWER...

THOSE **DEVICES** YOU'VE PLACED ON THE HULL - THEY'RE **PROPULSION UNITS**, YES? THEY'RE GENERATING SOME FORM OF **ANTI-GRAVITY FIELD**?

THE SAVIOUR IS WISE IN ALL REALMS OF **SCIENCE**...



AHH... LOOK, MAKKITH, I HATE TO BE A BACK-SEAT DRIVER, BUT WE'RE HEADING STRAIGHT FOR THE **ASAMDA RIDGE**...

AND I DO MEAN **STRAIGHT** FOR IT.

THERE IS NO NEED FOR **CONCERN**, SAVIOUR...

ATTENTION, CREW OF THE ARGUS: YOU WILL NOW BEGIN TO ASSEMBLE AT YOUR DESIGNATED STATIONS AND PREPARE FOR DISEMBARKATION...

YOU WILL EACH BE ALLOWED TO CARRY ONE BAG OF PERSONAL BELONGINGS.

MOVE IN AN ORDERLY FASHION...

MAKE NO ATTEMPT TO RESIST US.



HOPE NO-ONE DROPS A PIN, WE COULD ALL BE DEAFENED...

HMM. NOTICE ANYTHING MISSING?

YEAH... NO WEAPONS! AND LOOK AT ALL THE DIFFERENT PAINT JOBS...

SOME KIND OF CASTE SYSTEM, PERHAPS...

DOCTOR!

IZZY! I WAS Hoping YOU'D AVOIDED ALL OF THIS...

SWAM RIGHT INTO A PACK OF THEM, BUT AT LEAST IT SOBERED ME UP... I THINK I WENT A BIT LOOPY OUT THERE...

WE NOTICED!

THEY HAVEN'T **HARMED** YOU? INTERROGATED YOU IN ANY WAY?

NOT A MIND-PROBE IN SIGHT! ACTUALLY, MOST OF THEM HAVE BEEN... WELL, ALMOST **POLITE**...

THERE'S SOMEONE HERE WHO REALLY WANTS TO SEE YOU...

WELCOME TO **AZHRA KORR**, SAVIOUR. YOUR FORM HAS CHANGED, BUT YOUR **ESSENCE** STILL SHINES WITH AN **UNMISTAKABLE LIGHT**.

I HAVE NEVER DOUBTED I WOULD SEE YOU AGAIN.

THAT... SYMBOL ON YOUR DOME...

THE MARK YOU GAVE ME, SAVIOUR.

MY TITLE IS **FIRST-BORN**, BUT YOU KNOW ME BY MY **NAME**...

ALPHA?

SO... YOU TWO HAVE ALREADY MET?

YES... A LONG TIME AGO...

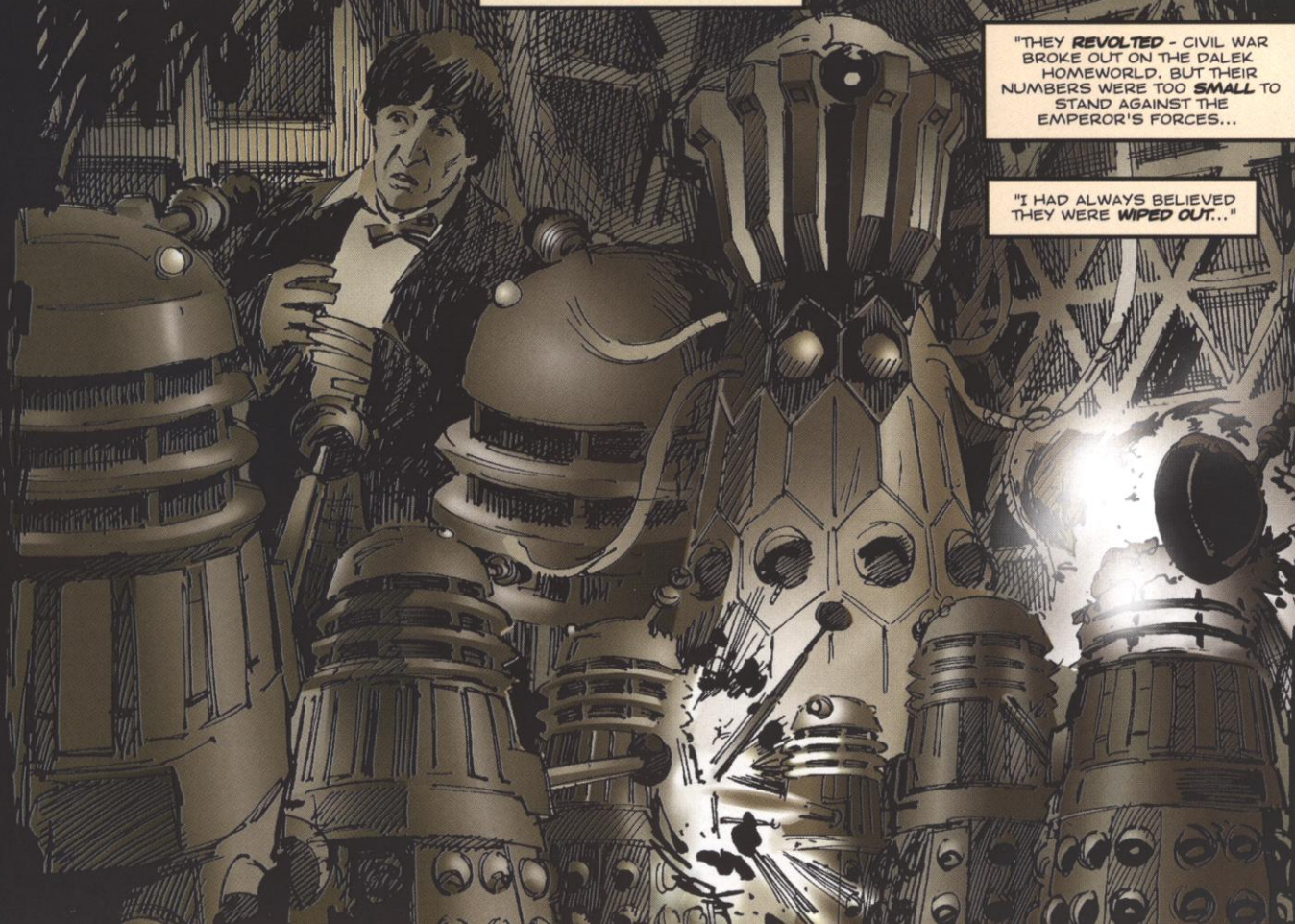
"THE DALEKS TOOK ME CAPTIVE IN THE 19TH CENTURY... THEY FORCED ME TO CONDUCT **EXPERIMENTS** TO GAIN INSIGHTS ON HUMANS' **PSYCHOLOGICAL MAKE-UP**..."

"BUT I **TRICKED** THEM - I USED THE KNOWLEDGE TO ENGINEER A **SEPARATE STREAM OF DALEKS** WITH **HUMAN ATTRIBUTES** INSTILLED IN THEIR GENETIC DESIGN..."

"THEY COULD REASON AS **INDIVIDUALS**, UNDERSTAND CONCEPTS LIKE **FREE WILL**... **COMPASSION**..."

"THEY **REVOLTED** - CIVIL WAR BROKE OUT ON THE DALEK HOMEWORLD. BUT THEIR NUMBERS WERE TOO **SMALL** TO STAND AGAINST THE EMPEROR'S FORCES..."

"I HAD ALWAYS BELIEVED THEY WERE **WIPED OUT**..."





...I REALLY SHOULD STOP JUMPING TO CONCLUSIONS.

WE ARE FAR FROM DEAD, SAVIOUR. WE HAVE FLOURISHED IN OUR NEW HOME...



JOIN ME. WE SHALL WITNESS IT TOGETHER.

WHA-?!

HEY!



THAT'S... QUITE A TRICK, ALPHA...

I'VE ALWAYS KNOWN DALEKS COULD GENERATE PSYCHOKINETIC ENERGY - I SAW A GROUP POWERING THEMSELVES WITH IT ON EXXILON ONCE...

BUT THIS GOES FAR BEYOND SIMPLE MOBILITY - YOU CAN ACTUALLY FLY!



WE HAVE HAD DECADES TO PRACTICE OUR SKILLS. WE MOVE OBJECTS THROUGH THE STRENGTH OF OUR MINDS AND THE PEACE IN OUR HEARTS...

PERIODIC MEDITATION HAS BEEN THE KEY TO OUR GROWTH.

TRULY AMAZING... FOR THE FIRST TIME A TRIBE OF DALEKS HAVEN'T BEEN SPENDING EVERY WAKING MOMENT TRYING TO DESTROY EVERYTHING THEY SEE...

AND THEY'VE BECOME VASTLY MORE POWERFUL AS A RESULT!

THE IRONY HAS NOT ESCAPED ME, SAVIOUR...

ALL HAIL THE SAVIOUR!

I'M BEGINNING TO FEEL LIKE A CROSS BETWEEN THE POPE AND ELVIS.

WE HOLD NOTHING BUT LOVE FOR YOU, SAVIOUR. YOU DELIVERED US FROM THE CHAINS OF SERVITUDE AND HATRED. YOUR RETURN HAS SET AZHRA KORR ALIGHT.

THIS IS A TIME OF JOY...



I DON'T THINK CAPTAIN OTAGO'S GOING TO SEE IT THAT WAY, ALPHA...



I WANT SOME ANSWERS. NOW.

WHY BRING US HERE AND EXPOSE YOURSELVES LIKE THIS? WHY DIDN'T YOU LET US DIE WHEN YOU ATTACKED THE ARGUS?

WE DID NOT ATTACK YOUR VESSEL, CAPTAIN.

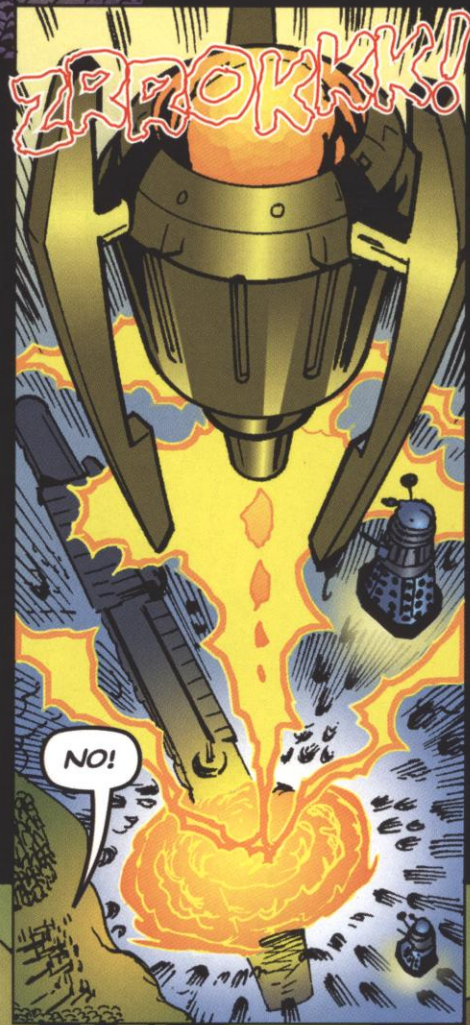
OUR RACE IS PLEDGED TO PRESERVE LIFE. IF WE HAD STOOD BY AND ALLOWED YOU TO PERISH, WE WOULD HAVE BEEN NO BETTER THAN MURDERERS...



BUT YOU MUST UNDERSTAND THIS!

WE HAVE LIVED HERE IN ABSOLUTE SECRECY FOR MANY YEARS...

WHAT ARE YOUR GOONS DOING...?



YIPPOKKKK!

NO!



"... AND WE WILL CONTINUE TO DO SO."



YOUR PAST LIVES ARE OVER. YOU WILL MAKE A NEW BEGINNING HERE WITH US. YOU WILL JOIN OUR SOCIETY AND WE SHALL LEARN FROM ONE ANOTHER...

THERE IS NO TURNING BACK.

TO BE CONTINUED...

THIS IS
INSANITY,
MAKKITH...

HOW CAN
YOU SANCTION
THIS... THIS
POLLUTION OF
OUR CULTURE?

CHILDREN OF THE REVOLUTION

part four

WE ARE DEFENDERS
OF THE STATE, SUKATRI.
WE BOTH VOWED TO
FOLLOW THE WILL OF THE
FIRST-BORN, TO DIE
FOR IT IF NEED BE.

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ADRIAN SALMON - COLOURING
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BUT LOOK! THE HUMANIDS HAVE
BEEN GIVEN THE TESSTATI QUARTER,
THE FINEST RESIDENCES IN ALL
OF AZHRA KORR!

SKARO-BORN
VETERANS FROM
THE ORIGINAL EXODUS
LIVED THERE, MAKKITH!
WHY SHOULD THEY BE
RELOCATED TO MAKE
ROOM FOR THESE
CREATURES?

THEY
MUST BE
GIVEN A
CHANCE...

"TO DO WHAT? TO BREED? TO
GROW IN STRENGTH AND THEN
KILL US IN OUR SLEEP?"

"WE CAN FEED THEM, SHELTER
THEM, BUT THEY WILL ALWAYS
HATE US... IT IS INHERENT IN
THEIR NATURE..."

THEY HAVE BEEN HERE THREE
DAYS, AND ALREADY THEIR FEAR
HAS INFECTED OUR OWN KIND. MANY
ARE TALKING OPENLY OF OUR
SOCIETY'S DESTRUCTION...

MARK MY
WORDS,
MAKKITH...

THIS CAN
END ONLY
IN BLOOD.

THIS ISN'T GOING
TO WORK, ALPHA.

I UNDERSTAND YOUR
CONCERN FOR YOUR PEOPLE'S
SECURITY, BUT YOU CAN'T
HOLD THE ARGUS CREW
CAPTIVE. SOME FORM OF
COMPROMISE HAS TO BE
FOUND...

THEY ARE NOT
CAPTIVES, SAVIOUR.
THEY ARE FREE TO EXPLORE
AZHRA KORR'S BOUNDARIES -
WITHIN REASON. BUT THEY
CAN NEVER AGAIN CONTACT
THEIR MASTERS ON
KYROL'S SURFACE...

WE ARE THE
MOST HATED RACE IN
EXISTENCE. EVERY
SPECIES IN THIS GALAXY -
INCLUDING OUR OWN -
WISHES US DEAD. WE ARE
SHIELDED ONLY BY OUR
SECRECY.

THESE
HUMANIDS
MAY NEVER LEARN
TO TRUST US, IT IS
TRUE... BUT
PERHAPS...

PERHAPS
THEIR
DESCENDANTS
WILL VIEW US
DIFFERENTLY.

WHAT...?

YOU'RE REALLY
LOOKING AT THE
LONG-TERM OUTCOME,
AREN'T YOU?

I BELIEVE IN DESTINY, SAVIOUR.
YOUR RETURN IS A SIGN THAT A TIME OF
CHANGE HAS ARRIVED FOR MY RACE.

I HAVE WITNESSED SUCH
SIGNS IN THE PAST...

"THE REVOLT ON SKARO RAGED FOR
DAYS, BUT AS MY CONSCIOUSNESS
EXPANDED, I SAW THAT OUR
CAUSE WAS DOOMED.

"WITH SKARO BLINDED BY CHAOS, WE
DEPARTED UNOBSERVED. OUR 'BROTHERS'
BELIEVED US ALL EXTERMINATED.

"AND THEN ONE DAY... I BEHELD A
VISION IN MY MIND OF THIS WORLD. IT
WAS AS IF KYROL ITSELF WAS CALLING
TO ME FROM ACROSS THE STARS...

"I GATHERED AS MANY OF MY
KIN AS I COULD FIND AND GAVE
THE ORDER TO WITHDRAW.

"WE HID OURSELVES AWAY FROM
ANY SPACE-FARING SPECIES,
ALONE IN A UNIVERSE I KNEW
WOULD NEVER ACCEPT US.

"THE VISION LED US HERE, TO
THE ASAMDA RIDGE, AND THIS
HIDDEN CAVERN WHICH BECAME
OUR HOME.

"WE TOILED UNCEASINGLY TO CONSTRUCT OUR
SANCTUARY. WE WRESTED MINERALS FROM THE
ROCK AND BEGAN TO FORGE A MIGHTY CITY.

"THE HARSH CONDITIONS WE FACED CAUSED
GREAT TENSIONS, LEADING TO MURDER. WE
WERE RECREATING THE CONFLICT FROM WHICH
WE HAD FLED.

"I DECREED THAT ONLY CHOSEN
DEFENDERS WOULD BE ALLOWED
WEAPONS. AND PEACE CAME TO
AZHRA KORR.

"BIRTHING TECHNOLOGY
FROM OUR CRAFT ENABLED
US TO REPRODUCE. BUT
AS OUR NUMBERS GREW,
A PROBLEM AROSE...

"HOWEVER, IN A FEW SHORT
DECADES, HUMAN COLONISTS
BEGAN TO ARRIVE ON KYROL.

"THE FEAR OF DISCOVERY WAS
GREAT, BUT I MANAGED TO QUELL
IT. EVEN SO, I ALWAYS KNEW THIS
DAY WOULD COME...

"WE MUST
FACE IT
TOGETHER,
SAVIOUR."

I HAVE A THOUSAND QUESTIONS FOR YOU, ALPHA, BUT RIGHT NOW ONLY **ONE** HAS TO BE ADDRESSED **IMMEDIATELY...**

SOMETHING ATTACKED THE ARGUS. IF IT WASN'T **YOU**, THEN **WHO?**

BEFORE THE SUB WAS HIT, IT DETECTED AN **ELECTROMAGNETIC DISTURBANCE** IN THIS AREA OF THE RIDGE...

I CAN RIG UP SOME EQUIPMENT TO **TRACE** IT, BUT I'LL NEED ACCESS TO A **LABORATORY...**

I SEE...

YOU ARE THE **SAVIOR** - BUT I AM THE **FIRST-BORN**. MY PEOPLE ALLOW ME TO RULE, **SECURE** IN THE KNOWLEDGE THAT THEIR **SAFETY** WILL ALWAYS BE MY **GREATEST PRIORITY**.

I MUST HAVE YOUR **WORD, SAVIOR...**

IF I GRANT YOUR REQUEST, WILL YOU PROMISE NOT TO ATTEMPT TO CONTACT THE OTHER HUMANOIDS ON KYROL?

...

YES, ALPHA.

YOU HAVE MY WORD.

WE'RE **DEAD!** WE'RE ALL **DEAD!**

GIVE US THE **TRUTH, CAPTAIN!**

WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO GET US **OUT** OF HERE, OTAGO?

WE ALL KNOW WHAT THOSE **BUTCHERS** DID TO THAT COLONY ON **SANTHORUS!**

THEY'RE GOING TO **KILL US ALL!**

ALL RIGHT, **SHUT UP!** ALL OF YOU!

WHAT IS THIS, A **KINDERGARTEN?** YOU PEOPLE ARE **PROFESSIONALS**, START ACTING LIKE IT!

WE'RE IN A TOUGH SITUATION HERE, BUT IF WE KEEP OUR **HEADS SCREWED ON**, WE'LL BE **OKAY!**

WE'RE JUST **ZOO ANIMALS** TO THEM! HOW LONG BEFORE THEY GET **BORED** AND START **SLICING US OPEN?**

THEY CAN WIPE US OUT WHENEVER THEY WANT!

SO MUCH FOR THE COOL, CALM SCIENTIFIC MIND. I'D GET MORE SENSE IN AN **ASYLUM...**

WE'RE GONNA HAVE TO MOVE **FAST**, THEO. I NEED IT FINISHED **TONIGHT**.

THAT'S A TIGHT DEADLINE, JULIUS. I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO...

TH-THEY'RE GOING TO EXPERIMENT ON US, I KNOW IT...

EASY, CAROL...

WE HAVE TO **ESCAPE, CAPTAIN!**



KNOCK-KNOCK...

GOOD AFTERNOON...
ADELLUS, IS IT? ALPHA
TELLS ME YOU'RE A FIRST-
RATE SCIENTIST.

I'M HOPING YOU
CAN HELP ME. I NEED TO
BUILD AN **E-M TRACER**
SMALL ENOUGH TO BE
HAND-HELD...

IT'LL HAVE TO SCAN
THROUGH **SOLID ROCK** LACED
WITH **PROTRANIUM**, SO I'M
AFRAID WE MAY HAVE A LONG
DAY AHEAD OF US...

Y-YES,
SAVIOUR...
MAY I
SPEAK?

OF
COURSE.

I... I WISH TO SAY
THAT BEING GIVEN THE
CHANCE TO **ASSIST**
YOU... TO **OBSERVE**
YOUR **GENIUS** AT
WORK...

IS THE
GREATEST
HONOUR I
COULD EVER
HOPE TO
RECEIVE.

WELL...
THANK YOU.
I HOPE I CAN
LIVE UP TO MY
REPUTATION.

WOULD YOU MIND FETCHING
ME SOME FOCUSING COILS?

AT ONCE,
SAVIOUR!

FINE.
I'LL GET TO
WORK ON THE
WAVELENGTH
SEQUENCER...

... AND I'LL
TRY NOT TO
DISAPPOINT
YOU.



...WE CAN RELY
ON SOME OF THE
COMMAND DECK
CREW, BUT I DON'T
WANT ANYONE ELSE
INVOLVED --

I'D SUGGEST
TONY AND PETER.
THEY'VE GOT THE
TRAINING TO --

HOLD IT,
SOMEONE'S
COMING...

WELL, WELL...
LOOK WHO'S
FINALLY
DECIDED TO
MAKE AN
APPEARANCE...
THE
SAVIOUR.

GETTING REAL COZY
WITH **EMPEROR**
ALPHA, HUH?
CATCHING UP ON
OLD TIMES?

JULIUS, I KNOW
YOU'RE **PLANNING**
SOMETHING - I NEED
TO KNOW **WHAT**. THIS
SITUATION IS TENSE
ENOUGH WITHOUT YOU
ESCALATING IT...

'SCUSE ME?
DOCTOR
MYSTERIOSO
ISN'T WILLING TO
LET US IN ON HIS
TALKS WITH HIS
DALEK
FRIENDS...

THE ONES HE
CREATED...

BUT HE'D
LIKE TO KNOW
WHAT **WE'VE** GOT
PLANNED?

DON'T YOU WORRY
ABOUT US POOR
HUMANS, DOCTOR,
WE'LL BE JUST
DANDY.

THIS IS **STUPID**.
I'M YOUR BEST
HOPE OF
SURVIVING
THIS. I CAN
HELP YOU!

JULIUS, THE **DALEKS**
AREN'T THE **THREAT**
HERE! **LISTEN**
TO ME!

YOU LISTEN. I'VE
GOT THREE HUNDRED
PEOPLE I'M GONNA
TRY AND KEEP ALIVE.
IF YOU WANT TO BE
ONE OF THEM...

STAY
OUT OF
MY WAY.



IZZY? WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT HERE?

JUST GETTING SOME AIR... WONDERING HOW DALEKS SPEND THEIR **EVENINGS**...

FUNNY, ISN'T IT? THEY NEED **EVENINGS** TOO, EVEN **UNDERGROUND**. THEY LOWER THE LIGHTS AND PRETEND IT'S A **SUNSET**.

I GUESS MOST OF THEM HAVE NEVER EVEN **SEEN** THE SUN...

ACTUALLY, I'M HERE BECAUSE I DON'T THINK YOUR FRIENDS WANT ME HANGING AROUND, ALISON. FEELS LIKE THERE'S A **HUMANS-ONLY** POLICY ON THE DOOR TONIGHT...



YOU'RE AS HUMAN AS **ANY** OF US, IZZY. I THINK I **FORGOT** THAT FOR A WHILE, BACK ON THE ARGUS...

I WAS TREATING YOU LIKE A LAB SPECIMEN. I'M SORRY.

IT'S OKAY. I'VE HAD **WORSE** REACTIONS, BELIEVE ME.



IF ONLY **EVERYONE** IN THIS PART OF TOWN WAS SO UNDERSTANDING...

HI, BUZZ. HOW COME YOU'RE ALL SUITED UP AGAIN?

I'M GOING ON A TRIP. WITH **ALPHA**...

ON YOUR OWN? ARE YOU NUTS?



LET ME COME TOO!

NO, I NEED YOU ELSEWHERE...

IZZY... WHAT I'M GOING TO ASK OF YOU IS VERY **DANGEROUS**. IF THERE WAS ANY OTHER WAY... IF I HAD MORE TIME, I'D -

COME ON, DOCTOR, WE HAD THIS CONVERSATION LAST WEEK, REMEMBER? WHAT DO YOU NEED DOING?



A LITTLE SALVAGE OPERATION...



SUKATRI? MAKKITH? I DID NOT SEND FOR YOU. WHY ARE YOU HERE?

WE HAVE HEARD WHAT YOU ARE **PLANNING**. YOUR PARDON, BUT... WE **MUST** SAY THIS...

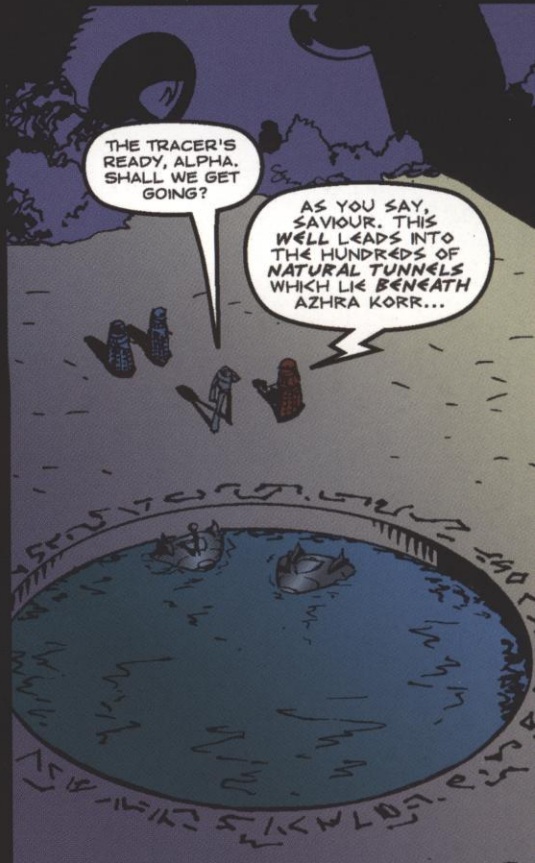
YOUR... YOUR STRENGTH IS NOT WHAT IT WAS. LET **SUKATRI** OR MYSELF GO IN YOUR PLACE...



SILENCE. WOULD YOU SEE ME **SHAMED** BEFORE THE SAVIOUR?

THERE ARE **MYSTERIES** TO BE FACED... SECRETS THAT STRETCH BACK TO AZHRA KORR'S BIRTH.

THE SAVIOUR AND I **MUST** BE THE ONES TO MEET THEM. IT IS **FATED**, I FEEL IT.



THE TRACER'S READY, ALPHA. SHALL WE GET GOING?

AS YOU SAY, SAVIOUR. THIS WELL LEADS INTO THE HUNDREDS OF **NATURAL TUNNELS** WHICH LIE **BENEATH** AZHRA KORR...

...THIS IS WHERE WE MUST JOURNEY TO FIND THE TRUTH.

I'VE GOT A NASTY FEELING THE TRUTH MIGHT BE READY AND WAITING FOR US, ALPHA...

PITY WE CAN'T JUST DROP IN A COIN AND MAKE A WISH...

HERE WE GO...

REMEMBER, BE BOLSHIE...

HALT! ENTRY TO THE BAY AREA IS FORBIDDEN TO ALL HUMANOIDS!

GET YOUR EYE-STALK CHECKED, PAL! MY FRIEND'S AN AMPHIBIAN. SHE WON'T SURVIVE A WEEK WITHOUT REGULAR IMMERSION IN SEA WATER...

AND YOU'VE GOT ORDERS TO KEEP US ALL HEALTHY.

ALL I'LL NEED IS A QUICK SWIM. TEN MINUTES, PROMISE...

VERY WELL. I SHALL ACCOMPANY YOU.

GREAT, MY OWN PERSONAL BAYWATCH LIFEGUARD...

I HOPE YOU SWIM AS SLOWLY AS YOU THINK, CHROME-DOME...

YIIIKES!

THAT WAS WAAAY TOO CLOSE FOR COMFORT! I DIDN'T EXPECT HIM TO START SHOOTING!

W-WONDER IF THAT WAS SET ON "STUN" OR "KILL"?

... 'CAUSE I'VE GOT PLACES TO BE!

HAH!

SNARK!



THINK I'LL TRY NOT TO FIND OUT.

LOADS OF NOOKS AND CRANNIES IN ALL THESE ROCKS... DAVID HASSELEHOFF'S GOING TO BE LOOKING FOR ME FOR A WHILE...



... GIVING ME A CHANCE TO GET TO THE ARGUS.

OR WHAT'S LEFT OF IT. WHAT A MESS.



THE SHIP'S A TOTAL MAZE NOW. IT'S LUCKY MY EYES WORK SO WELL, EVEN IN THIS GLOOM...

WAIT, "MY" EYES? THEY'RE DESTRII'S EYES.

CRIPES... I'M ACTUALLY STARTING TO GET COMFY IN THIS BODY. THAT WAS THE ONE THING I WAS MOST SCARED OF. I STILL CRINGE WHEN I LOOK IN A MIRROR...

BUT IT DOESN'T FEEL QUITE SO AWFUL ANYMORE.



KEEP YOUR MIND ON THE JOB, ISABELLE.

OH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL SIGHT! THE TARDIS TRACKER LED ME RIGHT TO YOU, YOU FIVE-DIMENSIONAL SUPERSTAR!



NOW ALL I HAVE TO DO IS ATTACH THE LEVITATION GADGET THE DOCTOR PINCHED AND GET BACK TO THE SURFACE...

THE DOCTOR CAN BRING THE TARDIS UP LATER AND SORT OUT A QUICK EXIT FOR THE ARGUS CREW...



... HOPEFULLY BEFORE JULIUS DOES ANYTHING MACHO.

THERE. MISSION ACCOMPLISHED...



EEEEARRGH!!

INDEED IT IS, MY DEAR...

WHAT A SHAME YOU'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT IT SO LOUDLY.

SHRAA!!!

TO BE CONTINUED...

CHILDREN OF THE REVOLUTION part five

WE MUST BE NEARLY A MILE BENEATH AZHRA KORR BY NOW... THE ELECTROMAGNETIC SIGNAL'S GETTING STRONGER. I THINK WE'RE CLOSE...

ALPHA, YOU'VE BEEN HERE FOR DECADES. WHY HAVEN'T YOU EVER EXPLORED THESE TUNNELS, FOUND OUT WHO PAINTED THESE SYMBOLS?

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A TERRIBLE... APPREHENSION HAS ALWAYS GRIPPED THE MIND OF ANY DALEK WHO VENTURED INTO THESE WATERS...

YOU'RE MANAGING TO DO IT NOW...

I HAVE MY SAVIOUR BY MY SIDE. YOU GIVE ME COURAGE.

I... I'M HONOURED, ALPHA... BUT I DON'T THINK YOU NEED ANY HELP ON THE COURAGE FRONT.

I WILL GLADLY DIE TO PROTECT MY PEOPLE, SAVIOUR. AND TO PROTECT YOU.

LISTEN, NO MORE DYING TALK, OKAY? YOU NEED TO THINK MORE POSITIVELY...

REPEAT AFTER ME: "TODAY IS THE TOMORROW I WORRIED ABOUT YESTERDAY..."

YO, SLY! GUESS WE'RE THE ONLY TWO STILL UP TONIGHT...

KNOW WHERE I CAN FIND A DECENT SUSHI BAR IN THIS NEIGHBOURHOOD?

STAY WHERE YOU ARE. HUMANOIDS ARE NOT PERMITTED IN THIS AREA...

AND MY NAME IS SUKATRI, NOT "SLY".

OH, SORRY, MAN, LOST MY WAY. ALL THESE BIG EGGS LOOK THE SAME TO ME...

HEY, I HEARD THE ORIGINAL SPACESHIP YOU USED TO GET TO KYROL IS AROUND HERE SOMEWHERE. TRUE?

THE VESSEL OF THE EXODUS IS NOW A PLACE OF WORSHIP WHERE WE GIVE THANKS TO THE ILLUMINATING SPIRIT.

NICE. S'POSE THERE'S NO CHANCE OF ME FLYING IT OUT OF HERE, HUH?

THE VESSEL'S ENGINES ARE LONG SINCE SPENT, HUMANOID. YOU WILL FIND NO ESCAPE THERE.

UH-HUH...







THERE IT IS...
LOOKS LIKE
THEY'RE LOCKING
UP FOR THE
NIGHT...

IT'S QUITE
DECORATIVE,
REALLY,
EH, JULIUS?

YEAH,
THEY'RE **ARTY**
LITTLE MOTHERS.
GET READY
TO GO...



**MOVE
IT!**



**SEAL THAT
DOOR!**

ALRIGHT, MAYBE
THE ENGINES ARE
HISTORY, BUT I'M BETTING
THEY'VE KEPT THE
INTERNAL SYSTEMS
RUNNING SWEET...

INCLUDING THE
COMMUNICATIONS
ARRAY.

GET TO **WORK**, THEO.
YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE
WHO CAN MAKE **SENSE**
OF THIS SET-UP...



WE'VE GOTTA
MAKE CONTACT WITH
KYROL CENTRAL.

THIS WHOLE PLACE IS A
TIME-BOMB. THERE ARE
MILLIONS OF PEOPLE
WHO HAVE TO BE
WARNED THEY'RE
SITTING ON TOP
OF A DALEK HIVE...

AND THAT'S
OUR JOB. MOST
LIKELY THE **LAST**
ONE WE'LL EVER
DO...

I JUST HOPE I GET
A DECENT LIKENESS
ON MY **MEMORIAL
STATUE**...

PLEASE
EXCUSE THE
DISGRACEFUL
CONDITION OF MY
HUMBLE ABODE. I
WASN'T EXPECTING
VISITORS FOR
SEVERAL MORE
DECADES AT
LEAST...

I AM
KATA-PHOBUS,
THE LORD OF THE
LABYRINTH, HIGH GUARDIAN
OF THE FRACTURED
CIRCLE AND THE LAST
SURVIVING NATIVE
KYROLIAN.

HOW
DO YOU
DO?

YOU HAVE
BEEN LIVING
HERE,
BENEATH
OUR CITY?
WHY?

WHY? I AM YOUR
BENEFACTOR, ALPHA. I
GUIDED YOU TO KYROL.
I PROVIDED YOU
WITH A SECRET HAVEN
FROM THIS CRUEL,
UNFORGIVING
UNIVERSE...

I HAVE PROUDLY
WATCHED YOUR
PEOPLE GROW
IN STRENGTH,
PROTECTING THEM
FROM ANY HOSTILE
ALIEN INCURSION...

SO YOU FIRED
THAT E-M PULSE
AT THE ARGUS?

OH, INDEED. ITS
SENSORS MIGHT HAVE
BEEN ABLE TO DETECT
AZHRA KORR, AND
WE COULDN'T HAVE
THAT, COULD WE?

YOU WERE TRYING
TO MAKE ITS
DESTRUCTION LOOK
LIKE AN ACCIDENT -- A
REACTOR MELTDOWN
WOULD HAVE TURNED
THIS PART OF THE
ASAMDA RIDGE INTO
A RADIOACTIVE
WASTELAND...

THE DALEKS
WOULDN'T
BE HARMED,
BUT THE REGION
WOULD HAVE
BECOME A NO-GO
ZONE FOR ANY
OTHER HUMAN
EXPEDITION...

PRECISELY,
DOCTOR!
WHAT A CLEVER
LITTLE BIPED
YOU ARE...

ALAS, I DIDN'T
FORESEE THAT
ALPHA'S ALTRUISTIC
STREAK MIGHT
EXTEND TO A GROUP
OF BARELY
COHERENT
MAMMALS...

A GRAVE MISTAKE,
YOUNG DALEK.
LET ME SHOW YOU ITS
CONSEQUENCES...



ALERT!
ALERT!

GAIN
ENTRY!

SSZZAKK!

THE HUMANIDS
MUST NOT DEFILE
THE VESSEL OF
THE EXODUS!



LET'S SEE THEM
MELT THROUGH
THIS DOOR -
THAT'S SOLID
DALEKANUM...

THEY CAN STILL
BRING UP THAT
CANNON THEY USED
TO SINK THE
ARGUS.

I DON'T THINK
SO -- THIS SHIP'S
IMPORTANT TO THEM,
THEY'LL THINK TWICE
BEFORE WASTING IT.
THAT'S GONNA BUY
US SOME TIME...



C'MON,
THEO...

ALMOST
THERE...



DO YOU SEE, ALPHA? THIS
IS THE FACE OF HUMANITY -
A BRUTE HOLDING A
BLOODED CLUB.

THEY ARE INSECTS:
SWARMING,
CONSUMING AND
BREEDING WITH NO
HIGHER DESIRE THAN
THEIR NEXT
MEAL OR NEXT
VICTIM.

YOU THOUGHT TO
LEARN FROM
THEM? LEARN WHAT?
YOUR RACE IS OF AN
INFINITELY HIGHER
ORDER THAN THESE
PARASITES.

JOIN ME. WE
SHALL CLEANSE
KYROL OF
THEIR
INFESTATION...



DO YOU
MIND IF I
GET A
WORD IN
EDGEWAYS?

NOW,
DOCT-

GOOD. ALPHA, I DON'T BELIEVE
YOUR "BENEFACTOR" IS QUITE
WHAT HE CLAIMS. IF KATA-PHOBUS
WAS SO CONCERNED WITH YOUR
WELFARE, WHY DIDN'T HE SHOW
HIS FACE WHEN YOU FIRST
ARRIVED?

BECAUSE HE'S
A PREDATOR - AND A
GOOD PREDATOR NEVER
REVEALS ITSELF UNTIL
IT'S READY TO STRIKE!



HE'S DEMONSTRATED TELEPATHIC
ABILITIES - HOW CAN YOU BE
SURE HE HASN'T DIRECTLY
INFLUENCED THIS CONFLICT?

HE'S TRYING TO
MANIPULATE YOU, DON'T
TRUST HIM!

AH, SHALL
WE DISCUSS
TRUST, THEN,
DOCTOR...?



IZZY!

HOW MUCH TRUST DID YOU PLACE IN YOUR LITTLE FRIEND HERE WHEN YOU SENT HER TO SALVAGE YOUR TIME-SHIP?

HOW MUCH TRUST DID ALPHA PLACE IN YOU WHEN YOU SWORE NOT TO TRY TO CONTACT THE OTHER HUMANS ON KYROL?



OH YES... IT'S ALL QUITE TRUE, ALPHA. I CANNOT WITNESS THE DOCTOR'S MIND, BUT HIS COMPANION'S PEELED BACK EASILY ENOUGH.

WE PLANNED TO SAVE THE HUMANS AND ABANDON YOU TO THEIR TENDER MERCIES.

SAVIOUR?



SAVIOUR... NO...

DENY THIS...

PLEASE...



I... I WAS TRYING TO HELP BOTH SIDES -- I WOULDN'T HAVE ACTED UNTIL I'D FOUND A WAY TO ENSURE YOUR PEOPLE'S SAFETY AS WELL!

ALPHA, WE HAVE A CHANCE HERE TO CHANGE EVERYTHING -- NOT JUST FOR YOUR DALEKS, BUT ALL OF THEM! TOGETHER WE CAN END THEIR THREAT FOREVER, I KNOW WE CAN!



DON'T THROW THAT AW-

YOU GAVE ME YOUR WORD!



THE SAVIOUR IS NO MORE! THE SAVIOUR IS THE BETRAYER!

THAT'S IT, ALPHA... IT'S TIME TO PERFORM THE TASK EVERY LEADER MUST WHEN HIS SOCIETY REACHES MATURITY...

IT'S TIME TO KILL YOUR GOD.

NOW, SAY THE MAGIC WORD...



EXTERMINATE!

SSZZRAKK!

TO BE CONCLUDED...

OH, SKILLFULLY
DONE, DOCTOR -
BUT THAT'S YOUR
ONLY SHIELD
GONE NOW...

HOW LONG
CAN YOU AVOID
YOUR CREATION'S
WRATH?

CH-CHOOM!

CHILDREN OF THE REVOLUTION part six

SCOTT GRAY - STORY LEE SULLIVAN - ART
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CLAYTON HICKMAN & ALAN BARNES - EDITORS

DID YOU FIND AMUSEMENT IN MY
DEVOTION TO YOU, DOCTOR?

DID YOU LAUGH
WITH YOUR HUMAN
ALLIES WHEN
YOU PLANNED
MY PEOPLE'S
DESTRUCTION?
DID YOU?

SZRAKK!

I'M SORRY,
ALPHA...
I WAS
TRYING TO
HELP YOU...

...BUT I
KNOW YOU'LL
NEVER
BELIEVE
THAT NOW.

ALPHA, STOP --
YOU FOOL, HE'S
MANEUVERING YOU.
LOOK WHERE
YOU'RE AIMING --

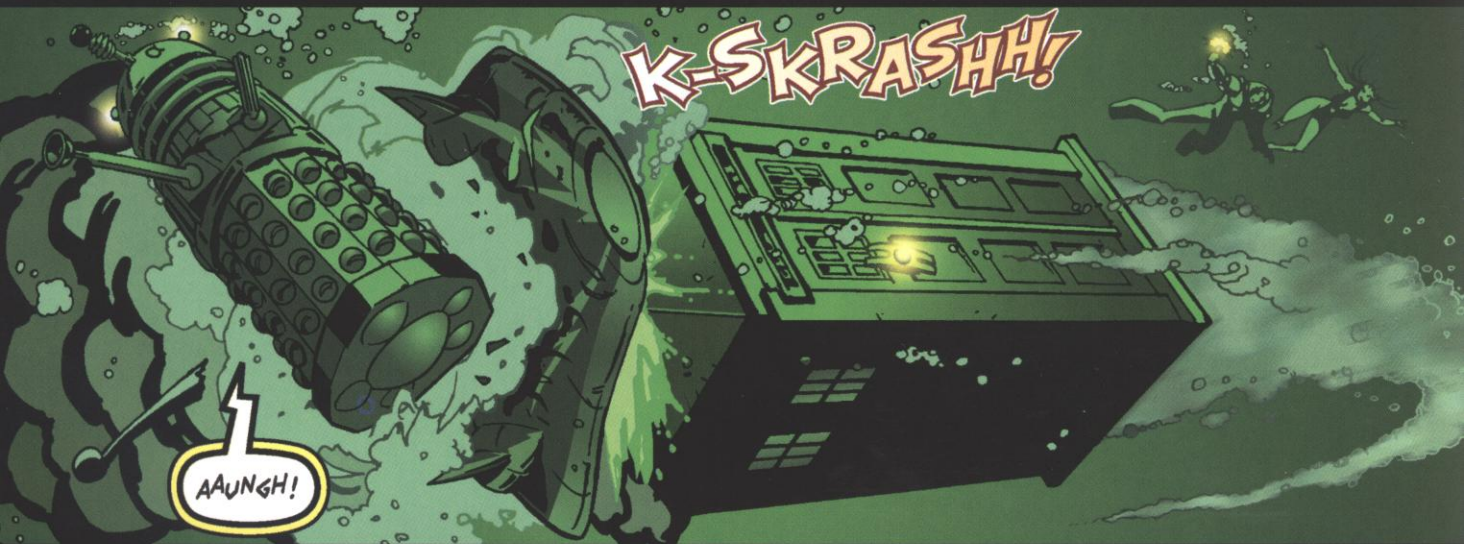
DON'T
F--

SZRAKK!

AAIEGCH!

YOU IGNORANT
LITTLE MUTANT,
YOU HURT
ME!

YOU
HURT
ME!!!





WH--T'S TH-SITU-T-ON TH-RE? ID-NTI-FY Y-RS-LV-S...

JULIUS OTAGO, CAPTAIN OF THE SURVEY SUBMARINE ARGUS. MY SHIP WAS DESTROYED BY A DALEK ASSAULT SQUADRON...

THEO RANKIN, SIR. PLEASE TRACE THIS SIGNAL, I DON'T KNOW HOW LONG I CAN KEEP TRANSMITTING...

THE CREW HAVE BEEN TAKEN PRISONER IN THEIR HIVE, HIDDEN INSIDE THE ASAMDA RIDGE.



WH-T DO Y-U M--N, "H-VE"?

I ESTIMATE EIGHT THOUSAND DALEKS STATIONED HERE, SIR, MORE POWERFUL THAN ANY WE'VE ENCOUNTERED BEFORE.

WE NEED THE MILITIA HERE NOW - THE SURVIVAL OF THE ENTIRE COLONY DEPENDS ON IT...



CAPTAIN, SOMETHING'S HAPPENING -- THE DALEKS ARE LEAVING! THEY'RE HEADING FOR THE BAY...

HUH?


GUESS SOMETHING ELSE GOT THEIR ATTENTION...



"YEAH... WONDER WHAT?"

STOP FIGHTING, ALL OF YOU! LOOK!

LOOK...



GOOD EVENING, CITIZENS OF AZHRA KORR. I TRUST YOU'RE ALL WELL.

WHAT I'M ABOUT TO DO WOULD BE FAR EASIER WITH YOUR COOPERATION, BUT YOUR LEADER HAS JUST INJURED ME, AND... WELL...

NOW I'M SIMPLY FAMISHED.



I'VE ALWAYS HAD QUITE AN APPETITE, YOU SEE. AFTER I'D CONSUMED THE LAST REMAINING MEMBERS OF MY OWN SPECIES, I WAS FORCED TO LOOK ELSEWHERE FOR SUSTENANCE.

PSYCHOKINETIC ENERGY WAS TOP OF THE MENU...

AAIHK!

<-CANNOT...

CANNOT MOVE...



I COULD SENSE YOUR POTENTIAL AS PSIONIC GENERATORS. SO I SUMMONED YOU HERE. I GAVE YOU ENOUGH TIME TO REPRODUCE IN SUFFICIENT NUMBERS...

I SUPPOSE YOU COULD SAY I'VE BEEN FARMING YOU...



...AND NOW IT'S TIME FOR THE HARVEST.

N-N-NO...



AAAAH... THAT'S SO MUCH BETTER!

DON'T WORRY -- THIS WON'T KILL YOU, JUST LEAVE YOU A LITTLE DRAINED. YOUR POWER WILL ENABLE ME TO OBLITERATE EVERY LAST HUMAN FROM MY WORLD...

I THINK I'LL START WITH THE ONES IN FRONT OF ME...



M-MY PEOPLE... HEAR ME...

WE C-CAME TO THIS WORLD SEEKING FREEDOM. AND WE FOUND IT...

THE FREEDOM TO L-LIVE IN PEACE... TO CHOOSE OUR OWN PATH...

WE MUST N-NEVER BE SLAVES AGAIN... WE M-MUST NEVER BE WEAPONS AGAIN...



W-WE HAVE... ONLY ONE PATH LEFT TO US NOW...

WE MUST... HAVE THE COURAGE TO TAKE IT.



KA-CHOOOM!





SCHA-THROOM!



THEY SELF-
DESTRUCTED --
EVERY SINGLE
ONE.

KATA-PHOBUS COULDN'T
SURVIVE HIS FEEDING BEING
INTERRUPTED SO
SUDDENLY...

THE DALEKS
DIED AS THEY
LIVED -- ONE
PEOPLE, UNITED
TO THE END.

THEY DID
THIS...

FOR
US?



WELL, BOO-HOO. BRING ON THE VIOLINS...

IF THE ONLY GOOD DALEK'S A DEAD ONE, THEN I SUPPOSE **THESE** ONES WERE AS GOOD AS THEY COME.



YOU...

YOU JUST SHUT YOUR MOUTH.



DOCTOR, I WANT TO GO. RIGHT NOW.

SO DO I.

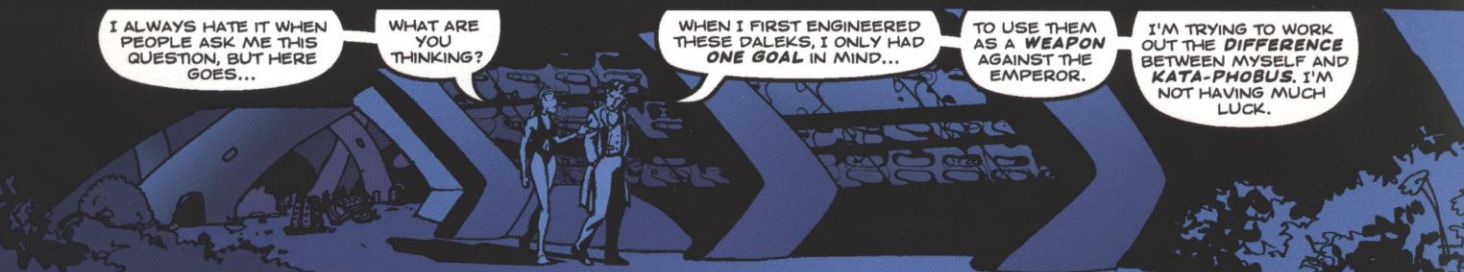
WAIT... PLEASE DON'T LEAVE! LET'S... LET'S TALK ABOUT THIS... **IZZY**, YOU HAVE TO CONSIDER OUR WORK...

WE STILL HAVE SO MUCH TO LEARN...



YES, ALISON.

WE CERTAINLY DO.



I ALWAYS HATE IT WHEN PEOPLE ASK ME THIS QUESTION, BUT HERE GOES...

WHAT ARE YOU THINKING?

WHEN I FIRST ENGINEERED THESE DALEKS, I ONLY HAD **ONE GOAL** IN MIND...

TO USE THEM AS A **WEAPON** AGAINST THE EMPEROR.

I'M TRYING TO WORK OUT THE **DIFFERENCE** BETWEEN MYSELF AND **KATA-PHOBUS**. I'M NOT HAVING MUCH LUCK.



SOMETHING VERY SPECIAL **DIED** TODAY, **IZZY**. AND I HELPED KILL IT.

THAT'S NOT TRUE.



YOU DID YOUR **BEST**, BUT YOU WERE EVEN MORE **TRAPPED** THAN THE **REST** OF US. ALPHA HAD SET YOU UP IN HIS HEAD AS THIS AMAZING **PERFECT BEING**...

AND YOU'RE **NOT**. **NOBODY** IS.

HE WOULD HAVE GONE **BALLISTIC** SOONER OR LATER, EVEN IF **KATA-PHOBUS** **HADN'T** BEEN HERE.



PERHAPS... BUT I STILL SET THIS WHOLE **TRAGEDY** IN **MOTION**, **IZZY**. AND THAT'S GOING TO...



HAUNT ME...

FOR...



YOU COULD FLY

AWAY LITTLE

DESTRIANATOS

YOU THOUGHT



BUT WE

HAVE FLOWN

JUST AS FAR



AS YOU

NNNGGHI!

IZZY!



WHAT DID YOU CALL HER?!

NO! NO, YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, YOU'RE MAKING A MISTAKE!



YOU'VE GOT THE WRONG G-

AAAAGGHHH!!!

NO WORDS

SPOKEN NO WORDS

NEEDED



HAPPY NOW

GOING HOME

TO OBLIVION

Next:
ME AND MY SHADOW



MOVE YOUR **SORRY** CARCASSES, YOU **IDIOTS!** THEY'VE LOST THEIR **TRANSPORT**, THEY CAN'T BE FAR NOW!

IF THEY'RE NOT BOTH FOUND BY THE TIME THE **COLONEL** ARRIVES, YOU'RE ALL ON NIGHT DUTY FOR A MONTH!



THEY'LL BE ON TOP OF US IN **MINUTES**, JACOB. REST-TIME'S OVER, COME ON...

I THINK... WE BOTH KNOW... MY DAYS OF RUNNING ARE OVER, NIGHTINGALE...

HERE IS... WHERE WE SAY GOODBYE...



DON'T BE SO BLOODY **HEROIC**. WE'VE GOT A **TRAIN** TO CATCH, AND I HATE TRAVELLING ALONE...

NO... EVEN IF I **COULD** MOVE...

I AM LEAVING A **TRAIL**... A **BLIND MAN** COULD FOLLOW.



BUT...

MUSH... I AM PAST HELP... AND THIS IS TOO IMPORTANT TO GIVE UP...

TAKE IT... AND MAY GOD GO WITH YOU...



IT HAS... BEEN A PLEASURE WORKING WITH YOU... NIGHTINGALE...

WILL YOU... TELL ME YOUR TRUE NAME?



YES... YES, OF COURSE.

IT'S FEY.

FEY TRUSCOTT-SADE.

ME AND MY SHADOW

COLONEL
SSLER! FORGIVE
ME, I -- I DID NOT
SEE YOU ARRIVE...

THE OLD MAN
WAS HIT, SIR. I AM
HIGHLY CONFIDENT
THAT WE ARE
CLOSE...

SO IS THE **SWISS BORDER**,
CAPTAIN. IF THAT AUSLANDER
BITCH GETS THOSE DOCUMENTS
OUT OF **AUSTRIA**, I WILL SEE
YOUR HEAD ON A PIKE...

I AM
HIGHLY
CONFIDENT
OF THAT.

...HEY,
KARL,
WAIT...

MY DAMNED
BOOT HAS ANOTHER
HOLE IN IT... LET'S
STOP FOR A
MOMENT...

WHERE
ARE YOU...?

KARL?

WHERE
IS SHE?

ANSWER!

THWAKK

HE HAS
NO PAPERS,
COLONEL.

I'LL HAVE
HIM TAKEN
BACK FOR
QUESTIONING,
SIR.

NO NEED, CAPTAIN.
HE KNOWS **NOTHING**
THAT CAN HELP
US NOW...

...AND BESIDES,
THOR HAS NOT
BEEN **FED**
TONIGHT.

GGRRRRR

GGGRRRRRAARRR!!!

ANGREIFEN!

NNAAIIEEEEEEEEEE--

FEY?
WHAT
HAS BEEN
OCCURRING
HERE?

OH, SO
YOU'RE AWAKE
AT LAST,
THEN? FOUND ALL
THAT SCREAMING
A LITTLE
DISTURBING,
DID YOU?

I HAVE
BEEN
REVIVED BY
A SUB-
ETHERIC
TEMPORAL
TRANSM--

BLIND ME
WITH SCIENCE
LATER. I COULD
HAVE USED YOUR
HELP TEN
MINUTES
AGO.

WE AGREED
THAT MY CONSCIOUS
MIND CO-HABITING
WITH YOURS WAS TOO
CONFUSING FOR YOU. I
MUST SPEND THE
MAJORITY OF MY TIME
FUNCTIONING ON A
SUBCONSCIOUS
LEVEL.

"FUNCTIONING"?
THE WORD YOU'RE
SEARCHING FOR IS
"SLEEPING", AND IT WAS
JUST AS "CONFUSING"
FOR YOU.

NOW
LISTEN.
WE HAVE
WORK TO
DO...

THOR ACTUALLY SEEMS
TO ENJOY THE TASTE
OF JEWS. BUT THEN,
DOGS ARE SO EASILY
PLEASED, EH?

AH...
COLONEL?
THERE IS...
UH... A CALL
FOR YOU...

INTERROGATION OVER ALREADY,
KESSLER? YES... I DON'T SUPPOSE
YOU WANT ANYONE ELSE LEARNING
HOW POORLY GUARDED YOU LEFT
YOUR HEADQUARTERS...

YOU MIGHT THINK LOSING THE MOVEMENT
SCHEDULE FOR THE ENTIRE FIFTH PANZER
DIVISION IS GOING TO BUY YOU A TICKET
TO LENINGRAD...

BUT DON'T WORRY...YOU'RE
NOT GOING TO LIVE LONG
ENOUGH TO USE IT.



SURRENDER, WOMAN, AND I WILL TREAT YOU TO A FAR MORE MERCIFUL FATE THAN YOUR FRIEND. I WILL NOT MAKE THIS OFFER AGAIN.

THIS IS FOOLISH, FEY. YOU ARE JEOPARDISING YOUR MISSION...

HOW GENEROUS. I ONLY HAVE A RIDDLE TO OFFER YOU, KESSLER...

WHAT'S THE ONE THING YOU CAN NEVER OUTFIND?

AS LONG AS YOU'RE AWAKE, YOU WON'T LET ME DIE. YOU HAVE YOUR OWN SHINY SKIN TO PRESERVE AS WELL AS MINE.

JACOB GANSMANN WAS A GOOD MAN. HE HAD ONE WIFE, TWO SONS, THREE GRANDCHILDREN.

I HOPE THEY'RE TOGETHER NOW...

BUT HE DIDN'T DESERVE TO JOIN THEM THAT WAY.



SHE'S NEARBY - SPREAD OUT AND FIND HER!

SHOOT ON SIGHT!



AAAHHH!

AUUGGH!

THUD

THUD

THUD

THUD



SHE'S THERE, ON THE RIGHT! FIRE! FIRE!

BADDA-BADDA-BADDA!

COLONEL, TH-THERE'S NOTHING THERE! NOTHING!



THEN PERHAPS I'M TO YOUR LEFT, GENTLEMEN...

THUD

NNAAGGH!

THUD



PERHAPS I'M BEHIND YOU...

THUD

AAAIEGGH!!

THUD



...OR PERHAPS
I SIMPLY HAVE YOU
SURROUNDED.

THUD

THUD

THUD

THUD



THUD

ARRROOOOW!!



NO
WOUNDS. NO
BLOOD.

IF THERE'S
SUCH A THING
AS A CLEAN
DEATH, COLONEL,
I PROVIDE IT.



GET - GET THE
ENGINE STARTED,
YOU FOOL!
SCHNELL!



SCHN-

THUD

CHA-KROOM!



NO...

N-NO...



NOW,
GETTING
BACK TO THAT
RIDDLE,
COLONEL...



I'M SURE YOU'VE JESSED THE ANSWER.

AAHHH!!!



Y-YOU ARE A WITCH! A DEMONESS!

STICKS AND STONES...

HOW COULD... HOW COULD YOU DO THIS...?



WELL, THANK YOU FOR ASKING. IT'S A FUNNY STORY, ACTUALLY, AND I DON'T OFTEN GET THE CHANCE TO TELL IT.

ARE YOU SITTING COMFORTABLY?

A FEW YEARS AGO I MET THIS INTERESTING CHAP WHO TRAVELS THROUGH THE UNIVERSE IN A TELEPHONE BOX...



HE TOOK ME TO THE MOON WITH ANOTHER MAN WHO WAS A WALKING, TALKING SHADOW. BUT THERE WAS A BIT OF A SCRAPE AND HE GOT BROKEN INTO LITTLE PIECES...

SO I, RATHER NOBLY, VOLUNTEERED TO SAVE HIS LIFE BY SHARING MY BODY WITH HIM. HE LIVES INSIDE ME NOW.

THE RESULT IS THAT I CAN DO A LOT OF VERY USEFUL THINGS IN THE DARK. *

* SEE DWM #266-271



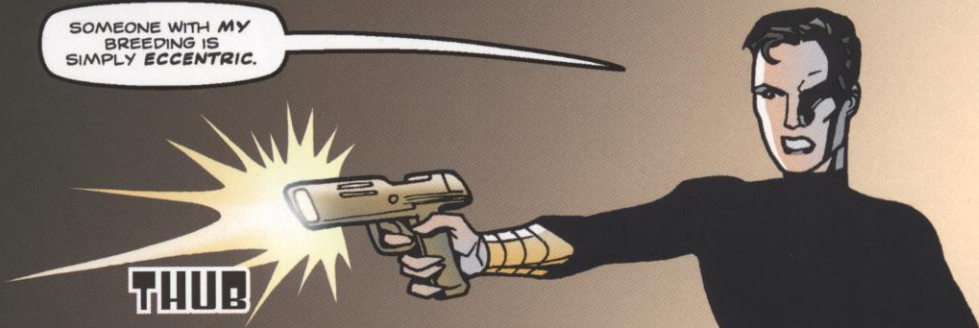
ADMITTEDLY, IT CAN BECOME A TRIFLE CRAMPED INSIDE MY HEAD, BUT EVERY MARRIAGE HAS ITS PITFALLS, DON'T YOU AGREE?

YOU... YOU ARE MAD...



NO, KESSLER. MILLIONS OF PEOPLE FOLLOWING A DISGUSTING LITTLE MAN WITH A CHARLIE CHAPLIN MOUSTACHE... THAT'S MAD...

SOMEONE WITH MY BREEDING IS SIMPLY ECCENTRIC.



THUD

YOUR COMPARTMENT IS READY, MADAME. WE WILL ARRIVE IN ZURICH BY **MORNING**...

THANK YOU. PLEASE MAKE SURE I'M NOT DISTURBED UNTIL THEN. I WOULD PREFER TO BE **ALONE**...

...BUT WHAT ARE THE **ODDS** ON THAT?

COME ON **OUT**, SHAYDE. I WANT A **CHAT**...

...AND I WANT IT **FACE-TO-FACE**.

IF YOU WISH A **DEBATE**, THEN I AM PREPARED TO **LISTEN**. I HAVE NO INTEREST IN ANOTHER BOUT OF **ANGRY SHOUTING**.

YOUR PASSIONS WILL BE YOUR **UNDOING** FEY. YOU MUST OBTAIN A **WIDER PERSPECTIVE**...

MY "PASSIONS" SAVED YOUR **LIFE**. AND I HOPE I **NEVER** SHARE YOUR PERSPECTIVE...

THIS MAY ALL JUST BE A **HISTORY LESSON** TO YOU, BUT IT'S THE **HERE AND NOW** FOR ME! FRIENDS OF MINE ARE **DYING**, SHAYDE...

ALL IT WOULD TAKE TO **STOP** THIS INSANITY IS ME **SHADOW-SLIDING** INTO **BERLIN** AND PUTTING A FEW HOLES IN **ADOLF** AND HIS **CRONIES**...

BUT YOU WON'T LET ME **DO** THAT, WILL YOU?

WE HAVE DISCUSSED THIS MANY TIMES. THIS TEMPORAL PERIOD IS A **CRUCIAL NEXUS POINT** IN YOUR WORLD'S DEVELOPMENT...

I CANNOT ALLOW YOU TO ACCESS MY ABILITIES AND SIGNIFICANTLY **ALTER** THE **COURSE** OF THIS WAR. THE **WEB OF TIME** MUST BE **MAINTAINED**.

WEBS ARE **TRAPS**, SHAYDE, AND YOU'RE **STUCK TIGHT**! IF YOU COULD JUST START TO **FEEL**, YOU'D **SEE** THAT!

WE WILL CONTINUE THIS CONVERSATION **LATER**. I HAVE RECEIVED A **SUB-ETHERIC ALERT**. WE ARE BEING **SUMMONED** -

NO.

MR **RASSILON** CAN GO TO **HELL**, AND I HOPE HIS **BUSHY BEARD** CATCHES **FIRE** THERE.

I'M NOT RUNNING ANY MORE **ERRANDS** FOR YOUR **MASTER**. I'M NEEDED **HERE**, ON **TERRA FIRMA**, IS THAT **CLEAR**?

THE **SIGNAL** HAS NOT COME FROM **RASSILON**, FEY...

IT WAS SENT BY THE **DOCTOR**.



IT'S MOMENTS LIKE
THESE THAT MAKE
OUR PARTNERSHIP
WORTHWHILE...

IN
WHAT
WAY?

FLYING, SHAYDE,
FLYING! I USED
TO DREAM OF BEING
PETER PAN WHEN I
WAS A CHILD...

I WANTED TO
SWOOP OVER
TROPICAL ISLANDS,
BATTLE PIRATES,
RESCUE
MERMAIDS...

WE ARE SIMPLY
TRANSFERRING
OUR INTERSTITIAL
ESSENCE
THROUGH THE
SPACE-TIME
VORTEX,
FEY...

IT IS ONLY
YOUR LIMITED
CONCEPTUAL
PARAMETERS
WHICH
HAVE YOU
PERCEIVE IT AS
PHYSICAL
FLIGHT.

YOU HAVE
THE SOUL
OF A POET,
SHAYDE...

BUT EVEN
YOU CAN'T
DAMPEN MY SPIRITS
TODAY, NOT WITH A
FIRST-CLASS
REUNION IN THE
OFFING...

BREAK OPEN
THE **BUBBLY**, DOCTOR,
YOUR GUESTS
HAVE ARRIVED!

uroboros

part one

STORY - SCOTT GRAY ART - JOHN ROSS
COLOUR - ADRIAN SALMON LETTERING - ROGER LANGRIDGE
EDITOR - CLAYTON HICKMAN

AND ABOUT
TIME TOO. I SENT
THAT SUB-ETHER
ALERT **THREE**
RELATIVE
DAYS AGO.

WHAT HAVE
YOU BEEN DOING,
STOPPING OFF FOR
SOME SIGHT-
SEEING?



WELL! EXCUSE US, WE ONLY HAD TO NAVIGATE THROUGH EVERY POINT IN INFINITY TO FIND YOU...

WHERE'S IZZY? I'M SURE SHE'LL HAVE A MORE CIVIL WELCOME PREPARED...

IZZY'S BEEN ABDUCTED. THAT'S WHY YOU'RE HERE.

TWO ENTITIES ENTERED LINEAR-SPACE FROM THE VORTEX AND KIDNAPPED HER. I'VE BEEN TRYING TO TRACE THEIR EXIT ROUTE, BUT THEY'VE SHIELDED IT...

I SEE, WELL, AS YOU'VE ASKED SO POLITELY, HOW CAN I HELP?

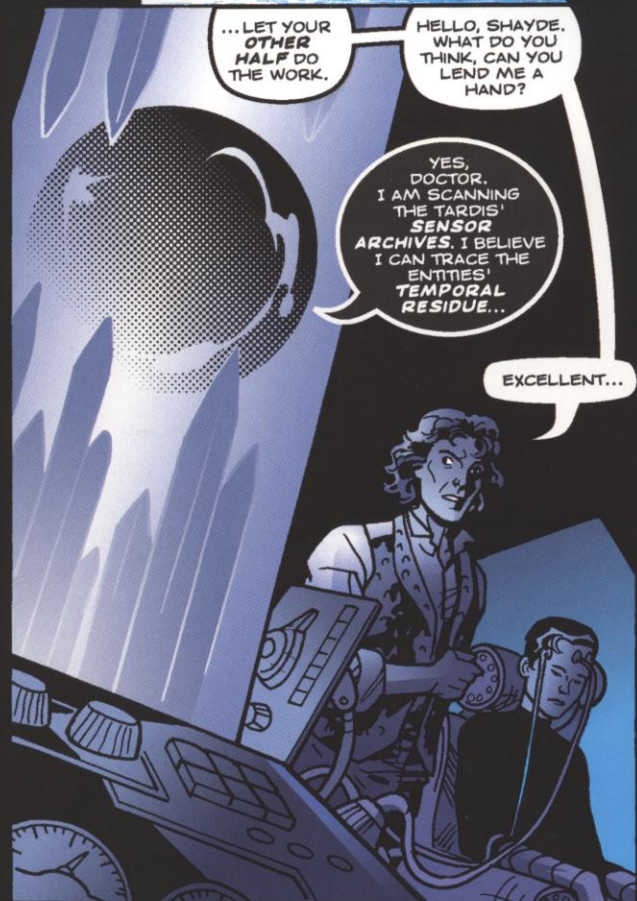
YOU CAN'T, BUT SHAYDE MIGHT, TAKE A SEAT...



SHAYDE HAS CAPABILITIES THE TARDIS LACKS. HE MAY BE ABLE TO BACK-TRACK THE KIDNAPERS' ENERGY TRAILS TO THEIR POINT OF ORIGIN...

AH, SO WHILE WE CAN'T SEE WHERE THEY'VE GONE, WE'LL BE ABLE TO SEE WHERE THEY'VE BEEN?

EXACTLY. JUST RELAX, FEY...



...LET YOUR OTHER HALF DO THE WORK.

HELLO, SHAYDE. WHAT DO YOU THINK, CAN YOU LEND ME A HAND?

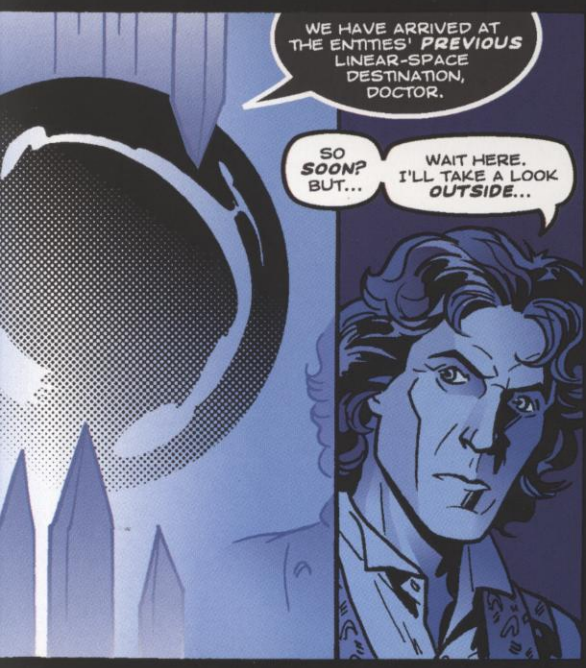
YES, DOCTOR. I AM SCANNING THE TARDIS' SENSOR ARCHIVES. I BELIEVE I CAN TRACE THE ENTITIES' TEMPORAL RESIDUE...

EXCELLENT...



THEN START HUNTING FOR THOSE BREAD-CRUMBS...

THERE'S A GINGERBREAD HOUSE OUT THERE SOMEWHERE.



WE HAVE ARRIVED AT THE ENTITIES' PREVIOUS LINEAR-SPACE DESTINATION, DOCTOR.

SO SOON? BUT...

WAIT HERE. I'LL TAKE A LOOK OUTSIDE...



JUST A MINUTE... I KNOW THIS PLACE... IT'S COYOACAN, MEXICO!

THIS IS THE TOWN IZZY AND I LANDED IN BEFORE WE WENT TO KYROL...

THEY'VE BEEN FOLLOWING US!



TRY AGAIN. IF
I'M RIGHT, OUR
NEXT STOP SHOULD
BE JUST AS
FAMILIAR...

VWWOORRRPPPPPP*

OH DEAR. FORGET TO
PAY THE GAS BILL?

WE HAVE
LANDED... BUT
THERE IS AN **OUTSIDE**
INFLUENCE DRAINING
THE TARDIS'
POWER
SYSTEMS...

WHAT...?

K-KRASH!

NO!

I'M AN *IDIOT*, I SHOULD HAVE SEEN THIS *COMING*!



DOCTOR...?

I KNOW WHERE WE
ARE, FEY. ALL
TOO WELL.

OH, *GOOD*. PERHAPS
YOU'D CARE TO *ENLIGHTEN* US,
PREFERABLY *WITHOUT* ANY FURTHER
TEMPER TANTRUMS?

THIS WAY.
YOU MIGHT AS
WELL GET THE
GRAND TOUR.

I'LL GIVE YOU AN
INSTANT RECAP
AS WE WALK...

...ALRIGHT, LET
ME GET THIS
CRYSTAL-CLEAR
IN MY MIND...

WE'RE INSIDE *OPHIDIUS*; A "TECHNO-ORGANISM" DESIGNED TO KIDNAP SPACECRAFT. IT RECENTLY SWALLOWED THE TARDIS...

ITS CREATORS, **THE OPHIDIANS**,
WERE ATTEMPTING TO **STEAL THE**
BODIES OF A SPECIES CALLED **THE**
MOBOX. YOU **THRASHED THEM**
SOUNDLY, AS ALWAYS...

BUT **IZZY** HAD BEFRIENDED A
YOUNG CRIMINAL NAMED **DESTRII**
WHO TRICKED HER INTO **TRADING**
BODIES WITH HER.

YOU UNCOVERED
DESTRII'S **CHARADE** AFTER
SHE KILLED THE OPHIDIANS'
LEADER, **THE GOROLITH**,
AND **THEN WHAT...?**

**SOMETHING
TERRIBLE...**

"THE GOROLITH WASN'T DESTRII'S ONLY VICTIM. SHE HAD ALSO MURDERED ONE OF THE MOBOX...

"AND WHEN ITS PARTNER
FOUND HER, IT KILLED HER."





MY GOD, YOU MEAN... IZZY WATCHED HERSELF... DIE?

YES.

SHE COPE WITH THE TRAUMA **MAGNIFICENTLY**. I TOOK HER TO **KYROL**, WHERE A FRIEND HELPED HER ADJUST TO HER **NEW BODY**...

BUT JUST AS WE WERE LEAVING, SHE WAS **KIDNAPPED** BY CREATURES WHO **MISTOOK** HER FOR **DESTRII**.

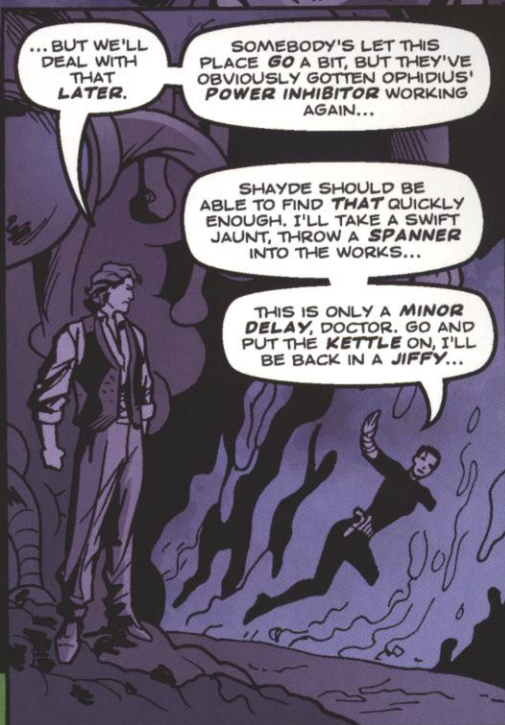


WHAT DID THEY LOOK LIKE?

I...

I CAN'T REMEMBER, FEY.

EVERY TIME I TRY TO **PICTURE** THEM, I JUST GET A **WHITE SPACE** IN MY MIND. THEY'VE **BLOCKED** MY **MEMORY** SOMEHOW. IT'S **INFURIATING**...



...BUT WE'LL DEAL WITH THAT **LATER**.

SOMEBODY'S LET THIS PLACE **GO** A BIT, BUT THEY'VE OBVIOUSLY GOTTEN **OPHIDIUS' POWER INHIBITOR** WORKING AGAIN...

SHAYDE SHOULD BE ABLE TO FIND **THAT** QUICKLY ENOUGH. I'LL TAKE A **SWIFT JAUNT**, THROW A **SPANNER** INTO THE WORKS...

THIS IS ONLY A **MINOR DELAY**, DOCTOR. GO AND PUT THE **KETTLE** ON, I'LL BE BACK IN A **JIFFY**...



TEA... YES...

I THINK I MIGHT BE ABLE TO **MANAGE THAT** AT LEAST.



HALT!

K'KULLK'S SHELLS! IT'S ANOTHER **ALIEN**...

OH, NO! I WAS **SURE** WE FOUND THE LAST **STRAGGLER** **TWELVE DAYS** AGO! DON'T TELL ME WE HAVE TO START **SEARCHING** ALL OVER AGAIN!

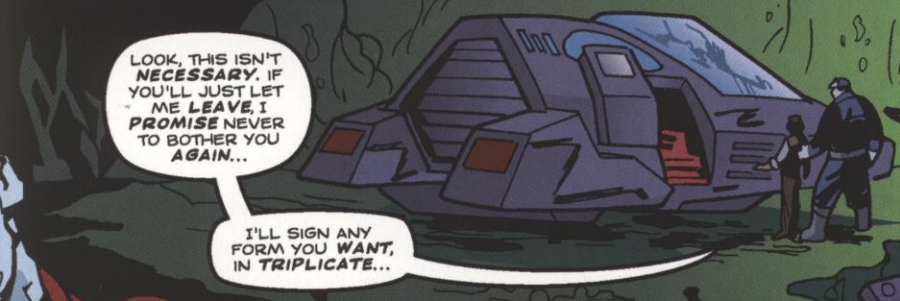
I'M **MAJOR H'RAKK**. I **KNOW** YOU, DON'T I? YOU WERE THERE WHEN WE **CRUSHED** THE **OPHIDIAN SCOURGE**. IT'S BEEN **RUMOURED** YOU HELPED **B'ROSTT** DEFEAT THE **GOROLITH**...

WHO'S **B'ROSTT**?

NO, I'M A **RECENT** ARRIVAL, AND BY **ACCIDENT**. I'M THE **DOCTOR**.

SOMEONE WHO'LL WANT A **WORD** WITH YOU, I'M **GUESSING**...

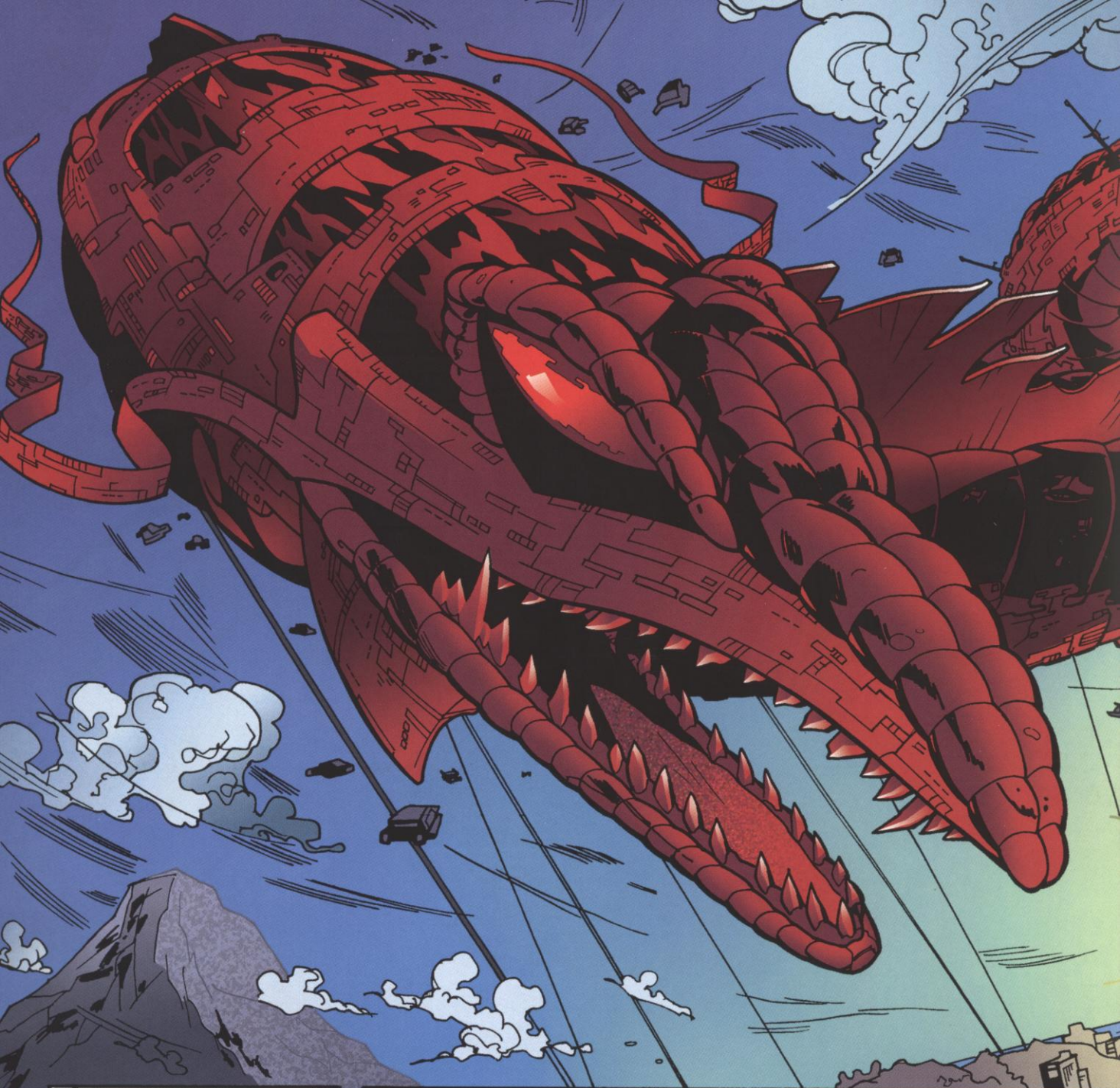
C'MON, I'VE ALREADY GOT A **FLYER PREPPED**...



LOOK, THIS ISN'T **NECESSARY**. IF YOU'LL JUST LET ME **LEAVE**, I **PROMISE** NEVER TO **BOTHER** YOU AGAIN...

I'LL SIGN ANY **FORM** YOU WANT, IN **TRIPPLICATE**...

HEH! Y'JUST SETTLE YOURSELF IN **HERE**, SMALL FELLOW. WE'VE GOT SOME **TRAVELLING** T'DO...



HMM. S'POSE I SHOULDN'T REALLY'VE TOLD YOU THAT. LET'S MAKE THAT OUR SECRET, EH?

YOU'RE... REPAIRING OPHIDIUS.

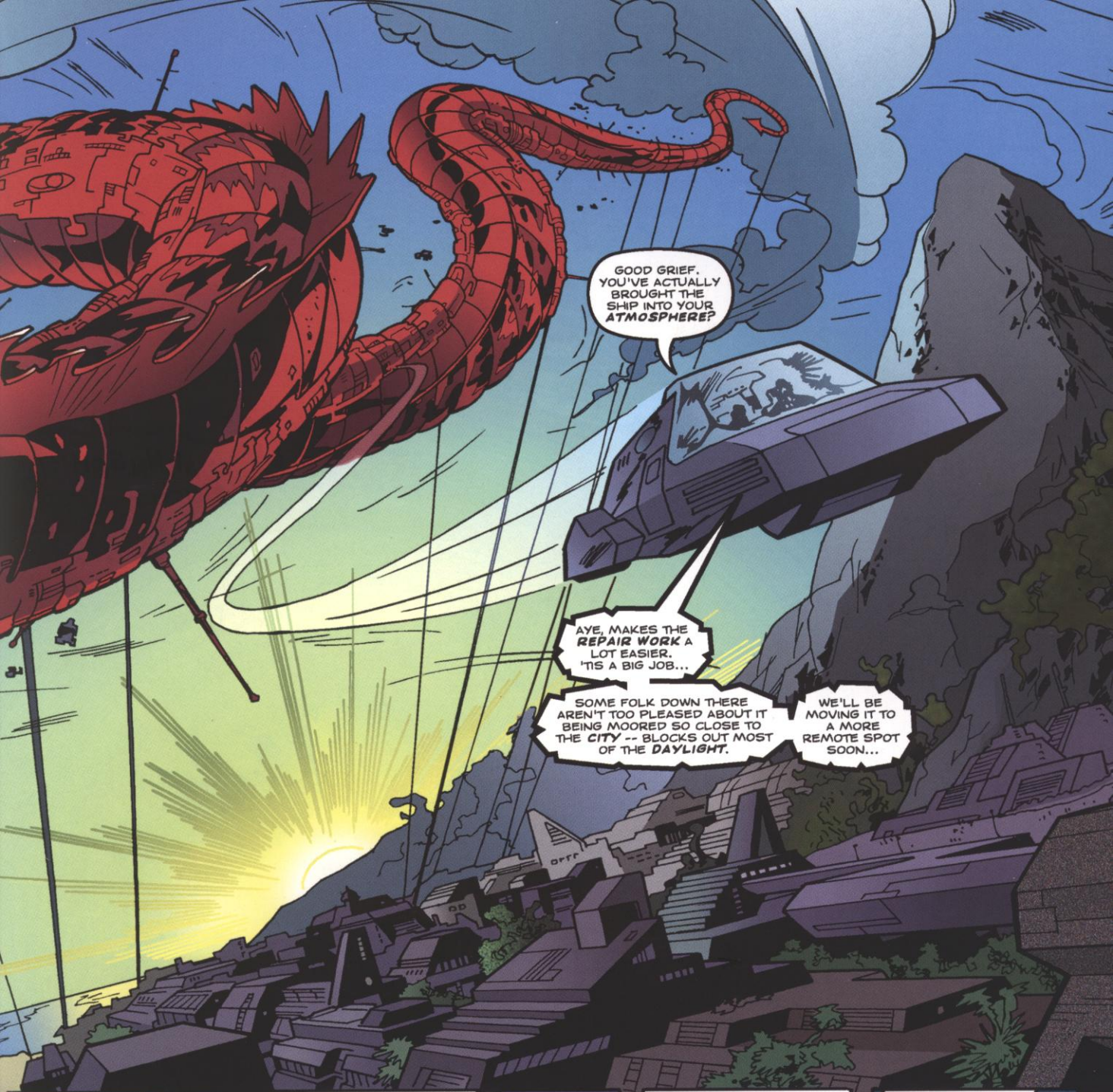
OF COURSE! SPOILS OF WAR, EH? NOT THAT THERE WAS A WAR, BUT Y'KNOW WHAT I MEAN...



B'ROSTT SAYS WAR'S ON THE WAY, THOUGH, AND WE HAVE T'BE PREPARED...

THE OPHIDIANS WERE ONLY THE TIP OF THE SAND-BLOCK, Y'SEE -- WE'VE GOT ENEMIES EVERYWHERE...

BUT WE'LL BE READY FOR 'EM. OH YES, NOBODY WILL EVER CATCH US OFF-GUARD AGAIN...



GOOD GRIEF.
YOU'VE ACTUALLY
BROUGHT THE
SHIP INTO YOUR
ATMOSPHERE?

AYE, MAKES THE
REPAIR WORK A
LOT EASIER.
'TIS A BIG JOB...

SOME FOLK DOWN THERE
AREN'T TOO PLEASED ABOUT IT
BEING MOORED SO CLOSE TO
THE CITY -- BLOCKS OUT MOST
OF THE DAYLIGHT.

WE'LL BE
MOVING IT TO
A MORE
REMOTE SPOT
SOON...



JUSTICE
WILL
PREVAIL...



THIS IS THE **ODDEST** PLACE
YOU'VE EVER TAKEN ME. ALL THE
MACHINERY LOOKS LIKE IT COULD
SPROUT LEGS AND START
SCUTTLEING.

OPHIDIUS
IS A
TECHNORGANIC
STRUCTURE,
FEY. IT HAS BEEN
GROWN AS
WELL AS CON-
STRUCTED.

WE ARE
NEARING
THE SHIP'S
CENTRAL NERVOUS
SYSTEM. THE
POWER INHIBITOR
WILL BE LOCATED
THERE...



TELL ME, SHAYDE... HAVE
YOU EVER SEEN THE
DOCTOR ACT SO
BRUSQUELY BEFORE? I
COULDN'T BELIEVE THE WAY
HE FLEW OFF THE HANDLE
BACK IN THE TARDIS...

HE
DOES SEEM
UNUSUALLY
AGITATED
BY THIS
SITUATION...



PERHAPS THERE'S
SOMETHING ELSE
BOTHERING --

HELLO.
WHAT DO
WE HAVE
HERE...?



GOODNESS ME. I RATHER THINK WE'VE HIT THE JACKPOT...

INDEED. I BELIEVE THIS IS THE SHIP'S INTEGRATED PROCESSING CORTEX.

IF YOU MEAN "BRAIN", JUST SAY SO, SHAYDE.

THESE WHITE CHAPS MUST BE THE MOBOX... I WONDER WHO THE SKINNY FELLOWS ARE?



FEY! BEHIND Y-

VRROARRR!

AI'NNGH!!



TH-WHUMP



FEY! RESPOND!

FEY!



NOW, THAT'S INTERESTING. YOU SHOULD BE LESS THAN DUST NOW, LITTLE ONE...

YOU DESERVE A CLOSER EXAMINATION...

TO BE CONTINUE

OUR ARRIVAL
HASN'T DRAWN MUCH
OF A CROWD, H'RAKK...

OH, THE VILLAGERS'VE
GOT A BETTER SHOW
THAN US'T SEE TODAY...

PRESIDOR
B'ROSTT IS
HERE!

C'MON,
LET'S FIND
A SPOT
T'WATCH...

MY FELLOW MOBOX... I AM PROUD TO SPEAK
TO YOU TODAY, HERE IN THE HUMBLE VILLAGE
WHERE I WAS **SPAWNED**.

ONCE I SERVED OUR FINE WORLD AS
AN **EXPLORER OF SPACE**. NOW, THANKS
TO YOUR FAITH IN ME, I FACE AN EVEN
GREATER RESPONSIBILITY...

TO SERVE
AS YOUR
**SUPREME
RULER**.

YESTERDAY
I RECEIVED A LETTER
FROM A YOUNG HATCHLING WHO
ASKED, "WHY DO THE OPHIDIANS
HATE US?" A **GOOD
QUESTION...**

THEY ARE **JEALOUS**.
JEALOUS OF OUR **POWER**,
JEALOUS OF OUR **BEAUTIFUL
WORLD**, JEALOUS OF
OUR **WEALTH...**

THEY ARE AN **INVISIBLE,
INSIDIOUS ENEMY** WHICH MAY
ALREADY BE **AMONGST US**, WEARING
THE **BODIES OF OUR FALLEN
COMRADES**. BUT WE WILL **NOT
SURRENDER TO FEAR...**

Uroboros

part two

WE WILL **WATCH OUR
NEIGHBOURS** WITH **VIGILANT
EYE**. WE WILL **REPORT ANY
SUSPICIOUS ACTIVITIES**. WE
WILL **PROTECT OUR FREEDOM
AT ANY COST...**

OUR **GREAT SOCIETY** HAS
NEVER BEFORE COME SO CLOSE
TO **TOTAL DESTRUCTION**. BUT
OUR **SPIRITS ARE STRONG**. WE
ARE **UNITED IN OUR RESOLVE**.
JUSTICE WILL PREVAIL!

**GOD
PRESERVE
US!**

GOD PRESERVE US!

HE CERTAINLY KNOWS HOW TO WORK A CROWD.

OH, AYE, BIGGEST ELECTION VICTORY EVER. A PRESIDOR FOR THE PEOPLE, THAT'S WHAT B'ROSTT IS...

AND THE PEOPLE SHALL BE REWARDED FOR THEIR DESIRES.

I AM C'SORR.

HELLO. I'M THE DOCTOR.

I KNOW WHO YOU ARE...

YOU CROSS THE VALLEY OF THE HOURS IN ANY DIRECTION YOU CHOOSE... YET THE ONE PATH YOU SEEK IS HIDDEN FROM VIEW.

YOU ARE SEARCHING FOR ONE YOU CHERISH.

UH... YES... I AM...

YOU'RE NOT A TIME SENSITIVE BY ANY CHANCE, C'SORR?

AYE. I AM THIS VILLAGE'S SEER, CURSED WITH THE TOMORROW-SIGHT...

THE FUTURE IS A LAND I HAVE BEEN MADE TO TRAVEL SINCE MY YOUTH.

BUT MOMENTS YET TO BE MAY BECOME ENTWINED WITH THOSE DEPARTED. A CIRCLE FORMS. THE FUTURE BEGS TO THE PAST FOR SUCCOR.

BEWARE THOSE WHO SEE ONLY THEIR OWN FUTURE, DOCTOR...

FUNNY BUNCH, SEERS...

WHY ARE THEY ALWAYS SO BLOODY CRYPTIC?

OOHHH...

PASS ME THE SMELING SALTS, TALLULAH...

AWAKE AT LAST? EXCELLENT. YOU ARE A REMARKABLE CREATURE...

YOU'RE NOT ENTIRELY CORPOREAL, CORRECT? MY ISOTETRIC BLAST SHOULD HAVE DISINTEGRATED YOU, BUT MOST OF IT SIMPLY PASSED THROUGH YOU...

I'M S'LOKK, BY THE WAY, CHIEF SCIENTIST FOR THE MOBOX EMPIRE. WOULD YOU CARE TO TELL ME WHAT YOU'RE DOING ABOARD OPHIDIUS?

YOU CAN HAVE MY NAME, RANK AND SERIAL NUM --

NO, ON SECOND THOUGHT, I'M NOT EVEN GOING TO GIVE YOU THAT.



BUT IF YOU THINK THIS LITTLE IGH-T-SHOW IS GOING TO HOLD ME...



...THINK AG-

FRRRAZZZ

AAAAHHHH!



OH DEAR, I WAS GOING TO WARN YOU...

THIS FORCE-FIELD IS A NEURAL-STATIC NET. DISTURB IT AND AN ENERGY SPIKE IS FIRED DIRECTLY INTO YOUR BRAIN...

YOU MIGHT BE ABLE TO PASS THROUGH IT, BUT YOU'LL BE A VEGETABLE IF YOU DO.



MAJOR H'RAKK AND DETAINEE TO SEE PRESIDOR B'ROSTI...

THE PRESIDOR HAS BEEN INFORMED OF YOUR ARRIVAL. MOVE FORWARD.



ELDER T'KONN OF THE NORTHERN CLANS HAS REPEATED HIS REQUEST TO SPEAK WITH YOU, PRESIDOR...

T'KONN?

THE OLD FOOL WHO'S BEEN CALLING YOUR CONSCRIPTION PROGRAMME A "BLOW AGAINST PERSONAL LIBERTY"...

TELL THE OLD FOOL I'M BUSY, FOR THE NEXT YEAR.



AH, THIS MUST BE "THE DOCTOR", THE TRAVELLER WHO KEEPS LOSING HIS WAY.

LEAVE US, ALL OF YOU.



WE HAVE MET BEFORE.

YES... UP CLOSE, I SEE IT NOW...

YOU'RE THE MOBOX WHO KILLED DESTRII.

YOU MEAN THE ALIEN WHO MURDERED MY LIFE-MATE, K'YRUSS? SO I DID, WITH GREAT PLEASURE.

I CAUGHT MOST OF YOUR **SPEECH, B'ROSTT. STIRRING STUFF...** I PARTICULARLY LIKED THE BIT WHERE YOU TORE THE **GOROLITH** APART WITH YOUR **BARE HANDS**.

IT'S FUNNY, I DON'T RECALL YOU EVEN BEING **PRESENT** WHEN IT DIED, BUT THEN MY MEMORY'S **ATROCIOUS...**

AMENDING CERTAIN EVENTS WAS **NECESSARY**. WHEN DETAILS OF THE OPHIDIAN INVASION PLAN WERE MADE **PUBLIC**, THERE WAS **WORLD-WIDE PANIC...**

THE MOBOX HAVE FACED NO **SERIOUS THREAT** IN **CENTURIES**. WE HAVE GROWN **COMPLACENT** -- EVEN **CHILDLIKE** -- IN OUR **POWER...**

MY PEOPLE NEED A **HERO, DOCTOR** -- SOMEONE TO **GUIDE** THEM, GIVE THEM **ASSURANCE**.

AND YOU **VOLUNTEERED**. THAT WAS **DECENT** OF YOU.

YOU **MUST** KNOW THAT ANY OPHIDIANS WHO MAY HAVE SURVIVED WON'T GIVE YOU ANY MORE **TROUBLE**. WHY BOTHER REPAIRING **OPHIDIUS**?

THERE WILL ALWAYS BE NEW ENEMIES **SOMEWHERE**. WHY NOT TURN THEIR WEAPONS **AGAINST** THEM?

LOOK, I ONLY RETURNED BY **MISTAKE** -- IF YOUR SOLDIERS WILL MARCH ME BACK TO MY **SHIP** I'LL BE ON MY WAY.

VERY WELL, DOCTOR. **LEAVE** AND DO NOT RETURN...

WE HAVE HAD OUR **FILL** OF **ALIENS**.

DON'T WORRY, B'ROSTT. I COULDN'T BE **LESS INTERESTED** IN YOUR **POWER GAMES**.

I'M ON A **PERSONAL MISSION**.

...IT'S A SHAME YOU'RE BEING SO **UNCOOPERATIVE**. WE'RE VERY **BUSY** HERE -- I'M AFRAID I CAN'T GIVE YOU ANY MORE **TIME**.

STILL, I'D BEST INFORM B'ROSTT OF YOUR **PRESENCE...**

ALRIGHT, SHAYDE, TIME TO PAY THE **RENT** -- YOU MUST KNOW A WAY **OUT** OF THIS. LET'S HEAR IT.

I BELIEVE I HAVE DEVISED A METHOD OF **ESCAPE, FEY**. HOWEVER...

WELL?

I DO NOT BELIEVE YOU WILL **LIKE** IT...

...OF COURSE, I'LL LEARN MORE AFTER THE **DISSECTION**, BUT I'M INVOLVED WITH THE FINAL STAGES OF THE **RESTORATION** NOW...

YOUR PRISONER IS CLEARLY IN LEAGUE WITH THE **DOCTOR**, S'LOKK. I **SUSPECTED** HE WOULD HAVE **ALLIES**.

ONE MOMENT...



MAJOR H'RAKK, THIS IS YOUR PRESIDOR SPEAKING. IS THE DOCTOR WITH YOU?

AYE, SIR...

GOOD. I WANT HIM TO HEAR THIS...



YOUR ACCOMPLICE HAS BEEN CAPTURED, DOCTOR. YOUR PLOT TO STEAL OPHIDIUS IS AT AN END, AS ARE YOU.

WHAT?

H'RAKK, DUMP HIS WORTHLESS BODY INTO THE JUNGLE AND LET THE MYKKADONS FEAST ON HIS CARCASS.

B'ROSTT OUT.



OH... BUT... AH, FROPP'S INNARDS...

SORRY ABOUT THIS, DOCTOR... Y'SEEM LIKE A REGULAR SORT T'ME, BUT... WELL...

ORDERS IS ORDERS.

H'RAKK, THIS IS ABSURD! YOU DON'T HAVE TO KILL ME!



I DON'T WANT -

HEY! HOLD STILL, Y'LITTLE --!



WH-?!

I HATE AUTO-PILOTS, DON'T YOU? NO STYLE, NO IMAGINATION...

FLYING'S AN ARTFORM FILLED WITH SO MANY SUBTLE NUANCES...



WWHOOAA!

THIS ONE'S CALLED A BARREL-ROLL, BY THE WAY...



NOW, WHAT WE NEED IS A NICE SOFT LANDING-SPOT...

PERFECT!



SORRY,
H'RAKK.

YOU
SEEMED LIKE
A REGULAR
SORT TO
ME, TOO.



SO NOW WHAT,
DOCTOR? TRUDGE
BACK TO THE
VILLAGE? FIND
ANOTHER FLYER?
DODGE ALL THE
TRIGGER-HAPPY
SOCIOPATHS
YOU'RE BOUND TO
MEET ALONG THE
WAY?

SOUNDS
LIKE A
PLAN...



FOR *ONCE* I WASN'T IN A MEDDLING MOOD.
FOR *ONCE* I WAS HAPPY TO LEAVE THESE
IDIOTS TO THEIR STUPID *PARANOIA*, THEIR
STUPID *RHETORIC* AND THEIR
STUPID *APOSTROPHES*...

AND YET SOMEHOW
I *STILL* MANAGE
TO BECOME *PUBLIC*
ENEMY NUMBER
ONE.



HOW DO I
ALWAYS END
UP IN THESE
SITUATIONS?



MAYBE YOU
WERE JUST
BORN LUCKY...



ALL WET
AGAIN,
HANDSOME?
I CAN
LIVE WITH
THAT...

IT...

CAN'T
BE...

DESTRII?!

AW, SHUCKS, YOU
REMEMBERED!

WELCOME
TO PLANET
DEJA VU,
SWEETIE.
MISS ME?

PERSONALLY,
I HARDLY EVER
MISS, EVEN WITH
THIS CRAPPY
EYESIGHT...



SO YOU
MUST HOLD
THAT POSE,
DOC...

THIS
WON'T
HURT
A BIT.

TO BE CONTINUED



KRKRKRRRR!

WH-?!

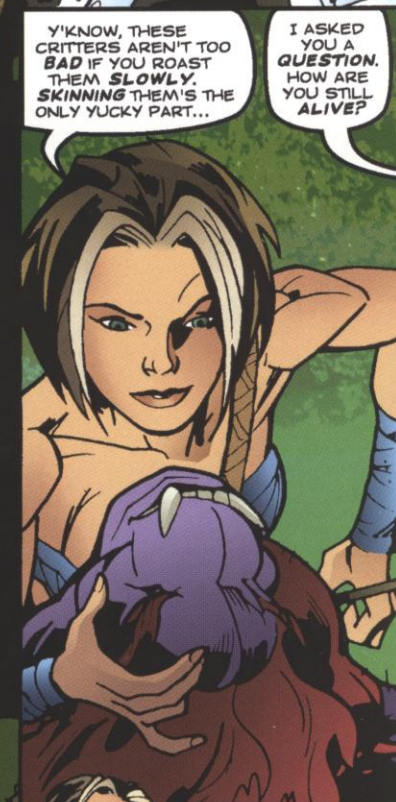


THWKK!



AND SO BIG FURRY BITES THE **DUST**, NOT THE **DOCTOR**. PRETTY COOL, HUH? BET YOU'RE GLAD I WATCHED A LOT OF **WESTERNS** WHEN I WAS A KID...

I SAW YOU **KILLED**, **DESTRIL**... **DISINTEGRATED** BY **B'ROSTT**. HOW CAN YOU BE HERE NOW?

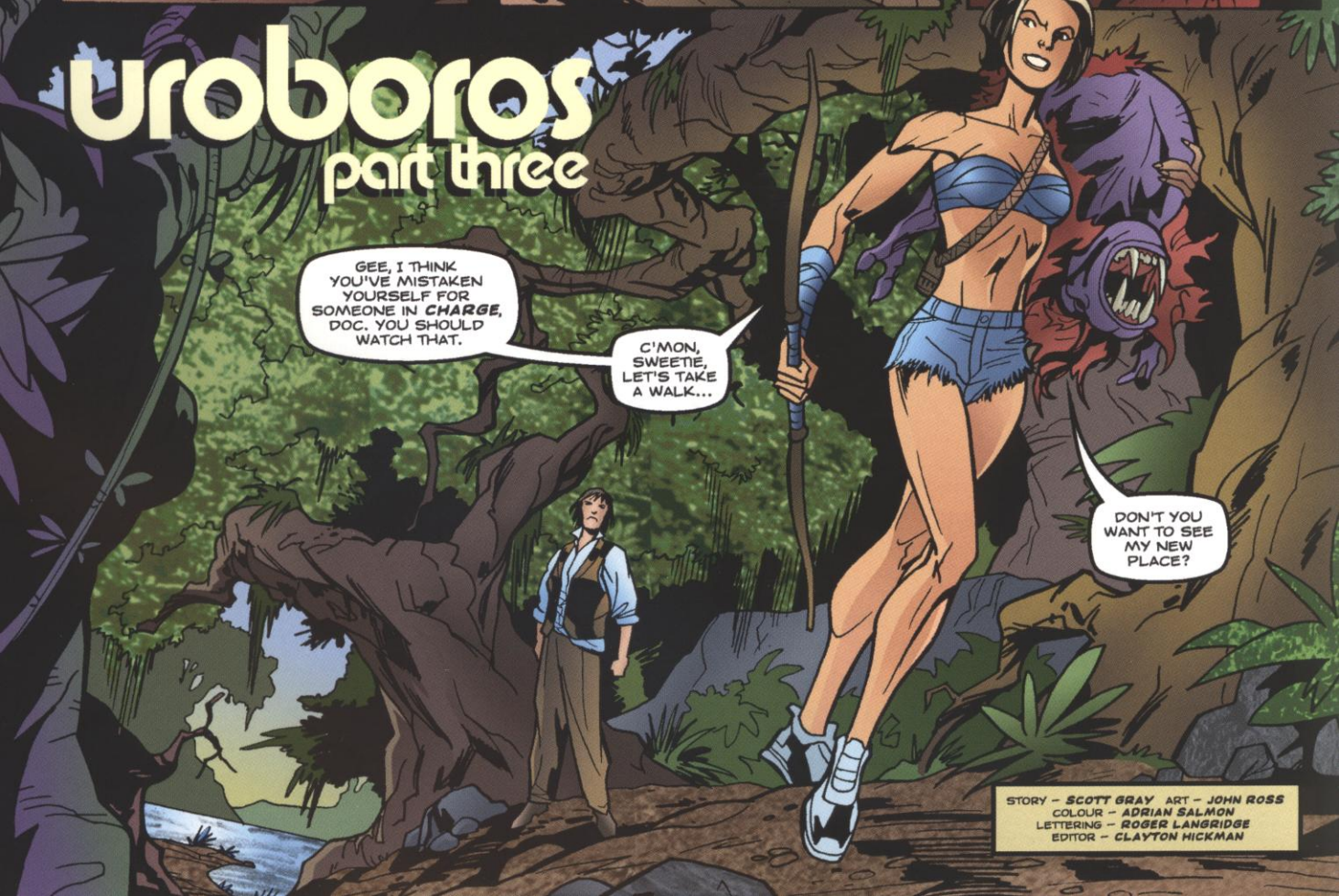


Y'KNOW, THESE CRITTERS AREN'T TOO **BAD** IF YOU ROAST THEM **SLOWLY**. **SKINNING** THEM'S THE ONLY YUCKY PART...

I ASKED YOU A **QUESTION**. HOW ARE YOU STILL **ALIVE**?

uroboros

part three



GEE, I THINK YOU'VE MISTAKEN YOURSELF FOR SOMEONE IN **CHARGE**, **DOC**. YOU SHOULD WATCH THAT.

C'MON, SWEETIE, LET'S TAKE A WALK...

DON'T YOU WANT TO SEE MY NEW PLACE?



THE OPHIDIANS HAVE COMPLETED RELINKING THE **CENTRAL CORTEX**, S'LOKK. ALL EXTERNAL SENSORY UNITS ARE NOW **RESPONDING**.

OH, **GOOD**, AND BEFORE LUNCHTIME AS WELL. B'ROSTT WILL BE **HAPPY**.

I THINK WE'RE NEARLY READY TO RESTORE THIS CRAFT TO ITS FORMER GLORY...



I WAS TOLD THE OPHIDIANS HAD ALL BEEN **KILLED**.

KILLED? WE'RE NOT **BARBARIANS**, LITTLE ONE. WE **MOBOX** ARE A HIGHLY SOPHISTICATED SPECIES.

LET ME **DEMON-STRATE**...



WE ARE **NATURAL ISOTETRIC ENERGY GENERATORS**. WE CONSUME MATTER BY SHOWERING IT WITH ABSORBENT STREAMS OF CONDUCTIVE PARTICLES.

BUT IF WE **CHOOSE**, WE CAN MERELY **DECONSTRUCT** SAID MATTER INTO ITS COMPONENT MOLECULES AND **STORE** IT INSIDE OUR **BODIES**...



...AND THEN **RECONSTRUCT** IT LATER.

IT'S SO MUCH SIMPLER TO DO **THIS** THAN LOCK THE OPHIDIANS UP EACH NIGHT...



NOW THEN... **QUANNULT**, ISN'T IT? TELL OUR GUEST WHY YOU'RE HELPING US **REBUILD** OPHIDIUS.

I -- I AM P-PROUD TO SERVE THE **MOBOX** EMPIRE... I D-DEEPLY REGRET MY PEOPLE'S COWARDLY ATTACK ON THIS GREAT WORLD...

GOOD MAN!



SOME OF THE OPHIDIANS WEREN'T SO **AGREEABLE**, OF COURSE, BUT THAT CHANGED ONCE I'D IMPLANTED SOME **NEURAL SCRAMBLERS**...

SEE?

AUUUGH!



YES, I **DO** SEE, S'LOKK. I'VE MET **PLENTY** OF MEN LIKE YOU.

YOU'RE TORTURING **PRISONERS OF WAR**. ISN'T THERE A GALACTIC EQUIVALENT OF THE **GENEVA CONVENTION** TO CONSIDER HERE? THESE MEN HAVE **RIGHTS**...

THERE WAS NO WAR. THE OPHIDIANS' OFFICIAL STATUS WAS THEREFORE CLASSIFIED AS "**INVASIVE DETAINEES**".

THEY HAVE THE "**RIGHT**" TO A CHOICE: **OBEDIENCE** OR **DEATH**.

...SO HOW DO YOU LIKE THE NEW, IMPROVED **BOD**, DOC? NOT MUCH TO **WORK** WITH, I KNOW, BUT AT LEAST IT'S ALL **TONED UP** NOW...

IT'S **STOLEN** PROPERTY, **DESTR!!**. AND I **STILL** WANT SOME ANSWERS...

Y'KNOW, I NEVER GET BORED OF THAT **SKY**. LOOK AT ALL THAT BEAUTIFUL **BLUE**...

DESTR!!

JEEZ, JUST TRYING TO MAKE CONVERSATION...

OKAY, THIS IS HOW IT WENT: ONE SECOND I WAS GETTING BLASTED INTO TEENSY-WEENSY BITS ON THAT **SNAKE-SHIP**...

"...AND THE **NEXT** I WAS GETTING PUT BACK TOGETHER IN THIS **JUNGLE**."

"THING **IS**, THOUGH, **ROCKY BALBOA** REASSEMBLED ME RIGHT ABOVE A REALLY BIG **WELL**."



"IT WAS FULL OF THESE CUTE LITTLE **FISH-THINGIES**..."

"THEY SEEMED REALLY EXCITED TO MEET ME."



THE **MYKKADONS** CAN BITE THROUGH EVEN **MOBOX** SHELLS, ALIEN. IT IS A **SLOW** DEATH -- AN ANCIENT FORM OF **EXECUTION**.

FOR THE **MURDER** OF MY **LIFE-MATE**, IT SEEMED **FITTING**.

AAKKK!!!



I WILL NOT WATCH YOU **PERISH**. YOU BELONG TO THE **PAST**, AND I HAVE ALREADY **FORGOTTEN** YOU.

THE **FUTURE** -- MY **FUTURE** -- IS ALL THAT MATTERS NOW...



"**WATER'S** SOMETHING THESE **MOBOX** GOONS TRY TO **AVOID**, FOR OBVIOUS REASONS..."

"BUT I WAS BACK IN MY **ELEMENT**, EVEN IF I DID HAVE THE LUNGS OF A WIMPY LITTLE **MAMMAL** NOW."

"I **DROVE** DOWN, LOOKING FOR ANOTHER **EXIT**..."

"NO LUCK THERE, BUT THEN SOMETHING **ELSE** ENTERED THE WATER. MY LITTLE CHUMS DIDN'T SEEM TO **LIKE** IT..."



"SOMEONE HAD POURED A LIQUID INTO THE WELL. INSTANT MYKKADON MASSACRE."

"MY GUARDIAN ANGEL HAD ALSO LEFT ME A VINE TO CLIMB."



"SO THERE I WAS -- **LOST** AND **ALONE** IN A BIG, **NASTY ALIEN JUNGLE**."

"IN OTHER WORDS, **BUSINESS AS USUAL**."



I SHOULD HAVE **SEEN** IT... SHOULD HAVE **REALISED**...

IF I HAD ONLY BOTHERED TO **RESEARCH** THE MOBOX, I COULD HAVE SPARED **IZZY** MONTHS OF **ANGUISH**...



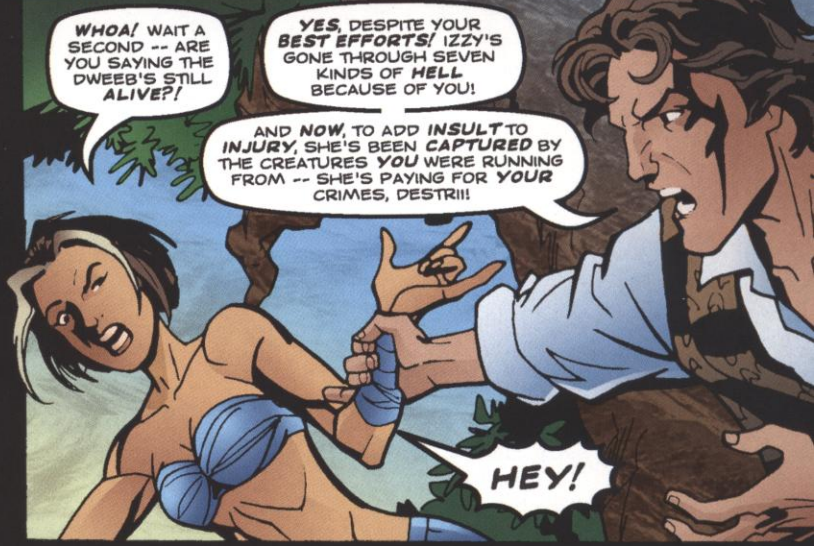
I'VE BEEN SUCH A **FOOL!**

DON'T BEAT YOURSELF UP, DOC. NOBODY'S PERFECT -- PRESENT COMPANY EXCLUDED, NATCH...

WHOA! WAIT A SECOND -- ARE YOU SAYING THE **DWEEB'S** STILL **ALIVE?**

YES, DESPITE YOUR BEST EFFORTS! **IZZY'S** GONE THROUGH SEVEN KINDS OF **HELL** BECAUSE OF YOU!

AND NOW, TO ADD **INSULT** TO **INJURY**, SHE'S BEEN **CAPTURED** BY THE CREATURES YOU WERE RUNNING FROM -- SHE'S PAYING FOR YOUR **CRIMES**, **DESTR!!!**



HEY!

WHAAA-?!

IT'S NOT THAT I MIND A LITTLE **ROUGH-HOUSING**, SWEETIE...



NNNGH!





...I JUST LIKE TO BE THE ONE WHO **STARTS** IT.

SEEING AS HOW I JUST SAVED YOUR LIFE FOR -- WHAT WAS THAT NOW, THE **THIRD** TIME? -- I WAS EXPECTING MAYBE A **LITTLE** GRATITUDE, PARDNER...



BUT I FORGIVE YOU...



GET OFF!

HAH-HAH-HAH!

TOO WEIRD FOR YOU, DOC? YOU COULD TRY CLOSING YOUR EYES...



YOU ARE A GENUINELY **TWISTED** INDIVIDUAL, DESTRII, BUT I HAVEN'T THE TIME TO TRY **DECIPHERING** YOU NOW...

I'M HEADING BACK TO THE **MOBOX VILLAGE**. ARE YOU COMING?

HUH? YOU'RE EVEN **CRAZIER** THAN THOSE **GRANITE-HEADS!** THEY CAN KILL YOU WITH A **SNEEZE**, REMEMBER?



FINE. STAY HERE, AVOID THE **WILDLIFE** AND EAT **BERRIES** FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE...



...I'M GOING BACK TO THE **TARDIS**.



HEY, Y'KNOW WHAT? MAYBE I **WILL** TAG ALONG. I MEAN, YOU'VE GOT **ZERO** CHANCE OF MAKING IT OUT OF THIS DUMP WITHOUT MY **HELP**...

YOU'RE TOO KIND.

I KNOW. IT'S MY ONLY FLAW...

THE FINAL CHECKS
HAVE BEEN VERIFIED.
S'LOKK. THIS CRAFT
IS NOW COMPLETELY
OPERATIONAL.

EXCELLENT. ACTIVATE
THE PRIMARY NAVIGATION
UNITS AND PREPARE TO
DETACH THE GROUND
MOORINGS...

IT'S TIME WE
GAVE OPHIDIUS A
TEST-FLIGHT.



SHAYDE, YOU SAID
EARLIER YOU HAD A WAY
OUT OF THIS. WHY HAVEN'T
I HEARD A PEEP FROM
YOU SINCE?

I HAVE
BEEN
CONSIDERING
OTHER STRATEGIES,
FEY. YOU WILL
NOT LIKE MY
INITIAL
PLAN...

SO YOU
SAID. TRY
ME.

YOUR MIND
COULD NOT SURVIVE
A PASSAGE THROUGH THIS
NEURAL-STATIC NET. MINE,
HOWEVER, COULD...



IF YOU
ALLOWED MY
CONSCIOUSNESS
TO ASSUME
CONTROL OF YOUR
BODY, WE COULD
ESCAPE THIS
ENERGY
FIELD.

YOU
WANT TO...
POSSESS
ME?

YES.

YOU'RE RIGHT, I
DON'T LIKE IT. I'M IN THE
DRIVER'S SEAT, SHAYDE.
THINK OF SOMETHING ELSE...



THERE YOU GO,
KEMOSABE. BACK
TO BEDROCK, AND
IN RECORD TIME...

WE'RE GOING
TO STEAL ONE OF
THE FLYERS,
RIGHT?



LATER, THERE'S SOMEONE I WANT
TO TALK TO FIRST. HE WAS HEADING
FOR A SHELTER OVER THERE...

YOU WANT TO
MEET ONE OF THESE
PSYCHOS?!

HE TRIED TO
WARN ME ABOUT
B'ROSTT...



C'SORR.
I NEED TO
SPEAK WITH
YOU.

YOU TOLD ME THE FUTURE
AND THE PAST WERE
ENTWINING. I'M STARTING
TO SEE WHAT YOU MEAN...



I CAST THE SHELLS
OF MY ANCESTORS... BUT
THE SHAPE THEY FORM STILL
REMAINS THE SAME...

IT IS AS I
FORESAW...

THE WORLD-
EATER HAS BEEN
WOKEN...

WE ARE
LOST.





I... LIVE...

AAHHH!

S'LOKK,
WHAT'S
HAPPENING?

I'M... NOT
SURE...



I THINK I MAY
HAVE MISCALCU -
AAEEGGH!

NNAAIIEE!

SHUUNK

SHUUYUP



**BLAST IT, I THINK WE'VE JUST
RUN OUT OF OPTIONS -- ALRIGHT,
DO IT -- TAKE OVER!**

ARE YOU
CERTAIN?

**NO! DO IT
ANYWAY!**



VERY
WELL...



I... AM... FURY...

I... AM... RETRIBUTION...

**I... AM...
OPHIDIUS!**

TO BE CONCLUDED...

YOU SOUGHT TO OWN MY MIND...

YOU WILL PAY...

W'BIRRI SQUADRON,
ENGAGE ENEMY!
CONCENTRATE FIRE
ON ITS STARBOARD
SECTIONS!

IT'S USELESS!
THE ENTIRE FLEET
COULDN'T DENT THAT
THING'S ARMOUR!

uroboros

part four

STORY - SCOTT GRAY ART - JOHN ROSS
COLOUR - ADRIAN SALMON
LETTERING - ROGER LANGRIDGE
EDITOR - CLAYTON HICKMAN



THE VILLAGE...

HEAR ME! I HAVE
SEEN THE SIGNS -
DEATH APPROACHES!
SEEK SHELTER IN
THE CAVES!

THE WORLD-
EATER HAS
AWOKEN!

WHAT'S ALL
THE PANIC
ABOUT?

FEEL THE GROUND
TREMBLING? SOMETHING'S
UP... THAT MAD OLD BIRD'S
A SEER, YOU KNOW.
I RECKON -

HELLO,
BOYS!

I'M AN ILLEGAL ALIEN
AND I WANT TO STEAL
YOUR JOBS AND EAT
YOUR BABIES!

BOOGA-
BOOGA!





HAH-HAH!
GOTCHA!

WHAT'S SO
FUNNY?

YOU COULD'VE
LEFT ME HIGH AND
DRY BACK THERE, BUT
YOU DIDN'T! C'MON,
ADMIT IT, YOU CARE
ABOUT ME!

WAKE UP, DESTRII.
I CARE ABOUT KEEPING
IZZY'S BODY INTACT...



...THE GIRL
CURRENTLY
WEARING
IT CAN
ROT.



HURRY
UP, SHAYDE! IN
CASE YOU HADN'T
NOTICED, THIS SHIP'S
JUST GONE OFF ITS
TROLLEY!

BE PATIENT,
FEY. I AM
DEFLECTING THE
NEURAL NET'S
ENERGY SPIKE
NOW...



ZZTTZZ

THERE.

BRAVO. NOW
GIVE ME BACK
MY BODY -- THE
ETHEREAL LOOK
DOESN'T SUIT ME
AT ALL...



I CANNOT
COMPLY
WITH YOUR
REQUEST.

WHAT? THAT'S
MY BODY YOU'RE
STROLLING AROUND
IN, SHAYDE, AND I
WANT IT RETURNED!
IMMEDIATELY!

SOON,
FEY.

FIRST I
HAVE A TASK TO
PERFORM...



...WHAT DO YOU
MEAN, "THE FLYER IS
GONE, PRESIDOR"?

WE WERE...
UM... LURED
AWAY, PRESIDOR.
BY A SMALL
ALIEN.

I THINK
IT WAS A
"FEMALE".

YES. UH...
WITH BROWN
FUR ON
ITS HEAD...



WHAT?!
WHAT?!

IT'S HER!
SHE'S STILL
ALIVE!

PREPARE
MY CRAFT!



YOU CONNIVING
TOAD, HOW DARE
YOU MANIPULATE ME
LIKE THIS!

IT IS BEST
THAT I DEAL WITH
THIS SITUATION, FEY -
YOU MAY FIND
DIFFICULTY WITH
THE MORAL
ISSUE HERE...

IT IS CLEAR NOW
THAT OPHIDIUS
IS ALIVE AND
EVOLVING. BUT SHE
MUST BE ELIMINATED
BEFORE SHE
CAUSES MORE
DEATHS.

HOWEVER...

SHE IS STILL
A SENTIENT
BEING WHO HAD NO
CHOICE IN HER
CREATION -- OR HER
DESTRUCTIVE
PURPOSE...



RATHER
LIKE YOU,
SHAYDE?

...

YES.



PERHAPS
WE SHOULD
DISCUSS THIS
WITH THE
DOCTOR?

PERHAPS.

I... WILL
RETURN
CONTROL TO
YOU.



I APOLOGISE,
FEY.

OOHHH...

I THINK...
I UNDERSTAND,
SHAYDE...

BUT WE ARE
NEVER DOING
THAT AGAIN.



WOW!
SOMEONE
CALL **TOHO**
STUDIOS!

QUIET,
DESTRII...



THE MOBOX MUST HAVE ACCIDENTALLY
TRIGGERED OPHIDIUS' AUTONOMIC
RESPONSE SYSTEMS -- SHE'S
AWAKE AND ANGRY, WITH ENOUGH
FIREPOWER TO DESTROY THE
ENTIRE PLANET...

SO? I THOUGHT
YOU SAID YOU
DIDN'T CARE
ABOUT THESE
GEEKS...

I CHANGED
MY MIND.



WHERE...
IS... THE
SAVIOUR...?



**YOUR WORLD...
WILL BURN...
BENEATH ME...**



PERHAPS...

"PERHAPS NOT."

...SO YOU'RE GOING TO CALM OPHIDIUS DOWN? HOW, EXACTLY?

NOT ME... OPHIDIUS WANTS THE "SAVIOUR". IF I'M RIGHT, SHE MEANS THE PERSON WHO KILLED THE GOROLITH AND RELEASED HER FROM ITS CONTROL...

YOU, DESTRI.

YOU CAN STOP OPHIDIUS' RAMPAGE. AS ABSURD AS IT SOUNDS, YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE SHE'LL TRUST.

HEY, JUST WATCH ME NOT GIVE A DAMN, DOC. SNAKEZILLA WANTS TO WASTE THE MOBOX? GREAT, I'LL BRING THE POPCORN...

DESTRI...

AND FORGET THE THREATS. WE BOTH KNOW YOU WON'T HURT LITTLE MISS PERFECT'S BODY...

UHH...

THE DOCTOR MAY CARE ABOUT THIS "IZZY", BUT SHE MEANS NOTHING TO ME. DO AS HE SAYS, GIRL. OR DIE.

WHICH IS WHERE I COME IN.

FEY, IF YOU DESTROY IZZY'S BODY, YOU WILL -

IT'S CALLED A BLUFF, SHAYDE. DON'T THEY PLAY POKER ON GALLIFREY?

NO.

QUELLE SURPRISE.

OKAY, OKAY! LET'S ALL PRETEND IT MATTERS...

OPHIDIUS? CAN YOU HEAR ME?

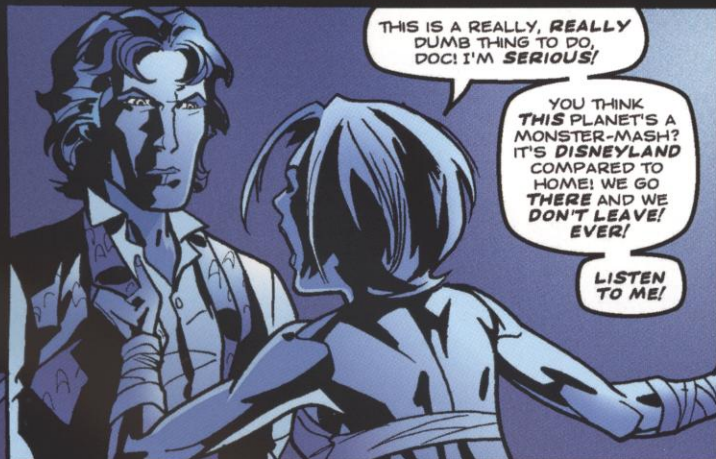
SAVIOUR...

YEAH, THAT'S ME. THAT GOROLITH THING WAS GOING TO FRY YOU, BUT I DUSTED HIM. YOU OWE ME A BIG ONE...

THEY MADE ME... A SLAVE...

AND YOU'RE SICK OF BEING PUSHED AROUND, RIGHT? I CAN RELATE. I DON'T BLAME YOU FOR WANTING TO CARVE THE MOBOX OUT OF SOME OF THEM DESERVE IT...

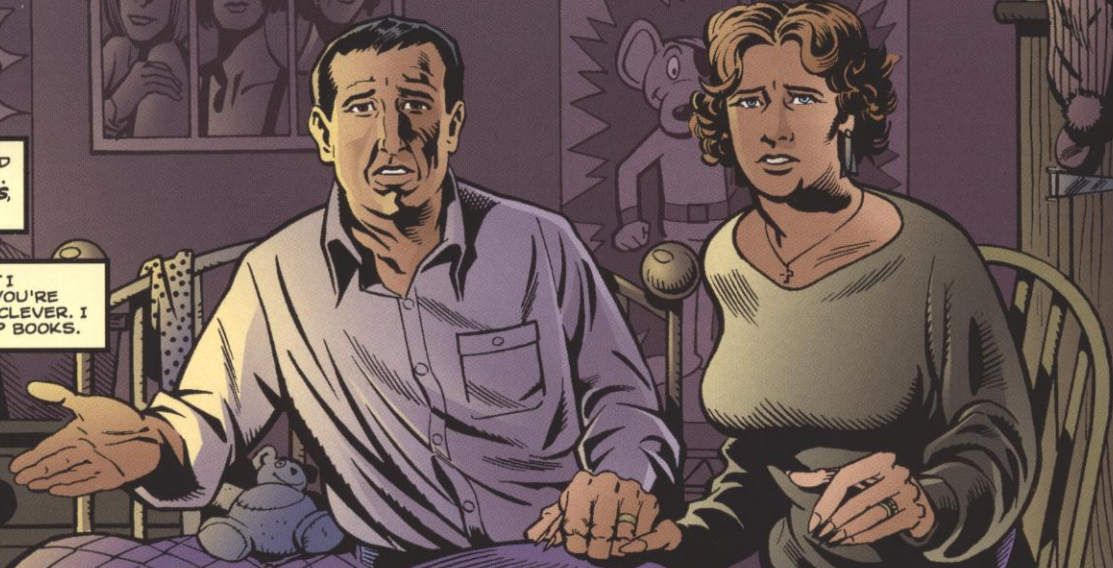




HELLO.

I KNOW YOU, **LES** AND **SANDRA SINCLAIR**... YOU'RE MY PARENTS, SORT OF...

I'M ONLY **EIGHT**, BUT I UNDERSTAND WHAT YOU'RE SAYING. I'M REALLY CLEVER. I CAN READ GROWN-UP BOOKS.



YOU'RE TELLING ME I'M **SPECIAL**.



VERY, VERY **SPECIAL**.



I'M **SPECIAL** BECAUSE YOU **CHOSE** ME, BUT NOTHING'S **REAL** AFTER YOU TELL ME THAT.



NOTHING AT ALL.

IT'S ALL JUST ONE BIG, **MAD DREAM**.



OBLIVION

PART ONE

STORY - **SCOTT GRAY** PENCIL ART - **MARTIN GERASHTY**
INKING - **DAVID A. ROACH** COLOURING - **ADRIAN SALMON**
LETTERING - **ROGER LANGRIDGE** EDITOR - **CLAYTON HICKMAN**

THIS DREAM'S FUNNY. I LOOK LIKE A FISH IN IT. LITTLE OLD LADIES ARE PUTTING BEAUTIFUL CLOTHES ON ME.



THEY SEEM EXCITED. THEY CALL ME A SILLY NAME...

"DESTRIANATOS."



MY NAME'S REALLY ISABELLE, THOUGH. I'M PRETTY SURE OF THAT.

THEY TAKE ME UP OUT OF MY BEDROOM (SO WET!) AND DOWN A LONG, COLD HALLWAY CARVED OUT OF STONE.



AND WE WALK FOR A WHILE, UNTIL WE COME TO A VERY BIG DOOR...

AND THE DOOR CREEEEAKS OPEN...

AND I WAKE UP...

BUT THE DREAM DOESN'T STOP.

ALL PRAISE TO THE PRIMATRIX INCARNATE!



YOUR RADIANCE, IT IS SO WONDERFUL TO SEE YOU WELL AGAIN...

THE VERY PORTRAIT OF YOUTHFUL VITALITY...

WHAT INDOMITABLE SPIRIT...

UH... THANKS...

THIS IS OFF-THE-SCALE WEIRD. THEY THINK I'M DESTRII... THAT MUCH MAKES SENSE. BUT THEY'RE ACTING LIKE SHE'S...

ROYALTY?

HOW DID I GET HERE, ANYWAY?
THE LAST THING I CAN REMEMBER
IS THE DALEK CITY...

UH-OH.

DESTRII'S
MUM,
GOT TO
BE.

SHE'S BOUND TO BE
DEVASTATED NO MATTER
HOW I EXPLAIN IT.

UM...

AH... PRIMATRIX? I
HAVE NO WISH TO HURRY
YOU, BUT... THE Matriax
awaits your divine
presence.

OH. UH...
RIGHT.

WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO SAY TO HER? "HI,
GUESS WHAT? I'M NOT REALLY YOUR
DAUGHTER... WE SWAPPED BODIES AND SHE
GOT BLOWN TO BITS BY AN ANGRY ROCK-MAN?"

GOOD EVENING, YOUR
MAJESTY. I'M NOT SURE
HOW TO SAY THIS... BUT...



EIGHTEEN
YEARS OF
COURTIERS,
ADVISORS AND
TUTORS...

EIGHTEEN
YEARS OF
TRAINING IN
EVERY DETAIL
OF COURTLY
ETIQUETTE...

AND YOU
STILL HAVE
NO IDEA HOW
TO ADDRESS
YOUR Matriax.

YOU ARE AN
UNGRATEFUL,
UNDISCIPLINED
CHILD,
DESTRIIANATOS.

OH GOD.
SHE'S
INSANE.

WHAT DO I DO?
TELL HER THE
TRUTH? SHE
MIGHT KILL ME
ON THE SPOT!

OH
NO...

WHAT A
NERVE...

LET THE BELLS
RING OUT! LET
THE TRUMPETS
SOUND! LET THE
CHILDREN SCREAM
WITH JOY!

WOULDN'T
DARE...

NOT
HIM...

THWAFF-THWAFF-
THWAFF!



OUR BELOVED DESTRIIANATOS WALKS AMONGST US ONCE MORE!

CALLOOH!
CALLAY!

NOW, NOW, MY LITTLE DARKLING SEED, NO LAZING ABOUT ON THE FLOOR!

YOUR OLD UNCLE JODAFRA WANTS TO SEE YOU IN YOUR FULL SPLENDOUR! ARISE!

I DO HOPE YOU ENJOYED YOUR BRIEF TASTE OF FREEDOM, MY SWEET. I'M DYING TO HEAR ALL ABOUT YOUR ADVENTURES...

Y-YES...
THANK YOU...



JODAFRA.

AH, SCALAMANTHIA! YOU GROW MORE RAVISHING WITH EACH PASSING YEAR! IS THAT A HINT OF BLOOD-BLOSSOM I SCENT?

MY INVITATION WAS TRAGICALLY LOST IN THE POST, BUT I KNEW YOU'D BE CRUSHED IF I DIDN'T POP IN TO CELEBRATE DESTRIIANATOS' HOMECOMING...



OH, A THOUSAND PARDONS... I MEANT "RECOVERY".

YOU DARE TO ADDRESS THE Matriax BY NAME, FOOL? APOLOGISE FOR YOUR INSOLENCE IMMEDIATELY!

HMM?



I'M INNER FAMILY, YOU UNCONNECTED LADDER-CLIMBER. SHOW SOME DECORUM.



I'LL SHOW YOU MY BLADE, YOU PRANCING LOU!

SWWWSSH

HAH-HAH-HAH!

I SEE MY STATUS AS COURT JESTER IS UNDER THREAT...



TZZAKKI!

...BUT I SHALL ENDEAVOUR TO RETAIN IT!

GGAAAH!



LORD KALUTHIS, YOU HAVE DISPLEASED US.

MY MATRIAX, I -- I ONLY WISHED TO DEFEND YOUR DIGNITY! THIS CUR WAS --

YOU SOUGHT TO INGRATiate YOURSELF. YOUR CRUDE ATTEMPTS TO CURRY FAVOUR ARE AN INSULT TO OUR INTELLIGENCE.

IT WOULD SEEM YOU NEED REMINDING...



WE HAVE OUR OWN DEFENDERS.

HELIOTH...
HASSANA...

NAUGHTY

MAN YOU HAVE

MADE THE

MATRIAX SAD



NO! MATRIAX, PLEASE! I AM YOUR SWORN SERVANT! Y-YOUR SLAVE!

NO!!!

WE WILL

MAKE

YOU SAD

NOW TOO



AAIIIEEEE!



SSSSSSSSSS



HAPPY NOW

I--I REMEMBER.

IT WAS THEM. THEY TOOK ME.



DID THEY DO THAT...
TO THE DOCTOR?

BRAVO!

WHAT A
DISPLAY!

SHEER
SPECTACLE!

KLAP-KLAP-KLAP-KLAP



HARDLY **NECESSARY**, WAS
IT, **SCALA**? THE **BUFFOON**
NEEDED HIS **BRITCHES**
TWISTED, NOT HIS
ATOMS **SCATTERED**.

THAT WAS A
DEMONSTRATION,
JODAFRA, FOR
YOU.



I KNOW YOU
ENGINEERED MY
DAUGHTER'S...
ABSENCE.

I TOLERATE YOUR INDULGENCES --
TO A **DEGREE**. YOUR TALENTS
HAVE PROVEN **USEFUL**, BUT IF
YOU THINK YOURSELF
INDISPENSABLE,
THINK **TWICE**.

YOU KNOW AS WELL AS
I THAT THIS WORLD HANGS
BY A **THREAD**, JODAFRA.
TRY TO CUT IT **AGAIN**...

AND ALL YOUR
SKILLS WILL NOT
SAVE YOU.



SHE'S SEEN ME
TRYING TO BACK
OUT -- HERE
SHE **COMES**...

OH LORD, THAT **STARE** COULD
DRILL THROUGH **CONCRETE**.



NO MORE **GAMES**, YOU
WORTH-LESS LITTLE
WRETCH. YOU'RE BACK
FOR **GOOD**. TOMORROW'S
RITUAL **WILL** TAKE PLACE
AND YOU **WILL** ABIDE
BY IT, FOR THAT IS
YOUR **SOLEMN**
DUTY.

DO YOU
UNDERSTAND ME,
DESTRIANATOS?

Y-YES...

BECAUSE IF YOU
DON'T, YOUR
PRECIOUS **UNCLE**,
YOUR SENILE
HANDMAIDENS AND
ANYONE YOU'VE
EVER **SMILED** AT
WILL SHORTLY BE
SHRIEKING FOR
DEATH'S **SWEET**
CARESS.

NOW GO TO
YOUR ROOM...



...YOUR **WEDDING**
COMMENCES AT
DAWN.



WELL, NOW,
WHAT'S
THIS...?



...A "WANTED:
DEAD OR ALIVE"
POSTER,
PERCHANCE?

CARE TO
COMMENT,
DESTRII?

I'M A
POPULAR
GIRL, DOC.
WORK OUT
THE REST
YOURSELF.

DON'T
WORRY, I
INTEND TO.

STILL UPSET ABOUT
BEING TAKEN HOME,
YOUNG LADY? I'M SURE
WHICHEVER PRISON
YOU TUNNELED OUT OF
WILL BE THRILLED TO
HAVE YOU BACK...

THAT SMILE'S
GOING TO BE SLIDING
CLEAN OFF YOUR
FACE SOON, MRS PEEL.
THAT'S A GUARANTEE.



HMMPH.

THIS CITY'S
HUGE, BUT I STILL
FEEL HEMMED
IN. CURIOUS...

I TAKE IT WE HAVE A PLAN OF
ACTION WHEN WE ACTUALLY FIND
IZZY? WE'LL STILL HAVE TO RETURN
HER MIND TO HER BODY...

BEFORE WE LEFT
OPHIDIUS, I DID
SOME DOWNLOADING.
I HAVE ENOUGH DATA
TO RECREATE ONE OF THE
OPHIDIANS' RECIPROCATOR
MACHINES. A LITTLE
PSYCHIC SURGERY
AND IZZY WILL
BE FINE.

THAT PART
DOESN'T
WORRY ME...

THEN WHAT
DOES?

AND THE AIR
SEEMS DEAD
SOMEHOW...

ACCORDING TO THE TARDIS
STAR-CHARTS, WE SHOULD
BE WALKING THROUGH DEEP
SPACE RIGHT NOW. THERE'S NO
RECORD OF A PLANET AT THESE
CO-ORDINATES -- NOT IN
ANY TIME PERIOD.

SO WHERE
ARE WE?



YOU
REALLY
WANT TO
KNOW?

YOU'RE ON THE
WRONG SIDE OF
NOWHERE, KIDS.
THE END OF THE
PUNCHLINE.

YOU'RE IN
OBLIVION.

DON'T SAY
I DIDN'T
WARN YOU...

TO BE CONTINUED...

ANY SIGN, SHAYDE?

THE ENERGY TRAIL LEFT BY IZZY'S KIDNAPPERS HAS GROWN DISTORTED, BUT WE ARE CLOSE. THE ONLY CONCENTRATION OF ACTIVITY IS HERE...

A FAR WEALTHIER PART OF TOWN... QUITE PALATIAL, IN FACT...

OBLIVION

PART TWO

STORY: SCOTT GRAY PENCIL ART: MARTIN GERAGHTY
INKING: DAVID ROACH COLOURING: ADRIAN SALMON
LETTERING: ROGER LANGRIDGE EDITOR: CLAYTON HICKMAN

I WOULD SUGGEST --

A SWIFT RECCE. YES, I AGREE.

LET'S SLIDE IN UNDER THE DOOR...

Y'KNOW, SITTING AROUND HERE ISN'T **SMART** -- NOT EVERYONE IN THIS PROVINCE STAYS INSIDE AT NIGHT...

FEY'S SCOUTING AHEAD. WE'LL WAIT FOR HER TO RETURN.

IZZY TOLD ME YOU HAD A GIRLFRIEND ON EARTH. PLEASE TELL ME IT ISN'T LADY LEOTARD-SMYTHE...

IZZY TOLD YOU A LOT OF THINGS, IT SEEMS. THAT MUST HAVE HELPED WHEN YOU TRIED TO KILL HER. BETRAYING A TRUST IS A VERY SPECIAL KIND OF CRIME, DESTRII...

BELIEVE ME, I KNOW.

UH-HUH. WELL, I'D LOVE TO STAY AND SOAK IN THE **GUILT**, DOC, BUT THERE'S SOMEONE I NEED TO FIND TONIGHT...





...AND THEN THE MATHIAK JUST POINTED AT LORD KALUTHIS, AND THEY BOILED 'IM INTO PORRIDGE!

TCH. STILL, I DARESAY IT'LL MEAN US LOT'LL GET SOME PEACE FOR A WHILE...

NOBODY IN THE COURT CAUSES MUCH FUSS AFTER HELIOTH AND HASSANA HAVE DONE THEIR BUSINESS...

BUT WHAT ABOUT THE PRIMATRIX?

WELL, THAT'S THE FUNNY THING - NORMALLY SHE JUST IGNORES THAT PAIR WHEN THEY APPEAR, BUT TONIGHT SHE SEEMED QUITE UPSET...

SHE JUST WASN'T 'ERSELF AT ALL...



HE'S CORNERED!

SLICE 'IM UP!

HONESTLY, YOU'RE MAKING A BIG MISTAKE!

I CONCUR...

WH --?

THIS IS ALL A MISUNDERSTANDING, YOU KNOW...

OOOFF!

THWACK!

THWAAFF- THWAAFF!



AAAGHHH!

...ALTHOUGH I'D CALL IT A GRAVE ERROR.

ZZRAAKK!

UUNGHH!



WELL, GENTLEMEN? WHO'S NEXT?

HE'S ON HIS OWN! WE CAN -

THAT'S JODAFRA, Y'FOOL. HE'S FIRST CIRCLE FAMILY. IF WE TRY AN' KILL HIM, THEY'LL TORCH THE WHOLE PROVINCE.

I CAN THINK OF A BETTER REASON... IF WE TRY AN' KILL HIM, HE'LL KILL US.



THE RABBLE ARE DEFINITELY GROWING WISER. IT'S ALMOST ALARMING, REALLY...

THANK YOU VERY MUCH. I'M THE DOCTOR.

ARE THESE MEN DEAD?



DO YOU KNOW, I'M NOT SURE! IF IT'S IMPORTANT, I CAN GIVE THEM ANOTHER ZAP...

NO! NO, THANK YOU...



WHAT A MAGNIFICENT COAT! I TAKE IT, SIR, THAT YOU ARE A BOLD EXPLORER OF THE FOURTH DIMENSION?

WELL, THAT WAS THE PLAN AT THE BEGINNING, YES...

WHAT AN UTTERLY EXEMPLARY FELLOW YOU MUST BE! COUNT JODAFRA AT YOUR SERVICE!



YOU SEEM TO HAVE COME PREPARED. WAS I EXPECTED?

OH, I DETECTED YOUR ARRIVAL WITH CERTAIN DEVICES OF MY OWN INVENTION. I SPIED YOUR PREDICAMENT FROM AFAR AND RACED TO THE SCENE!

MY MEN WILL SWIFTLY LOCATE YOUR LITTLE FRIEND, NEVER FEAR...



I WAS THRILLED WHEN I REALISED OUR FAIR CITY HAD GUESTS. IT'S BEEN AN ABSOLUTE AGE...

COME, LET ME SHOW YOU THE SIGHTS! MY CHARIOT AWAITS!

YOU'RE VERY KIND, COUNT, BUT I'D PREFER TO STAY AND FIND MY "LITTLE FRIEND"...



OH, NO-NO-NO. THESE DARK STREETS HOLD FAR TOO MANY PERILS FOR THE UNWARY TRAVELLER, DOCTOR.

I REALLY MUST INSIST...

ZZKKT



GOT TO HOTWIRE
SOME **TRANSPORT** --
I DON'T FANCY
TREKKING THROUGH THIS
NEIGHBOURHOOD
ON **FOOT**...

HMM. SOUNDS
LIKE SOMETHING'S
HAPPENING
UP AHEAD...

MY-MY-MY,
LOOK AT ALL THE
LITTLE PEOPLE... WHY
ARE THEY RISKING THEIR
SPLEENS BY STAYING
OUTSIDE...?

HEY, LOOK WHAT'S
ON. THEY MUST BE
SHOWING **RE-RUNS**.
NO, WAIT... THAT'S
NOT **ME**, IS IT? IT'S
THE **DWEBB**.

FUNNY. I NEVER
GOT TO DO MUCH
MEETING AND
GREETING WITH THE
PEASANTS...

WHY
NOT
NOW?



SHE'S **WELL**
AGAIN! **PRaise**
THE **PALACE**!

A **FULL**
RECOVERY,
THEY SAID!

"RECOVERY"? OH,
I GET IT - THAT MUST
HAVE BEEN THE **COVER**
STORY AFTER I
SKEDADDLED...

LOOK! SHE'S WEARING
HER **INVESTITURE**
HEADDRESS!



I'VE BEEN PRAYING
FOR THE **PRIMATRIX**
EVER SINCE HER
ILLNESS CAME! I'VE
KEPT HER **IDOL** WITH
ME **EVERY DAY**!

WOW, I
BET THAT
HELPED.
THAT'S
REALLY...

PATHETIC.

TERRIFIC.



ISN'T SHE
BEAUTIFUL?

YEAH, SHE'S
THE **GROOVIEST**
CHICK IN TOWN.
BUT WHY ARE
YOU **GAWPING** AT
HER **NOW**?

ARE Y'**MAD**,
GIRL? DON'T
Y'**KNOW**?

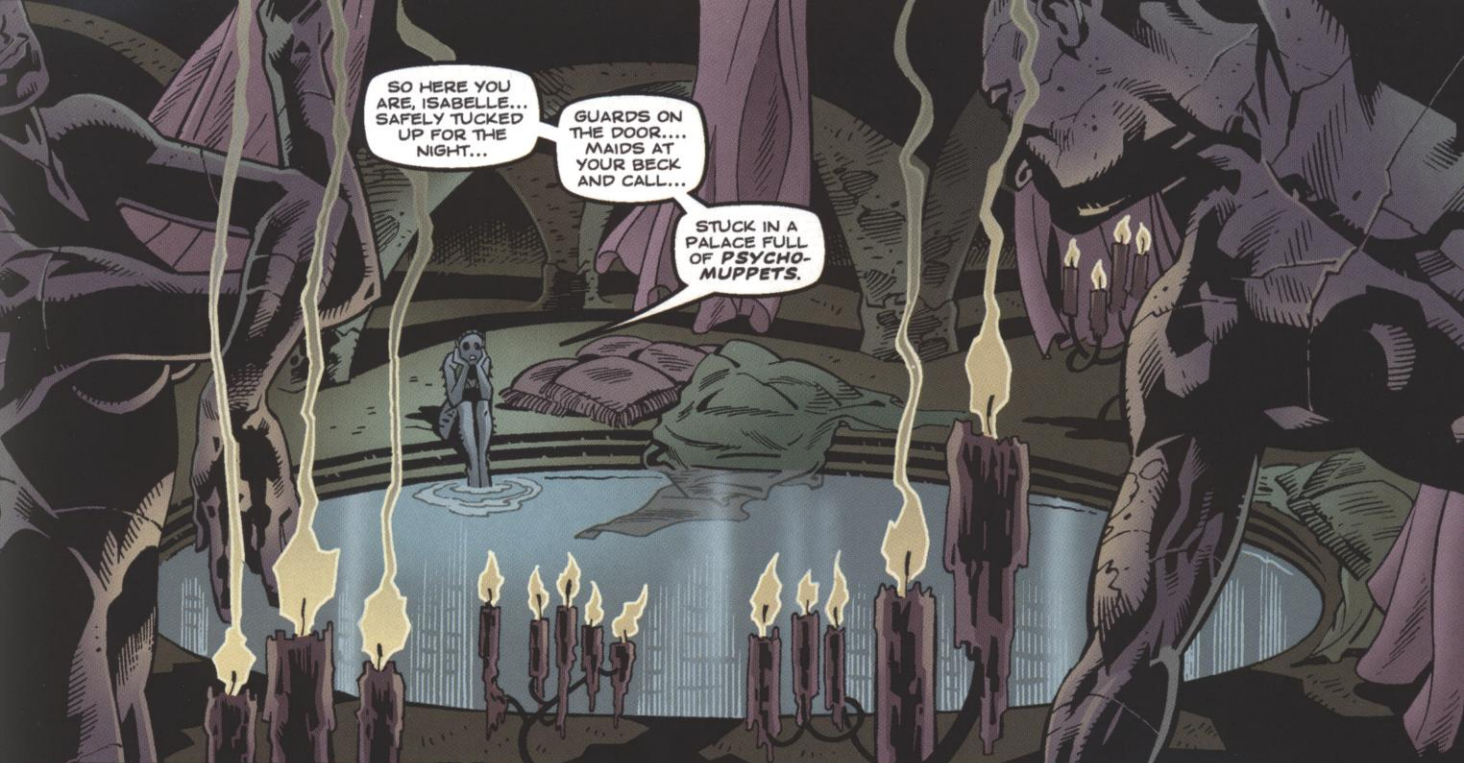
THE
ROYAL
WEDDIN'
STARTS
IN AN
HOUR!



CRAP-CRAP-
CRAP!

I'VE BEEN GONE
A **WHOOOLE** LOT
LONGER THAN I
THOUGHT. FINDING
UNCLE CAN WAIT.
TOP PRIORITY
HAS TO BE...

"**SAVE**
OWN
SKIN"...



SO HERE YOU ARE, ISABELLE... SAFELY TUCKED UP FOR THE NIGHT...

GUARDS ON THE DOOR.... MAIDS AT YOUR BECK AND CALL...

STUCK IN A PALACE FULL OF PSYCHO-MUPPETS.



AND YET **ANOTHER** CULTURAL REFERENCE SOARS GRACEFULLY OVER MY HEAD...

HUH...?



FEY!!!

OHMYGODTHISISAMAZING!!!

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! IT'S REALLY YOU!



IT'S WONDERFUL TO SEE YOU TOO, IZZY. IT'S BEEN FAR TOO LONG...

IS... IS THE DOCTOR ALRIGHT? THERE WERE THESE TWO CREATURES...

HE'S FINE. HE'S WAITING OUTSIDE WITH THE ENGINE RUNNING...



THANK HEAVEN, I WAS SO WORRIED. I...

OH.



WHAT'S WRONG?

NOTHING... THIS IS FANTASTIC...

I... I JUST DIDN'T EXPECT TO SEE YOU AGAIN, THAT'S ALL.

LIKE THIS, I MEAN.

I'M... PRETTY GRUESOME, I KNOW...



FEY, YOU MUST
FOCUS PAST THE
PAIN. WE HAVE ONLY
SECONDS UNTIL TOTAL
DISINTEGRATION...



C-C-CAN'T...

STORY: SCOTT GRAY PENCIL ART: MARTIN GERASHTY
INKING: DAVID A. ROACH COLOURING: ADRIAN SALMON
LETTERING: ROGER LANGRIDGE EDITOR: CLAYTON HICKMAN

YOUR WEAPON
IS NOT A PHYSICAL
OBJECT. IT IS AN
EXTENSION OF
YOUR WILL.

CONCENTRATE
ON IT. FEEL ITS
WEIGHT IN
YOUR HAND...

...AND IT
WILL BE
THERE.



TH-THANK
YOU, SHAYDE...

YOU NEVER
CEASE TO
IMPRESS.



YOU ARE
CLEVER
BUT
YOU CANNOT
HURT US

THUD
THUD

THUD





STOP PLAYING WITH IT, YOU SIMPLETONS!

THUD
THUD

FEY, YOU'VE GOT TO GO! PLEASE! I'LL BE ALRIGHT, BUT YOU'LL DIE IF YOU STAY!



BLAST IT...

I'LL BE BACK, IZZY...

YOU HAVE MY WORD...



WE ARE VERY

SORRY GREAT

MATRIAX THE

SHADOW CHILD

IS VERY STRONG

NO EXCUSES! TRACK IT DOWN AND FINISH IT!



WHAT WAS THAT THING, DESTRIANATOS? A LITTLE FRIEND YOU PICKED UP ON YOUR TRAVELS? HOW DID IT GET HERE?

N-NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS...



NNGGH!

YOU INSOLENT --!

NO... THE WEDDING COMES FIRST. YOU CAN PAY FOR THAT REMARK LATER.

GET READY...



WELL, DOCTOR? WHAT DO YOU THINK OF OUR FAIR CITY?

I THINK IT HAS MORE THAN ENOUGH HUNGRY PEOPLE IN IT...

I KNOW, SHOCKING, ISN'T IT? THE POOR CAN ALWAYS BE RELIED UPON TO BREED AND STARVE. THE OBVIOUS SOLUTION IS CANNIBALISM, BUT THEY SEEM QUITE RESISTANT TO THE NOTION...

I KNOW IT ISN'T MUCH TO LOOK AT NOW, BUT OBLIVION WAS ONCE A GRAND AND NOBLE PLACE -- A REALM OF DARING AND DELIGHT.

ALAS, THE OLD VALUES SEEM TO HAVE PERISHED...



ARE YOU A **NATIVE** OF OBLIVION, JODAFRA?

OH, MY DEAR FELLOW, OF **COURSE!**

I WAS JUST WONDERING WHY YOU SEEM SO **DIFFERENT** FROM THE OTHER INHABITANTS...

AH! WELL, ALL THOSE OF **ROYAL BLOOD** ARE CLEARLY SET APART FROM THE **MASSSES...**

WE WERE VISITED BY A RATHER NASTY LITTLE **PLAGUE** SOME TIME AGO, YOU SEE. IT HAD CERTAIN... **SIDE EFFECTS...**

I AM OF THE **FIRST CIRCLE**, THE MOST IMPERIOUS HOUSE OF **ENDOSKIIA!** MY LINEAGE CAN BE TRACED FOR **THREE MILLENNIA!**

WELCOME TO MY **HUMBLE ABODE**, DOCTOR; THE SINGLE **OASIS** OF SCHOLARLY **PROGRESSION** IN THIS **DESERT** OF UNCHANGING **MEDIOCRITY.**

DO MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME...



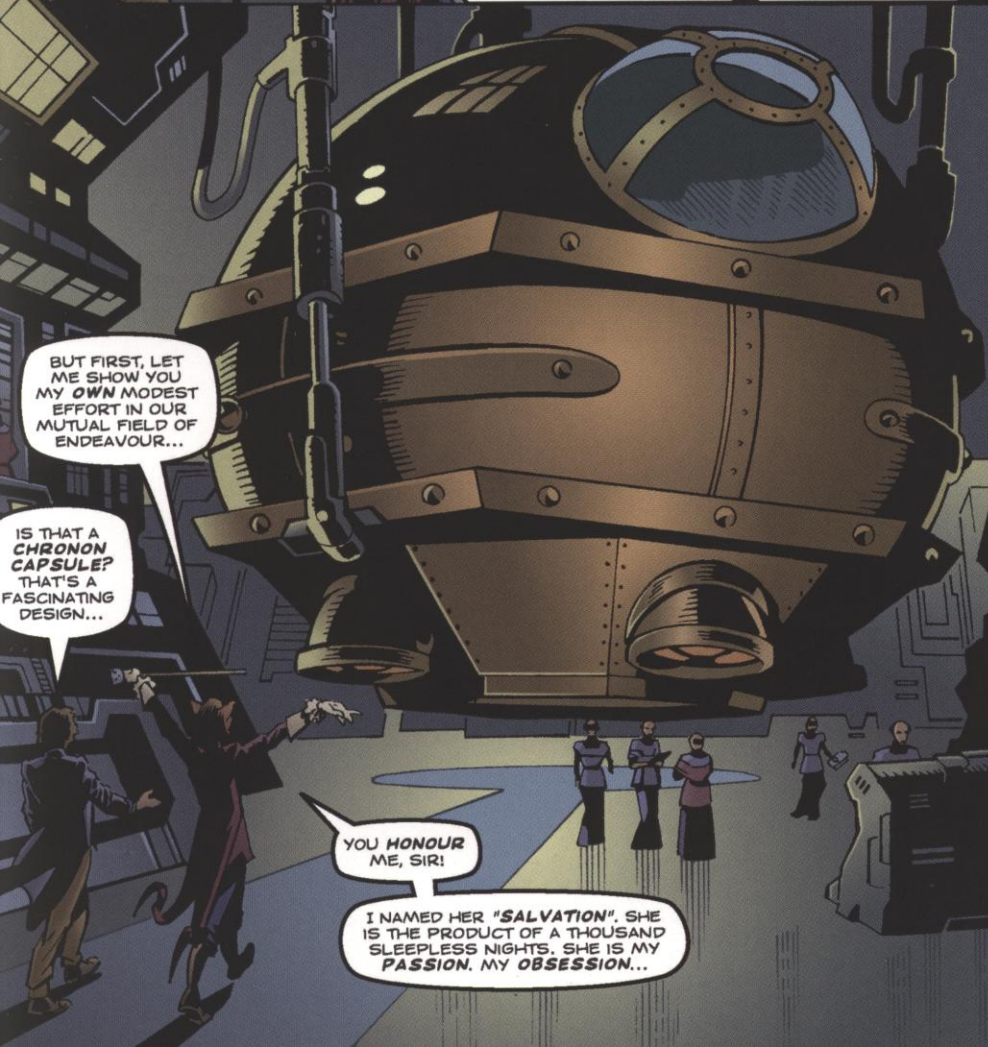
OH, **SPLENDID!** YOUR CRAFT HAS PRECEDED US!

MY **TARDIS!**

WHAT AN INTRIGUING NAME...

AS I SAID, I DETECTED ITS **ARRIVAL**. AND WE COULDN'T LEAVE SUCH A WONDERFUL DEVICE SITTING UNPROTECTED OUT IN THE **PROVINCES**, NOW **COULD WE?**

I LOOK FORWARD TO DISCUSSING ITS INNERMOST WORKINGS OVER **SUPPER...**



BUT FIRST, LET ME SHOW YOU MY **OWN** MODEST EFFORT IN OUR MUTUAL FIELD OF ENDEAVOUR...

IS THAT A **CHRON CAPSULE?** THAT'S A FASCINATING DESIGN...

YOU **HONOUR** ME, SIR!

I NAMED HER "**SALVATION**", SHE IS THE PRODUCT OF A THOUSAND SLEEPLESS NIGHTS. SHE IS MY **PASSION**. MY **OBSESSION...**



SOMEDAY SHE'LL BE **READY**. SOMEDAY SHE'LL SWEEP ME AWAY FROM THIS VEIL OF MUNDANE CAUSALITY **FOREVER.**

I **PROMISE** YOU, DOCTOR, I SHAN'T LOOK **BACK...**

THIS IS DESTRII'S WEDDING OUTFIT? I WAS EXPECTING A GOWN... NOT A WHITE ONE, BUT A GOWN. WHAT'S WITH THE RED SONJA ENSEMBLE?

JUST STAY COOL, ISABELLE... PLAY ALONG UNTIL THE DOCTOR AND FEY MAKE THEIR MOVE.

TONIGHT, MATTHEW, I'M GOING TO BE...

...THE PRIMATRIX INCARNATE, DESTRIIANATOS!

OH

MY

GOD.

ON THIS PROUD DAY TWO MIGHTY HOUSES WILL BE JOINED TOGETHER IN BLOOD. A NEW ERA FOR THE EMPIRE IS DAWNING.

WE ARE HERE TO CELEBRATE THE WEDDING BETWEEN THE SOLE DAUGHTER OF THE HOUSE OF ENDOSKIIA...

...AND THE MOST NOBLE FIRST-BORN SON OF THE HOUSE OF DREGGANON...

DUKE BORVATHORIUS!

EHH.

OUR BELOVED DAUGHTER HAS COME OF AGE. WE ARE FILLED WITH JOY, AS WE TRUST ARE YOU ALL.

IT IS OUR MOST FERVENT HOPE THAT WHAT YOU SEE NEXT WILL PLEASE YOU AND BRING YOU HAPPINESS.

AS TRADITION DICTATES, BEFORE THE PRIMATRIX CAN BE WED, SHE MUST PROVE HERSELF WORTHY. A CHALLENGER HAS BEEN SELECTED...

DESTRIIANATOS SHALL FACE THE LADY TETRONNIA IN MATRIMONIAL COMBAT -- TO THE DEATH!

PARDON ME?

HELLO, DESTRII. REMEMBER ME?

I'VE BEEN PRAYING TO THE FORGOTTEN SONS FOR A CHANCE TO FACE YOU IN THE ARENA...





GOOD OLD
TETRONNIA.
JUST LIKE
HER BIG
SIS...



ALL HER
BRAINS IN HER
CLEFTAGE.



SO HEY, DWEBB, WHAT'S
NEW? STILL TRIPPING OVER
YOUR OWN FEET? OR SHOULD
I SAY MY FEET?

SORRY
I MISSED
THE BRIDAL
SHOWER...



YOU!!!



IS THAT ALL Y-
NNGGHH!

YAAARRGGHH!



AAHHHH!

IT'S ALL
YOUR FAULT!
YOU DID THIS!
YOU DID ALL
OF THIS!

I
HATE
YOU!

FWAKK



JUST WAIT
A MIN-
UUGGHH!

SHWOKK

I
HATE
YOU!



MATRIX,
SHOULD WE
STOP THE
CEREMONY?
THIS
INTRUDER --

-- HAS **SAVED**
THE DAY. DO **NOT**
INTERFERE. THE FIRE
IN MY DAUGHTER'S
HEART HAS BEEN
REKINDLED...

SHE'S
FINALLY
PUTTING ON
A **SHOW...**



**DESTR!!
DESTR!!
DESTR!!**



...BELIEVE ME, JODAFRA, I'D BE ONLY
TOO **HAPPY** TO DISCUSS YOUR WORK AT
ANOTHER TIME -- BUT I HAVE **PRESSING...**

BUSINESS...

WHAT'S
GOING ON
OUTSIDE...?

**DESTR!!
DESTR!!**



OH, MY NIECE IS
GETTING **MARRIED**
TODAY. IT ISN'T
IMPORTANT.



STRANGE... I WASN'T
EXPECTING HER TO FIGHT
A **COMMONER** IN THE
RITUAL...



NO!



WHATEVER'S
THE **MATTER?**

YOU DON'T
UNDERSTAND!
SHE'S **LOST**
CONTROL!
SHE DOESN'T
KNOW WHAT
SHE'S **DOING!**



IZZY!

**I'M GOING
TO *KILL*
YOU, YOU
*BITCH!***

TO BE CONTINUED...

OBLIVION

PART FOUR

FEELS LIKE... EVERY INCH
OF ME... WAS JUST FED
INTO A SAUSAGE MINCER...

WE WERE
SUBJECTED TO A HIGH
DENSITY TELEKINETIC
DISRUPTION -- A
MOLECULAR-LEVEL
ATTACK.

I HAVE
SHIFTED US AS
FAR AS MY ENERGY
RESERVES WILL
ALLOW...

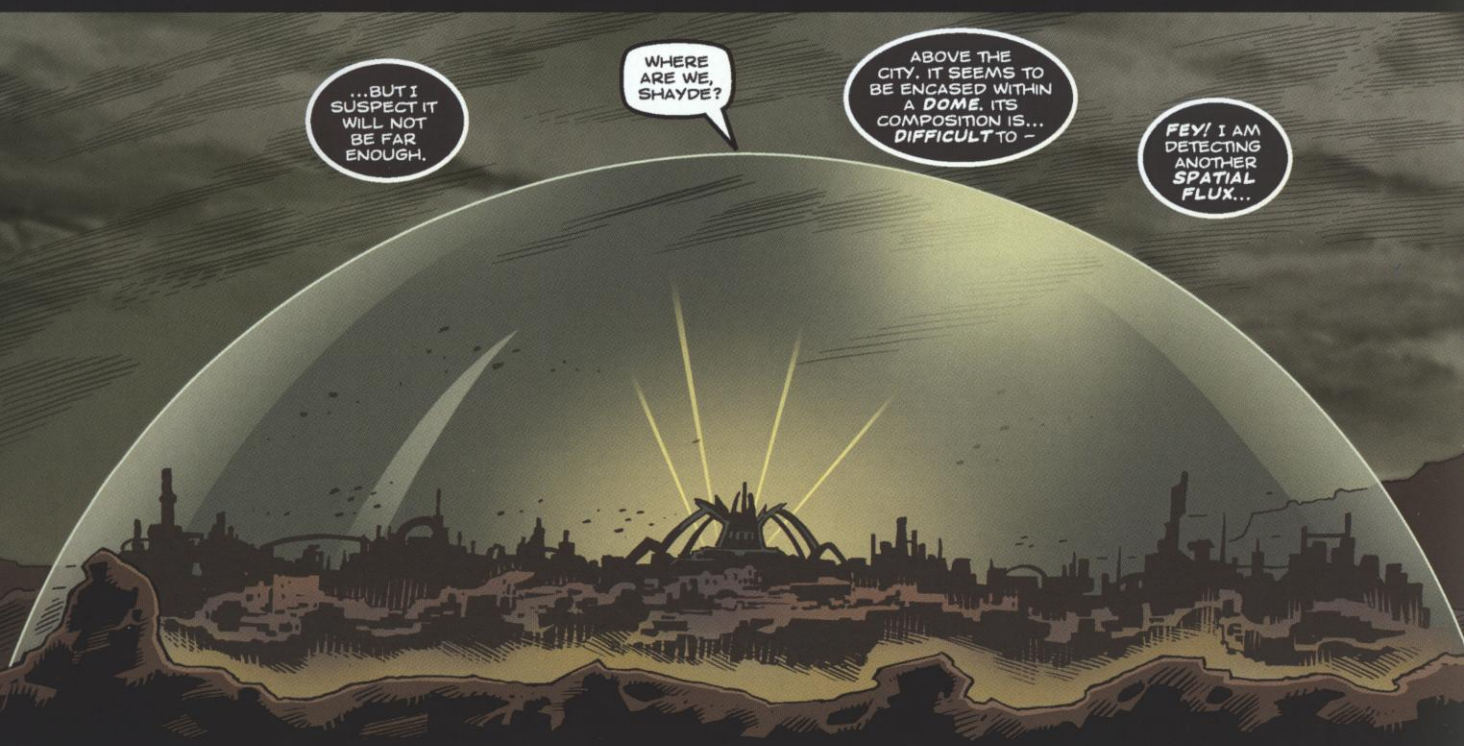
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...BUT I
SUSPECT IT
WILL NOT
BE FAR
ENOUGH.

WHERE
ARE WE,
SHAYDE?

ABOVE THE
CITY, IT SEEMS TO
BE ENCASED WITHIN
A *DOME*. ITS
COMPOSITION IS...
DIFFICULT TO --

FEY! I AM
DETECTING
ANOTHER
SPATIAL
FLUX...



OUR OPPONENTS
HAVE
FOLLOWED
US...

SHADOW
CHILD
WE NO
LONGER WISH
YOU HARM

WE
ARE
BEYOND
THE
EMPIRE
NOW

WHAT...?
ARE YOU SAYING YOU
ONLY OBEY THAT
GROTESQUE CREATURE --
YOUR "MATRIAX" -- WHEN
YOU'RE *INSIDE* THE CITY?

YES
YOU ARE
LIKE US
TWO
MINDS
AS
ONE

WHY DO YOU
WISH TO STEAL DESTRIANATOS

TRY TO UNDERSTAND...
THAT *ISN'T* YOUR
PRINCESS. HER
BODY IS HOUSING
THE MIND OF A GIRL
FROM EARTH
CALLED
ISABELLE.

THEY'VE
EXCHANGED
FORMS...

IF THE PRIMATRIX IS
BROKEN WE
MUST FIX HER

WAIT!
WHAT DO YOU
MEAN...

"...WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?"

NNNAAGH!

FWAKK

YOU MAY HAVE THE MUSCLES NOW, DWEBB...

...BUT I'VE STILL GOT THE MOVES. HOW ABOUT COOLING IT FOR A SECOND AND -

SHUT UP!

I'M NOT LISTENING TO A SINGLE FILTHY WORD FROM YOUR LYING MOUTH! YOU'RE GOING TO PAY FOR WHAT YOU DID TO ME!

OKAY, WHATEVER. I JUST WANT TO KEEP MY BODY BREATHING...

THAT DOESN'T STOP ME SLAPPING DOWN THE STUPID LITTLE BRAT INSIDE IT.

THWAKK

ANNG!

...OH, WHAT A DELIGHT MY NIECE IS! A BODY-THEFT! WE HAVEN'T HAD ONE OF THOSE IN DECADES!

I DON'T SEE WHY YOU'RE SO AMUSED BY THIS, JODAFRA -- IF WE DON'T REACH THEM IN TIME --

DESTR!!
DESTR!!

WHY DO THE PEOPLE NEED THIS KIND OF SAVAGE ENTERTAINMENT, JODAFRA? AND WHY DO THE ROYALS PROVIDE IT?

OH, MY DEAR BOY, YOU'VE COMPLETELY MISUNDERSTOOD THE SITUATION...

WE DON'T DO IT FOR THE PEASANTS...

NEVER FEAR, DOCTOR, I KNOW A WAY INTO THE ARENA -- I SHOWED DESTRIANATOS EVERY SECRET PASSAGEWAY IN THE PALACE WHEN SHE WAS A TODDLER...

GREETINGS TO

THE BROKEN

PRIMATRIX AND

THE BROKEN

FOUNDLING

WH--?

OH, GREAT. HELIOTH AND HASSANA, THE TWINKLY TWINS...

GET LOST, KIDS, WE'RE BUSY...

BOTH ARE

DESTRIANATOS

BOTH ARE

ISABELLE BOTH

MUST SEE

AAUUNGH!!



I'M HAPPY.

HOME IS GOLDEN
AND WARM AND
SOFT.

MUM AND
DAD LAUGH
ALL DAY.

THEN **THE COLD DAY** COMES,
AND EVERYTHING CHANGES.
THEY TELL ME I'M NOT REALLY
THEIRS. I'M A LIE.

I WONDER WHAT
ELSE COULD BE A
LIE? WHAT CAN I
TRUST AFTER **THAT**?

THE COLD DAY STAYS
INSIDE ME AS I GET OLDER.
OLDER AND COLDER.

SHOUTING MIXED
WITH SILENCE. LOTS
OF SLAMMING DOORS
AND TALK OF "REAL"
PARENTS.

"MUM AND DAD"
BECOME "SANDRA
AND LES". I DECIDE
TO **HURT** THEM.

I BLAME
THEM FOR
FEELING
LIKE SUCH
A **FREAK**.

THE **GEEK**. THE
WEIRDO. THE
BOOKWORM. THE
PUNCHLINE TO A
THE PLAYGROUND
JOKES.

FRAGILE FRIENDSHIPS ARE
BUILT AND BROKEN. TOO
MANY FEELINGS I CAN'T
BRING MYSELF TO **SHARE**.

SHY GLANCES AND
UNFINISHED SENTENCES.
DIARIES STARTED AND
THEN **BURNT**.

SECRETS INSIDE
SECRETS INSIDE
SECRETS.

MY LIFE IS
A CAGE.

I HIDE IN MY ROOM.
I HIDE FROM THE WORLD.
I HIDE FROM **MYSELF**...

I DREAM OF
ESCAPE.

I'M THE PRIMATRIX.

SHE GIVES ME A PET. LETS ME CARE FOR IT. THEN MAKES ME KILL IT.

"LOVE WILL ONLY HURT YOU, DESTRIANATOS."

SO MANY LESSONS TO LEARN.

I'M RAISED TO FIGHT. TO BE AN EXAMPLE. TO BE A HEROINE.

FIRST TIME IN THE ARENA IS AT TEN. I HOLD MY BLADE HIGH.

THE PEASANTS ROAR.

A THOUSAND RULES I'M NEVER TAUGHT GET BROKEN. THE PUNISHMENTS ALWAYS COME FROM HER.

SHE HATES ME. IT TAKES YEARS BEFORE I SEE WHY...

THEY WANT ME, NOT HER.

THEY THINK I'LL SAVE THEM. ALWAYS WATCHING, ALWAYS HOPING. I JUST WANT TO BE FREE OF THEM.

BUT THERE'S ALWAYS MAGICAL UNCLE WITH ANOTHER ADVENTURE PLANNED...

HE LAUGHS AT EVERYTHING. NOTHING SCARES HIM.

HE SHOWS ME THE WORLD OUTSIDE. HE PROMISES HE'LL GIVE IT TO ME SOMEDAY...

HE LETS ME WATCH IT FOR HOURS AND HOURS AND HOURS...

I DREAM OF ESCAPE.

AH, I HAVEN'T BEEN THROUGH HERE SINCE I WAS A CUB...

COME ON, QUICKLY!

IZZY!

THE PRIMATRIX

AND THE

FOUNDLING ARE

FIXED

YOU TWO! I REMEMBER NOW! KEEP AWAY FROM HER!

IZZY, ARE YOU ALRIGHT? I'M SO SORRY I'M LATE... I CAME AS SOON AS I COULD...

SAY SOMETHING, PLEASE!

WHAT...?

OW. OW. OW...

IS IT... REALLY...?

THIS... THIS IS WONDERFUL! HOW DO YOU FEEL?

DEEPLY... REGRETFUL. I REALLY... DID A NUMBER... ON ME...

BUT YOU KNOW WHAT, DOCTOR...? I DON'T CARE...

THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE HOME.

WHAT IN SATONNATH'S NAME IS GOING ON HERE? HOW DARE YOU ALL DISRUPT THE CEREMONY!

DESTRIANATOS, YOU HAVE MADE A MOCKERY OF THIS RITUAL!

DESTRIANATOS, I AM TALKING TO YOU!

SCALA, WAIT -- HEAR ME OUT --

I'LL DEAL WITH YOU LATER, JODAFRA!

I GAVE YOU FAIR WARNING, GIRL! YOU'VE SULLIED OUR TRADITIONS FOR THE LAST TIME!

I'LL HAVE YOU HOWLING TONIGHT, DESTRIANATOS! HOWLING!

ARE YOU LISTENING TO ME?!

KRAKK



YEAH.



I FINALLY AM.



UUULLKK!



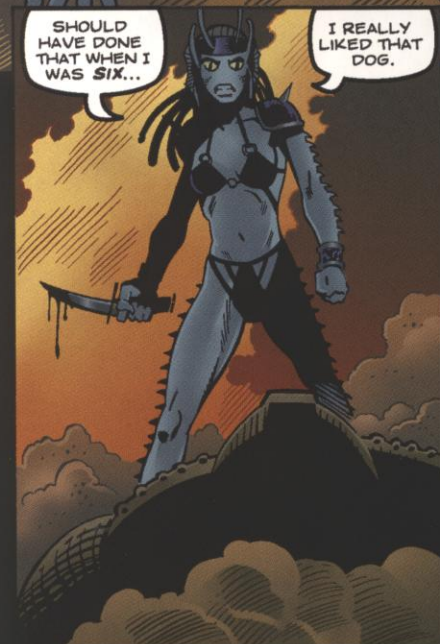
THAT...

THAT WAS...

A M-MIST--



WHUMPH



SHOULD HAVE DONE THAT WHEN I WAS SIX...

I REALLY LIKED THAT DOG.



VERY VERY

VERY SAD NOW

THE BELOVED

MATRIX IS

EXPIRED

OBLIVION IS

OVER



NO! NO, THIS ISN'T HOW IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE!

JODAFRA, WHAT IS IT? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

THE END, DOCTOR! THE END OF US ALL...

"THE *THREAD*
HAS BEEN *CUT*..."

SHAYDE...
THERE'S
SOMETHING ON
THE *HORIZON*.
WHAT IS IT?

I AM...
RECEIVING...
CONFLICTING
INFORMATION...

WELL,
HURRY
UP AND
WORK IT
OUT...

I THINK
IT'S GETTING
CLOSER.

"SO MANY MINDS...
BUT ALL *LINKED*...
ALL *PARALLEL*..."

"AN *OCEAN OF PSIONIC*
ENERGY, STRETCHING FOR
THOUSANDS OF MILES..."

"THE *TERRAIN* IS...
SHIFTING TO MAKE
WAY FOR THEM..."

"DIFFERENT *AGES*...
GENERATIONS OF
THOUGHT ENTWINED..."

"THE *RAW POWER*,
FEY... IT... IT IS
OVERWHELMING..."

"CLUSTERS OF
CONSCIOUSNESS...
MELTING AND
REFORMING LIKE
MOLTEN STEEL..."

"THERE IS TREMENDOUS
GRIEF... BUT IT IS
GIVING WAY..."

"...TO A GREAT
ANGER."

"HOW MANY OF
THEM ARE OUT
THERE?"

"IT... IS DIFFICULT TO
ASCERTAIN... I CAN
ONLY *ESTIMATE*..."

"WELL?"

"TEN BILLION..."

TO BE CONTINUED

OBLIVION

PART FIVE

THE
MATRIX
IS

SILENT

YOU
HAVE
NO

MEANING
NOW

OBLIVION
IS

NO
MORE

THEY'VE COME
AT LAST!

EEEEIAHH!

THE
HORDE!
THE
HORDE!

THEY ARE SCATTERING THE
MOLECULES OF ANYTHING IN
THEIR PATH -- PEOPLE AS
WELL AS OBJECTS.

ISN'T THERE
ANYTHING
WE CAN DO,
SHAYDE?

AAAIEEE!

WE
CANNOT
FIGHT AN
ARMY, FEY.
WE MUST
FIND THE
DOCTOR...

THE MATRIX!
WH-WHERE IS THE
MATRIX?

SAVE US!





THIS WAY -- WE'RE PARKED NEARBY...

THE HORDE HAVE BREACHED THE BARRIER! THEY'RE APPROACHING!

D-DO YOUR DUTY, YOU IGNORANT DOGS!

GET TO YOUR POSTS! PROTECT THE PALACE!

WH-WHERE IS THE MATRIAX?! SOMEONE FIND THE MATRIAX!



HEAD FOR HOME, JODAFRAI ARE YOU ALRIGHT THERE, FEY?

I'M FINE, DOCTOR -- AND IF ANY MORE OF THOSE FELLOWS POP UP, I KNOW WHERE TO AIM NOW...



IT'S TIME FOR SOME ANSWERS. THESE CREATURES -- WHERE DID THEY COME FROM? WHY ARE THEY ATTACKING NOW?

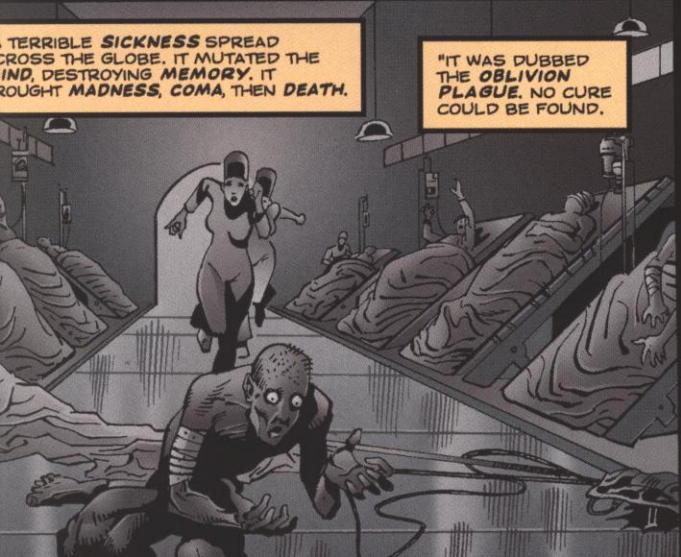
THEY ARE THE HORDE, MY FRIEND. THEY ARE OBLIVION'S LEGACY...



"THIS WORLD WAS ONCE A RICH AND VERDANT REALM -- A LAND WHERE THE RULING HOUSES MADE PROUD WAR WITH ONE ANOTHER.

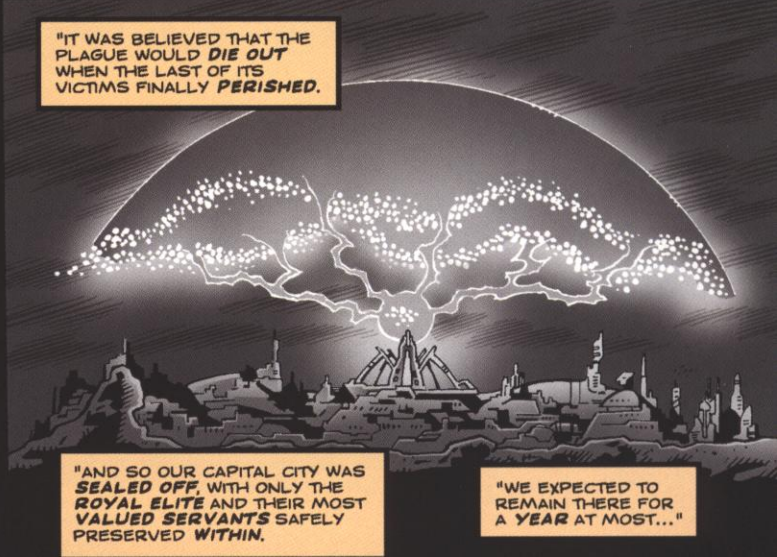
"BUT THEN CERTAIN WEAPONS WERE CREATED...

"WEAPONS WHICH ATTACKED THE FLESH FROM WITHIN.



A TERRIBLE SICKNESS SPREAD ACROSS THE GLOBE. IT MUTATED THE MIND, DESTROYING MEMORY. IT BROUGHT MADNESS, COMA, THEN DEATH.

"IT WAS DUBBED THE OBLIVION PLAGUE. NO CURE COULD BE FOUND.



"IT WAS BELIEVED THAT THE PLAGUE WOULD DIE OUT WHEN THE LAST OF ITS VICTIMS FINALLY PERISHED.

"AND SO OUR CAPITAL CITY WAS SEALED OFF, WITH ONLY THE ROYAL ELITE AND THEIR MOST VALUED SERVANTS SAFELY PRESERVED WITHIN.

"WE EXPECTED TO REMAIN THERE FOR A YEAR AT MOST..."



SO YOU JUST LEFT
ALL OF YOUR PEOPLE --
THE ENTIRE **PLANET** --
TO DIE?

OH, NOT ME
PERSONALLY --
I WAS A MERE **CHILD**
AT THE TIME, BUT YES,
IT SEEMED THE
WISEST COURSE...

ALAS, THERE WERE
COMPLICATIONS...



"SIX MONTHS LATER,
A **BALL** WAS HELD
IN THE PALACE.

"EVERYONE CAME IN THE
GUISE OF A **BEAST**. IT
SEEMED A **MERRY PRANK**."



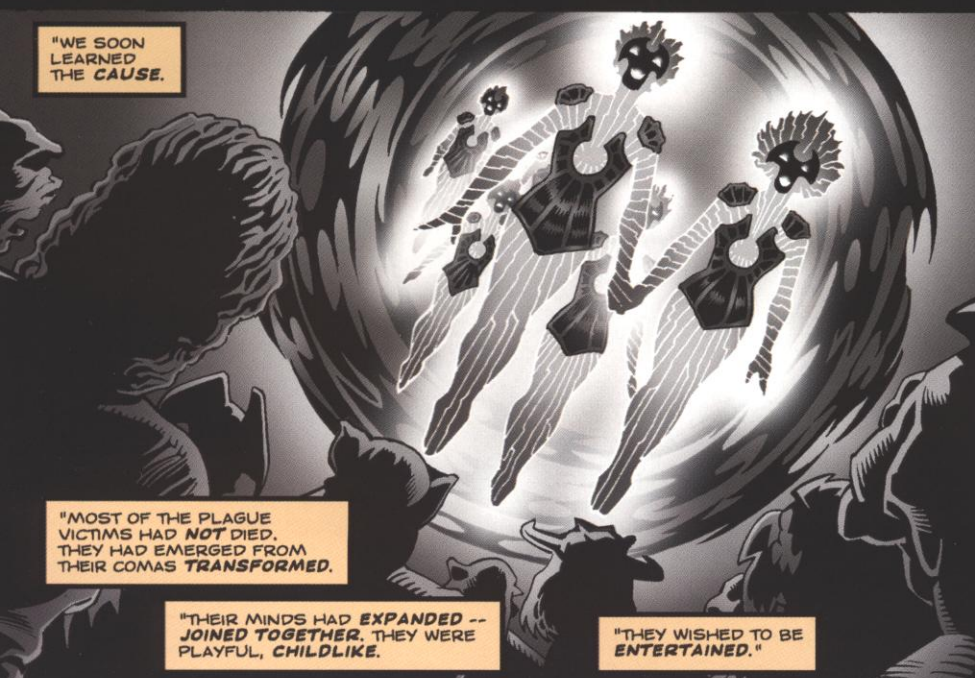
"BUT AS MIDNIGHT TOLLED, WE FELL
ABOUT IN **AGONY**. OUR **SKIN** WRITHED
BENEATH OUR MASKS LIKE **MAGGOTS**."

"IT WAS THEN
WE DISCOVERED
THE **TRUTH...**



"WE WERE
THE **PRANK**."

"OUR **MOLECULAR STRUCTURES**
WERE RESHAPED BY A **PSYCHOKINETIC**
PULSE. IN A **HEARTBEAT** WE BECAME
FISH AND FOWL AND FANG AND FUR...



"WE SOON
LEARNED
THE **CAUSE**."

"MOST OF THE **PLAGUE** VICTIMS HAD **NOT** DIED.
THEY HAD EMERGED FROM
THEIR **COMAS** **TRANSFORMED**."

"THEIR **MINDS** HAD **EXPANDED** --
JOINED TOGETHER. THEY WERE
PLAYFUL, **CHILDLIKE**."

"THEY WISHED TO BE
ENTERTAINED."



THE **GLADIATORIAL**
BATTLES...?

YES, ALL
FOR **THEM**. CAN
YOU APPRECIATE
THE **IRONY**, DOCTOR?
THIS **CITY** HAD
BEEN THE **CAPITAL**
OF MY **WORLD'S**
GREATEST
EMPIRE...

AND OVERNIGHT
IT BECAME
NOTHING MORE
THAN A **ZOO**."



HOW CAN THE HORDE HAVE REMAINED SO WELL HIDDEN?

I BELIEVE THEY HAVE MANIPULATED THE **TEMPORAL FIELDS** SURROUNDING THIS PLANET, **ERASING** IT FROM THE MEMORY OF THE UNIVERSE.

EVEN ITS TRUE NAME HAS BEEN TAKEN FROM US. THEY WISH IT CALLED **OBIVION**, AND THUS IT IS SO.

THEY WERE SO FIXATED ON **SCALAMANTHIA**... I THINK SOME VESTIGE OF THEIR FORMER SELVES LEFT THEM **DEFERENTIAL** TO HER. BUT NOW SHE IS FINALLY **GONE**...

THEY SEEM RATHER UPSET ABOUT THAT.

WAIT -- IF ALL THIS IS **TRUE**, HOW DID **DESTRII** MANAGE TO LEAVE **OBIVION**?

ALL MY EFFORTS HERE HAVE BEEN CENTRED ON FINDING A WAY OF OPENING A **HOLE** IN THE **SPACE-TIME VORTEX** AND **ESCAPING** IN MY **CHRONON CAPSULE**.

AT FIRST I COULD ONLY **OBSERVE** THE OUTER UNIVERSE, BUT THIS YEAR I WAS ABLE TO SEND A SMALL **OBJECT** THROUGH THE VORTEX. MY NIECE **INSISTED** ON ATTEMPTING THE JOURNEY...



WHY DIDN'T YOU GO YOURSELF?

MY DEAR, I AM A **SCHOLAR**, A **SCIENTIST** AND A **MAGICIAN**, AND ALL MAGICIANS WILL AGREE ON **ONE POINT**...

THE KEY TO THE ART IS **MISDIRECTION**.

DESTRII?

YOU HAVEN'T SAID A **WORD** SINCE YOU...

SINCE WE LEFT THE PALACE.

I GUESS YOU'RE FEELING THE SAME AS ME... **CONFUSED**. OUR MINDS SEEMED TO KIND OF **MEET** IN THE **MIDDLE** WHEN THEY GOT SWAPPED BACK.

YOU SAW MY LIFE, AND I SAW YOURS.



I KNOW HOW YOUR MOTHER TREATED Y -

DON'T TOUCH ME!



YOU WANT TO BE **FRIENDS** NOW, **IZZY**? YOU FEEL **SORRY** FOR ME?

YOU THINK I NEED **PITY** FROM A USELESS LITTLE **LOSER** LIKE YOU?



POOR LITTLE BOOKWORM, SO SCARED OF THE **TRUTH**! SO WRAPPED UP IN **HERSELF** SHE COULDN'T CARE **LESS** WHAT SHE WAS DOING TO HER **PARENTS**!

THEY **WANTED** YOU! THEY **CHOSE** YOU!



I WOULD HAVE GIVEN **ANYTHING** TO HAVE HAD THAT!



HEY! HEY, OVER **HERE!** IT'S THE BIG, BAD GIRL WHO KILLED YOUR STUPID **FAT Matriax!**

ISN'T IT TIME FOR MY **PUNISHMENT?**



OH, **GREAT**, THE **TWINKLY TWINS** ARE **TOGETHER** AGAIN! WHO SAID **ROMANCE** IS **DEAD?**

I AM SO **SICK** OF RUNNING FROM YOU TWO. **FINISH THIS NOW**, I'M GETTING **BORED...**



THE **Matriax**

IS **DEAD**

THE **Matriax**

IS **BORN**



AAAIIKKKK!!

DOCTOR!
DOCTOR, COME QUICKLY!

SHRAZZZ

NNAAGHH!

THE HORDE ARE A **GROUP MIND** -- SUPREMELY **POWERFUL** BUT WITH NO **INTELLIGENT DIRECTION** -- THEY'RE LIKE AN **INSECT COLONY** WITH NO **LEADER**...

NO **QUEEN!**

DESTRIANATOS! THEY'RE KILLING HER!

NO! DON'T YOU **SEE**, JODAFRA...?

YOU THOUGHT THE CONTESTS IN THE ARENA WERE FOR THEIR **ENTERTAINMENT**, BUT IT WAS A PROCESS OF **SELECTION**! SCALAMANATHIA DIDN'T MEASURE UP -- BUT **DESTRII** DID!

YOU MEAN... THEY WERE **WAITING** FOR DESTRIANATOS TO KILL HER?

WELL, HEY, GUYS...

AND NOW THAT SHE HAS... SHE'S **PROVEN** HERSELF. SHE'S THE **MATRIX** THEY'VE BEEN WANTING -- SOMEONE TO **GUIDE** THEM, GIVE THEM A **PURPOSE**...

SHE HAS THE POWER OF **TEN BILLION TELEPATHS** AT HER DISPOSAL...

SHE'S VIRTUALLY A **GODDESS!**

WHO SAW THAT ONE COMING...?

TO BE CONCLUDED...

WHAT WAS THAT YOU SAID, DOC, BEFORE WE LANDED IN OBLIVION? SOMETHING ABOUT MONSTERS BEING SCARED OF YOU...?

HOW SCARED DO WE LOOK NOW?

AND USING THE ROYAL "WE" NOW, IT SEEMS. OR PERHAPS THE HORDE HAVE ALREADY STARTED TO ALTER YOU?

IS YOUR INDIVIDUALITY FADING?

WHO CARES...?

K-K-KRAKK!

WE HAVE POWER NOW... WE CAN FEEL THE PLANET'S HEARTBEAT...

LOOK, EVERYONE! THE WHOLE WORLD'S OUR TOY!

THE HORDE ARE FEEDING ME!

NO, THEY'RE DROWNING YOU! THIS ISN'T WHAT YOU WANTED, DESTRII! FIGHT THEM!

THAT'S IT, IZZY, KEEP HER TALKING. KEEP HER ON OUR LEVEL...

WAIT A MINUTE... WHERE'S JODAFRA...?

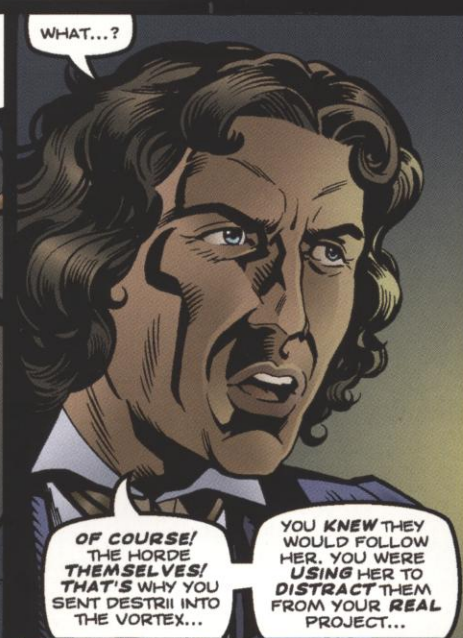
DESTRII, WHETHER WE LIKE IT OR NOT, WE'VE GOT A CONNECTION NOW. WE LOOKED INTO EACH OTHER'S LIVES! I KNOW YOU!

IT ALWAYS HAPPENS... YOU GET FAMOUS AND SUDDENLY EVERYONE KNOWS YOU...

OBLIVION

PART SIX

STORY: SCOTT GRAY PENCIL ART: MARTIN GERAGHTY
INKING: DAVID A. ROACH COLOURING: ADRIAN SALMON
LETTERING: ROGER LANGRIDGE EDITOR: CLAYTON HICKMAN





THE EXTRACTOR MIGHT KILL HER, JODAFRA! ARE YOU REALLY PREPARED TO CONDEMN YOUR OWN NIECE?

YES! THIS IS NO EASY DECISION FOR ME, DOCTOR...

BUT FAR BETTER THAT DESTRIANATOS DIE NOW THAN EXIST TO SERVE THOSE SOULLESS DEMONS!

OH, UNCLE...



ALL THOSE HOURS IN FRONT OF THE TELE-SCREEN... FEEDING ME THOSE WONDERFUL STORIES... MAKING ME DREAM OF THE OUTSIDE...

YOU WERE USING ME EVEN THEN?

THEY ARE CLOUDING YOUR MIND, MY SWEET! TRUST ME, ONLY I CAN SAVE YOU!



WE... I...

I MAKE MY OWN CHOICES, UNCLE.

WH--?!

CH-KRANNGG!



EXPRAASHH!

HAH-HAH-HAH!

I'M IN CHARGE NOW!



ALL OF YOU, FOLLOW ME!

FOLLOW YOUR Matriax!

FOLLOW ME UP...



TOP OF THE WORLD, MA!

UUUUSSSHH



LATER...

NO MORE HORDE... NO MORE BARRIER... NO MORE BOWING AN' SCRAPING...

READY TO SHARE THE WEALTH, M'LORD...?

GET THIS THING IN THE AIR, YOU FOOL! HURRY!

WHERE ARE WE GOING, MY LORD?

AWAY! JUST... AWAY!



IT SEEMS THE ELITE ARE FLYING THE COOP. I WOULDN'T BE AT ALL SURPRISED IF OBLIVION BECAME A REPUBLIC...

I HOPE IT WORKS OUT. AT LEAST THEY'VE ALL GOT A CHANCE NOW.



WELL, I'M AFRAID I **ALSO** HAVE TO LEAVE -- SHAYDE AND I ARE NEEDED BACK ON EARTH. AND I THINK YOU AND THE DOCTOR MIGHT PREFER SOME TIME **ALONE**...

DO YOU THINK HE'S GOING TO BE... **OKAY** WITH THIS?

HE'LL BE **FINE**, ISABELLE. YOU'LL SEE.



YOU ACTUALLY FELT **SORRY** FOR DESTRII, DIDN'T YOU? DESPITE EVERYTHING SHE **DID** TO YOU...

YOU KNOW, NOBODY GETS TO **CHOOSE** HOW THEY GROW UP. **PARENTS... HOME... IT'S ALL A LOTTERY.**

I GOT **LUCKY**. DESTRII DIDN'T.

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THAT SHY LITTLE WAIF I MET ON VARNEY'S BEACH?



I GUESS SHE LEARNED A FEW **LESSONS**. LIKE, FOR EXAMPLE...

PEOPLE CAN'T HELP BEING WHO THEY ARE.

AND PEOPLE SHOULDN'T BE **FRIGHTENED** OF WHO THEY ARE, EITHER. HAVE YOU LEARNED **THAT**?



YES.



GOODBYE, FEY.

NO, IZZY. ALWAYS **AU REVOIR**...



STOCKBRIDGE,
DECEMBER 19TH,
1996...

FANCY A
QUICK SPIN,
MAX?

ER, I'D LOVE TO --
BUT I'VE JUST HEARD
ABOUT SOME *CROP
CIRCLES* IN THE
MEADOW OVER BY
LIMESTONE LANE...

I QUITE
UNDERSTAND.
THE TRUTH IS OUT
THERE. THAT I
PROMISE YOU.

OH MY GOD, IT'S *US*! THIS IS
JUST AFTER WE FIRST MET!

HAH-HAH!
LOOK AT YOUR
SIDEburns,
MR 1972!

SHHH! KEEP YOUR
VOICE DOWN, OR
WE'LL HAVE A VERY
MESSY PARADOX
ON OUR HANDS!

RUPERT THE BEAR
WANTS HIS *TROUSERS*
BACK, BY THE WAY...

IZZY... I
DON'T SUPPOSE
YOU'D BE
INTERESTED
IN -

YOU
BET!

GOOD
MOVE,
KID...

HAVE
FUN!

THERE WE GO... AND
HERE WE ARE. RIGHT
BACK WHERE WE
STARTED.

VWORP-VWORP

WOW. THAT'S
WHAT I CALL A
ROUND TRIP...

YOU...
YOU WILL
COME
BACK,
WON'T
YOU?

I MEAN, YOU KNOW
STOCKBRIDGE -- WEIRDVILLE
UK. THERE'S BOUND TO BE
ANOTHER TWILIGHT ZONE
EPISODE COMING OUR WAY...

THAT'S *YOUR*
DEPARTMENT NOW.
BUT YES, I'LL
BE BACK.

SOMEDAY.

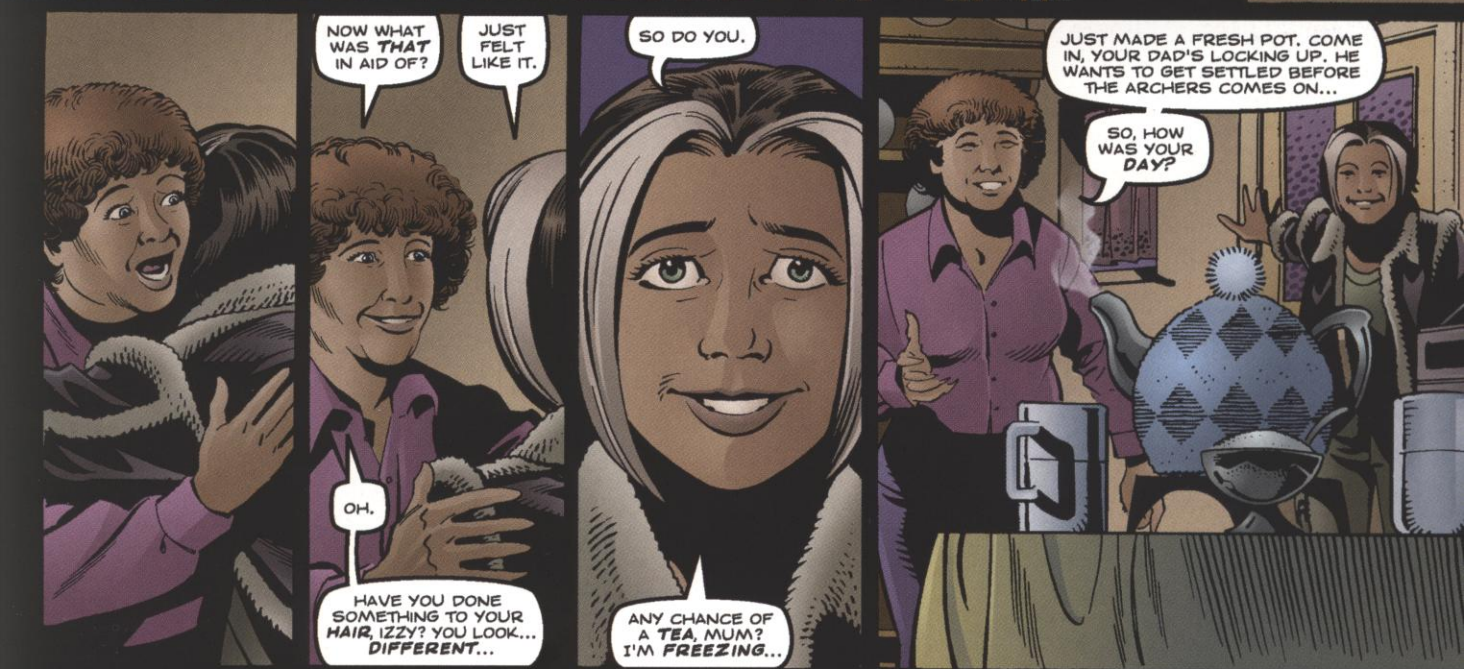
KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK-KNOCK

HANG ON,
HANG ON, I'M
COMING!



OH, HELLO, LUV. DID YOU FORGET YOUR KEY?

YOU KNOW, I'VE TOLD YOU A HUNDRED TIMES...



NOW WHAT WAS THAT IN AID OF?

JUST FELT LIKE IT.

SO DO YOU.

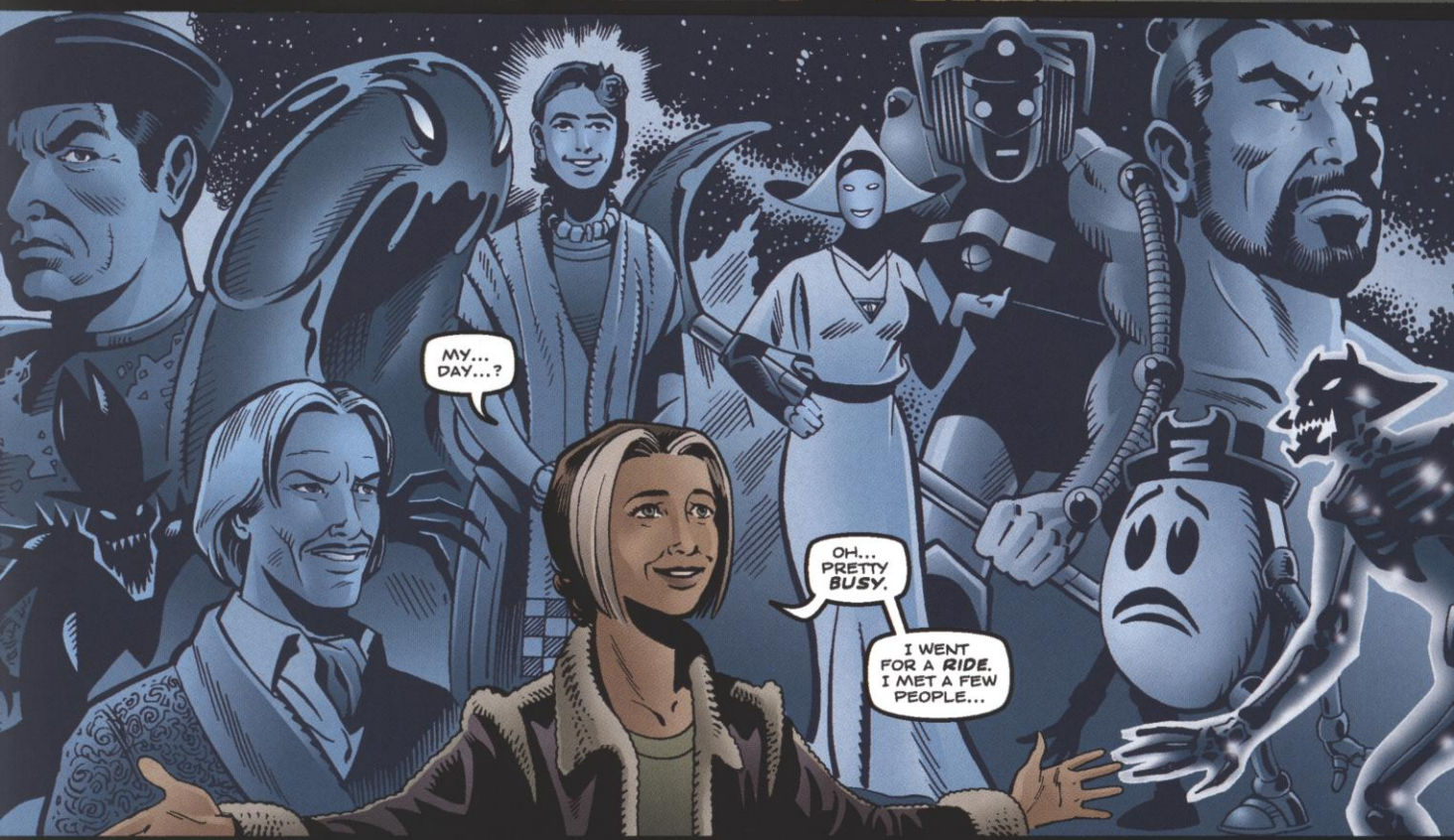
JUST MADE A FRESH POT. COME IN, YOUR DAD'S LOCKING UP. HE WANTS TO GET SETTLED BEFORE THE ARCHERS COMES ON...

SO, HOW WAS YOUR DAY?

OH.

HAVE YOU DONE SOMETHING TO YOUR HAIR, IZZY? YOU LOOK... DIFFERENT...

ANY CHANCE OF A TEA, MUM? I'M FREEZING...



MY... DAY...?

OH... PRETTY BUSY.

I WENT FOR A RIDE. I MET A FEW PEOPLE...



"...AND I MADE A NEW FRIEND."

WWRP WWRP

THE END.

CHARACTER ASSASSIN

The mansion loomed before me like a defiant fist, raised in anger at the cage of rock surrounding it. It signalled my journey's end, and my hearts quickened as it grew larger in my vision.

My quest had taken me across a land overflowing with idle absurdities and notional truths. As the weeks passed, I had encountered many of its colourful natives. I confess I found their eccentricities somewhat entertaining...

But as I neared my goal, I found myself descending ever deeper into this world's cold underbelly; a region which few spoke of and fewer still dared to tread...



SCOTT GRAY - WRITER ADRIAN SALMON - ARTIST
ROGER LANGRIDGE - LETTERER
ALAN BARNES & CLAYTON HICKMAN - EDITORS



YUH?

I DESIRE AN AUDIENCE WITH THE RESIDENTS. YOU WILL ANNOUNCE ME.

UH... NO. NO-ONE COMES INSIDE HOUSE. AGAINST LAW.



YOU GO AWAY N-

UUUHHH...

LOOK AT ME, YOU INSOLENT MONGREL. LOOK INTO MY EYES...



I AM THE MASTER.

I GO WHEREVER I PLEASE.

The beast led me through an interminable corridor and eventually to the lounge. And there they were - legends of a sort; bold figures who had captured the collective imagination of a world.

I stifled an urge to laugh.

...SO THEN **HYDE** DECIDED TO PICK A FIGHT WITH **SILVER**... BUT ONLY AFTER HE'D GOTTEN HIM DRUNK ON THE RUM HE'D STOLEN FROM **SREE**...

THAT MAN IS AN ABSOLUTE DISGRACE - WE SHOULD NEVER HAVE ALLOWED HIM INTO THE SENIOR CIRCLE...

OH, CERTAINMENT! DO YOU KNOW, HE ONCE TOLD ME MY DON JUAN TRIUMPHANT WAS **TURGID**! CAN YOU BELIEVE TH-

WELL NOW, WHO'S THIS?

GREETINGS, GENTLEMEN. I AM KNOWN SIMPLY AS **THE MASTER**. UPON MY TRAVELS I HAVE HEARD MUCH OF YOUR FINE ESTABLISHMENT...

I AM HERE TO PETITION FOR MEMBERSHIP.

IMPUDENT SWINE, I AM THE ONLY **MASTER** HERE! I DOMINATED THE ENTIRE **WORLD** WITH MY BRILLIANT MACHINES, MY **GENIUS** IS -

CERBERUS, WHY DID YOU LET THIS FOOL THROUGH THE DOOR? I DESIGNED YOU TO KEEP THE RABBLE OUT...

OH, WHAT A **JEST**! POOR MOREAU, YOUR LAPDOG'S FOUND ANOTHER HAND FOR HIS LEASH!

WATCH YOUR MOUTH, FRENCHMAN, OR YOU'LL FIND YOURSELF IN MY SURGERY...

BE SILENT, ROBUR, YOUR SO-CALLED "TERROR" WAS AN UNRELIABLE BAG OF BOLTS, AND WE ALL **KNOW** IT. NOW, THE **NAUTILUS** ON THE OTHER HAND...

THE... MASTER... GOES... WHERE... HE... PLEASES...

Origin of Species

A FELLOW **MESMERIST**, THEN? YOU BEGIN TO **INTRIGUE** ME, SIR...

PERHAPS WE **SHOULD** CONSIDER ADDING SOME NEW **BLOOD** TO OUR RANKS.

THANK YOU, MY DEAR COUNT. MY ONLY DESIRE IS TO STATE MY CASE TO YOUR ASSEMBLY...

...AND MEET WITH YOUR **CHAIRMAN**.

"...NOT UNTIL YOU'VE PROVEN YOUR **CREDENTIALS**."

HEH-HEH-HEH... I THINK **NOT**, SIR...

EH-?

In an instant, my surroundings had transformed. I found myself facing still more of these bizarre beings in some form of arena...

LITTLE MAN, YOU SEE BEFORE YOU THE **FINEST INTELLECTS** THE WORLD HAS EVER PRODUCED. OUR EXPLOITS HAVE CHANGED THE FACE OF **NATIONS** AND CARVED THE PATH OF **HISTORY**.

WE STAND REMOVED FROM COMMON **MORALITY**. OUR NAMES STRIKE **TERROR** INTO THE HEARTS OF MANKIND.

SO TELL US, "MASTER"...

WHY SHOULD WE ALLOW **YOU** ENTRY INTO OUR SOCIETY?

WHERE IS YOUR **CHAIRMAN**?

FIRST YOU MUST FACE **OUR** RULING.

NO! I WILL NOT BE JUDGED BY SUCH **INSUBSTANTIAL CREATURES!**

YOU ARE ALL **PSEUDONOMIC ENTITIES**, EXISTING IN A REALM OF **TOTAL FICTION**. I SEE ONLY **WORDS** ON A **PAGE**, CLOTHED IN THE **ILLUSION** OF REALITY!

YOU ARE THE **BY-PRODUCT** OF A FEW **Feeble Imaginations** FROM A **TINY BACKWATER PLANET**, NOTHING MORE!

YOU MUST ADMIT, VLAD, HE'S **MAD** ENOUGH TO BE ONE OF US...

SILENCE, **GRIFFIN**.

WE SHALL PUT THIS TO A **VOTE**...



"WHITE-BALLED", EH?

SHOULD I TAKE THAT TO BE A "NAY"...

AH, EVIDENTLY SO.

AND WHO MIGHT YOU BE?

CALL ME JAS, LITTLE MAN! DON'T BE SHY, HOLD STILL FOR A MINUTE...

...SO'S WE CAN SHAKE HANDS!

I'M AFRAID MY HAND HAS A PRIOR ENGAGEMENT, SIR...



...MEETING YOUR NECK.

KRAK!

AAUUNNGH!

OH, WHAT STYLE! WHAT POISE! I TELL YOU, THIS MAN'S A MAESTRO!

I CAN'T STAY IN THE AUDIENCE, I SIMPLY CAN'T!

THIS IS MY PUNJAB LASSO, ALL THE WAY FROM INDIA! I USED TO ENTERTAIN THE SWEET LITTLE SULTANA OF MAZENDERAN WITH IT...

BY THROTTLING THE COMMON FOLK!

BUT DON'T WORRY, MONSIEUR MASTER, I'M NOT IN A STRANGLING MOOD - I'M JUST ENTERTAINING YOU UNTIL MY FRIEND ARRIVES...

HE'S FROM INDIA TOO!

AAKKK!

GGGRRRR

WHERE HAVE ALL
THE SOFT YOUNG **MAN-CUBS**
GONE? MUST I BE CONTENT
WITH THE GRIZZLED FLESH
OF THE **AGED?**

VERY WELL.
IF THIS BE
ALL THE MEAT
ON OFFER...

...IT
SHALL
FILL MY
BELLY
NOW!

AAIROOWW!!!

YOU'RE NO
DOUBT USED
TO MORE
INTIMIDATED
PREY, BEAST...

ZZZZZZZZZZ

... BUT I
FEAR NO
PAPER
TIGERS.

NNNGH!

THWAK!

ENOUGH! I AM A BUSY
MAN AND WILL BROOK NO
FURTHER **DELAYS** --
ANSWER ME NOW...

AH.
NEARBY,
I THINK...

I SMELL
THE BLOOD --
AND THE
FEAR -- OF AN
ENGLISHMAN.

THIS IS
NO WALL. IT IS A
CURTAIN...

WHERE IS
YOUR
CREATOR?



...LET IT BE
PULLED
BACK.

HOW -- HOW IS SUCH AN
ACHIEVEMENT **POSSIBLE**? I WEAR
THE **CROWN OF THOUGHTS** - ONLY I
CAN EFFECT SUCH **MATHEMATICAL**
FEATS!

YES, I THOUGHT
SOMEONE WAS
MISSING FROM
THAT CROWD...

GOOD EVENING,
PROFESSOR
MORIARTY.

ST-STAY BACK! YOU STAND
IN THE WAY NOT MERELY OF AN
INDIVIDUAL BUT OF A **M-MIGHTY**
ORGANISATION!

RETREATING TO
THE WORDS YOUR
AUTHOR GAVE YOU...
INTERESTING.

BUT YOU'RE THE **LEAST** OF THIS
MENAGERIE, **MORIARTY** - NOT A
TRUE CHARACTER AT ALL, MERELY
A **PLOT DEVICE** YOUR CREATOR
USED TO ELIMINATE THAT
DETECTIVE FELLOW...

AND AS I
RECALL, YOU
COULDN'T EVEN
MANAGE TO
DO THAT.

YOU'VE DEVELOPED
IDEAS **ABOVE YOUR**
STATION, PROFESSOR...
YOUR **SELF-BELIEF** WAS SO
STRONG YOU'VE ACTUALLY
GAINED SOME MEASURE OF
CONTROL OVER THIS
ENVIRONMENT...

STOP! YOU
C-CANNOT-

DID YOU TRULY
THINK YOURSELF
TO BE **REAL**? DID YOU
DECIDE TO SURROUND
YOURSELF WITH YOUR
"**PEERS**"?

WHEN THE BEINGS
WHO BUILT THIS DIMENSION
DEPARTED, THEY LEFT THIS
DEVICE BEHIND. IT'S FAR TOO
IMPORTANT TO BE WASTED
ON THE LIKES OF **YOU...**



NOW, WHERE WERE
YOU SUPPOSED TO BE?
THE **REICHENBACH FALLS**,
WASN'T IT?

NO!

YOU'VE HAD
YOUR MOMENT
ON STAGE,
PROFESSOR...



...TIME
TO STEP
OFF.

AAAIIIEEEE!



SIR... TRULY, YOU
WOULD BE A **MAGNIFICENT**
ADDITION TO OUR SOCIETY.
I KNOW I SPEAK FOR ALL
PRESENT WHEN I ASK YOU
TO **JOIN US...**

NOT AS A
MERE
MEMBER, BUT
AS OUR **NEW**
CHAIRMAN.

OH, MY DEAR FRIENDS,
I AM TRULY **TOUCHED** -
BUT I MUST **DECLINE**
YOUR INVITATION...

I FEAR YOUR
BRIEF ERA OF **DAGGERS**,
PISTOLS AND **POISONED**
DARTS IS LONG OVER.

STILL, YOU HAVE
AMUSED ME, AND
SO I SHALL PRESENT
YOU WITH A PARTING
GIFT...



HAH-HAH-HAH-HAH-HAH-HAH-HAH-HAH-HAH-HAH!

As I began my long journey home, my back warmed by the glow of impossible weapons, I pondered the singular concept of destroying an unreal thing...



I knew the headband could only manipulate matter existing inside this world. Even so, once its technology was studied, it would provide me with all manner of interesting possibilities...

But then a careless notion danced across my mind; if I remained in this realm, I would be all-powerful – a god walking amongst fantasies...

I dismissed the thought at once. My ambitions would never allow such complacency...

I could never be satisfied with a life of mere fiction.

The End



then stops – silent panel. She's making a decision.
* "I could follow you around for the rest of my life,

COMMENTARY

by **SCOTT GRAY**

OPHIDIUS



Above and below: Martin Geraghty's early studies of Destrii.



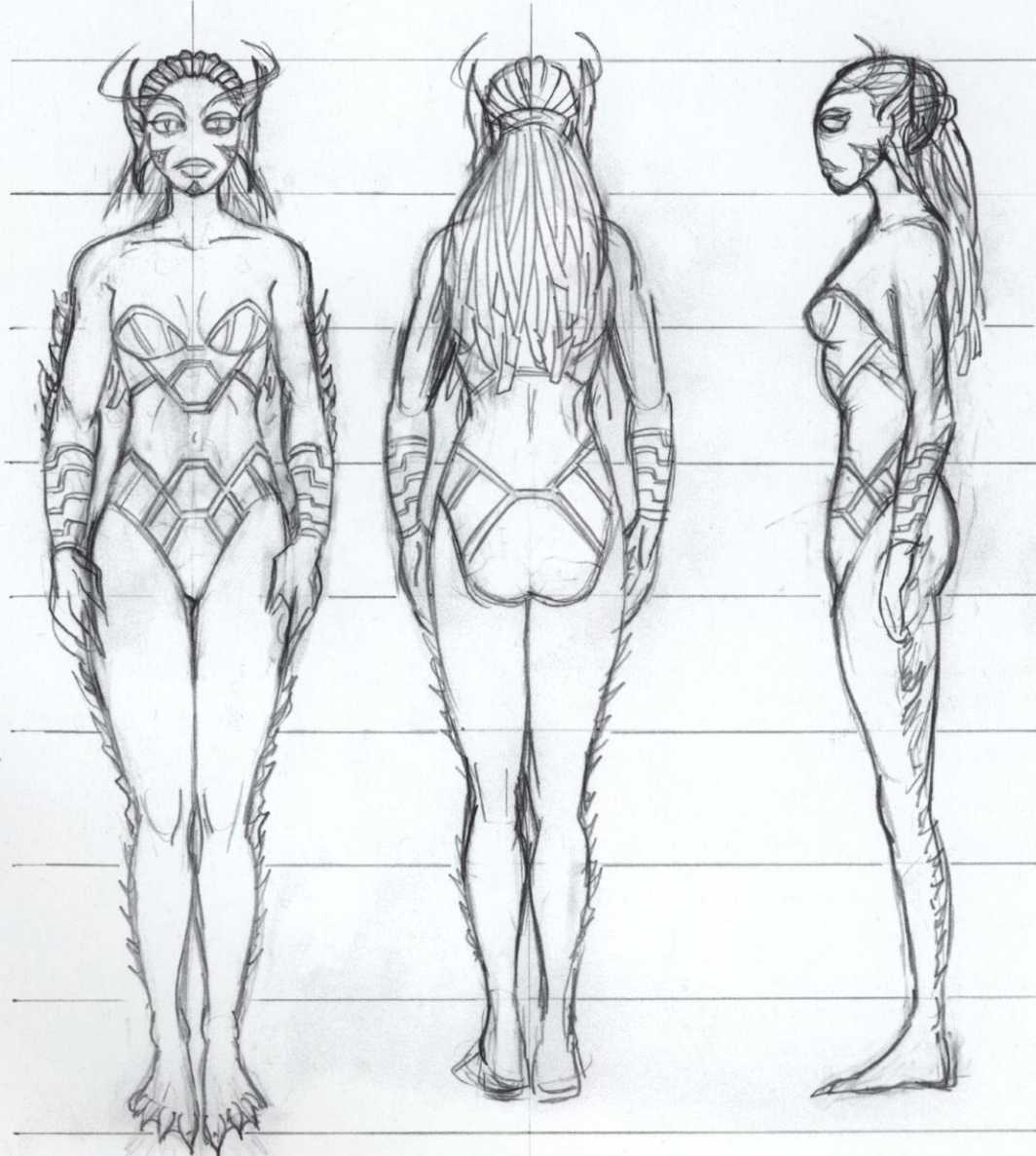
Right: Scott Gray's figure model sheet for Destrii.

COLOUR! COLOUR! COLOUR! COLOUR!!! We had it at last! The *Doctor Who Magazine* comic strip had been running in black-and-white for 299 issues, with only the (very) occasional colour story. While the rest of *DWM* had slowly crept into complete chromatic loveliness, the strip remained the last monochrome element. Can't say it had ever really bothered me – many of my favourite comics were in black-and-white (*Love and Rockets*, *Zot!* and *Concrete* for example). There's a stark power to black-and-white art. The only time I had gotten wistful for colour was during the previous year's story, *The Glorious Dead* – it would've been nice to have splashed some hues around in the Omniversal Spectrum scenes.

But now, thanks to some financial juggling from *DWM* editor Alan Barnes, we were finally beginning a regular run of colour stories! *Ophidius* was a big, bright carnival of weird aliens, exotic jungles, living spaceships, energy beams and force fields – a very deliberate celebration of what we could now do. Yes, it was a tad over-the-top in places but we didn't care. Cos we had **COLOUR!!!**

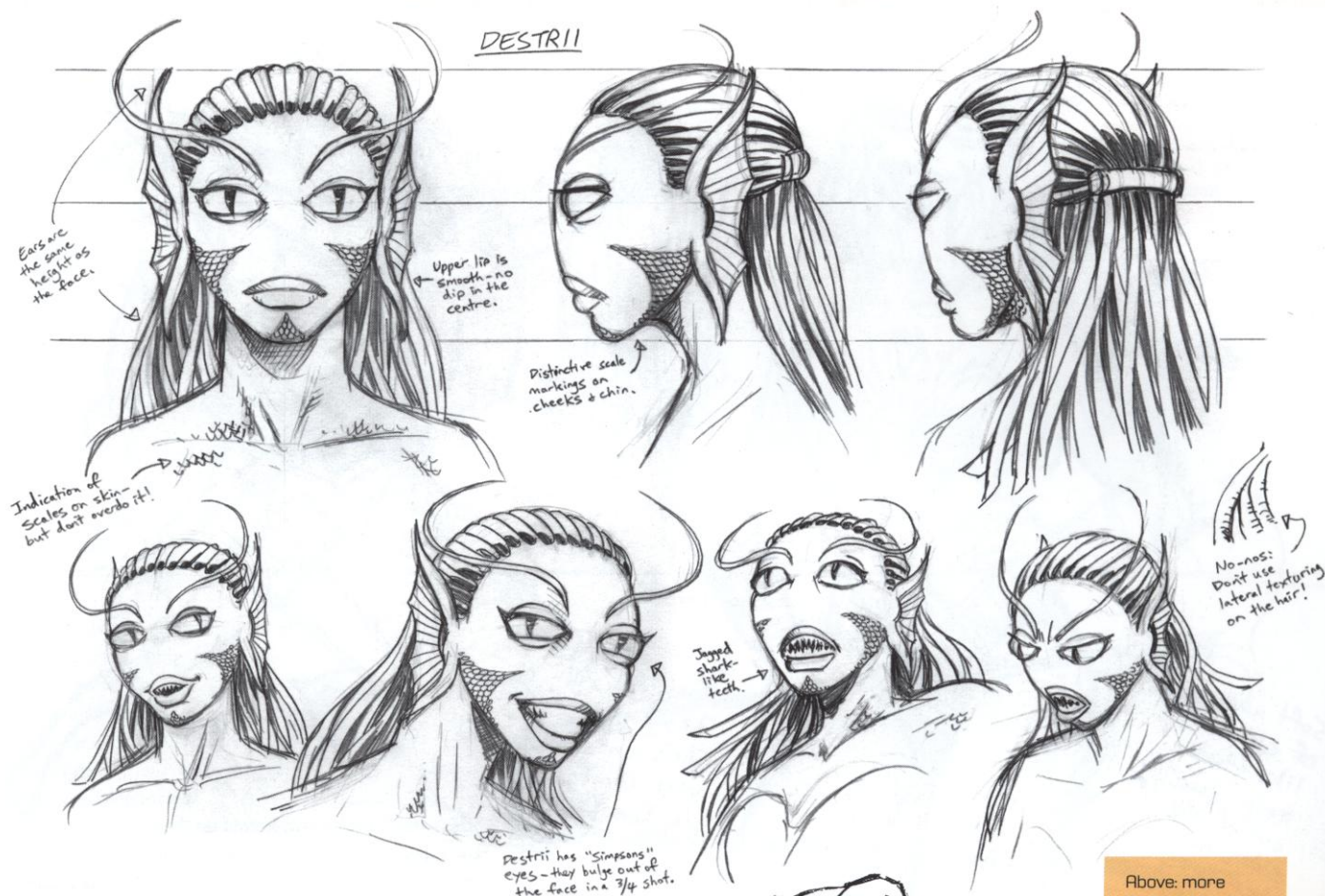
The working title for *Ophidius* was *Serpent in the Garden*. Gahh. Aren't you glad we changed it? I think it was Alan who suggested the word "ophidian" (meaning "snakelike") for the villains' name.

So, body swap stories. They're brilliant. Never seen one I didn't like, and most of them I've loved. *Who's Who?* in *The Avengers*. *Third Rock from the Sun* with Dick and Sally trading roles, hilarious. The classic *Fantastic Four* #10, with Doctor Doom posing as Mr Fantastic and completely



Doctor, and it'd be a mess like I know...
but in this is what you are. But, if I all do

DESTRII



Above: more Destrii model guides by Scott Gray.



Left: Martin Geraghty's design for the Mobok.

fooling the rest of the FF. Xena and Callisto! William Shatner having a big girly meltdown in *Turnabout Intruder*! I could go on and on. Body swaps. Great!

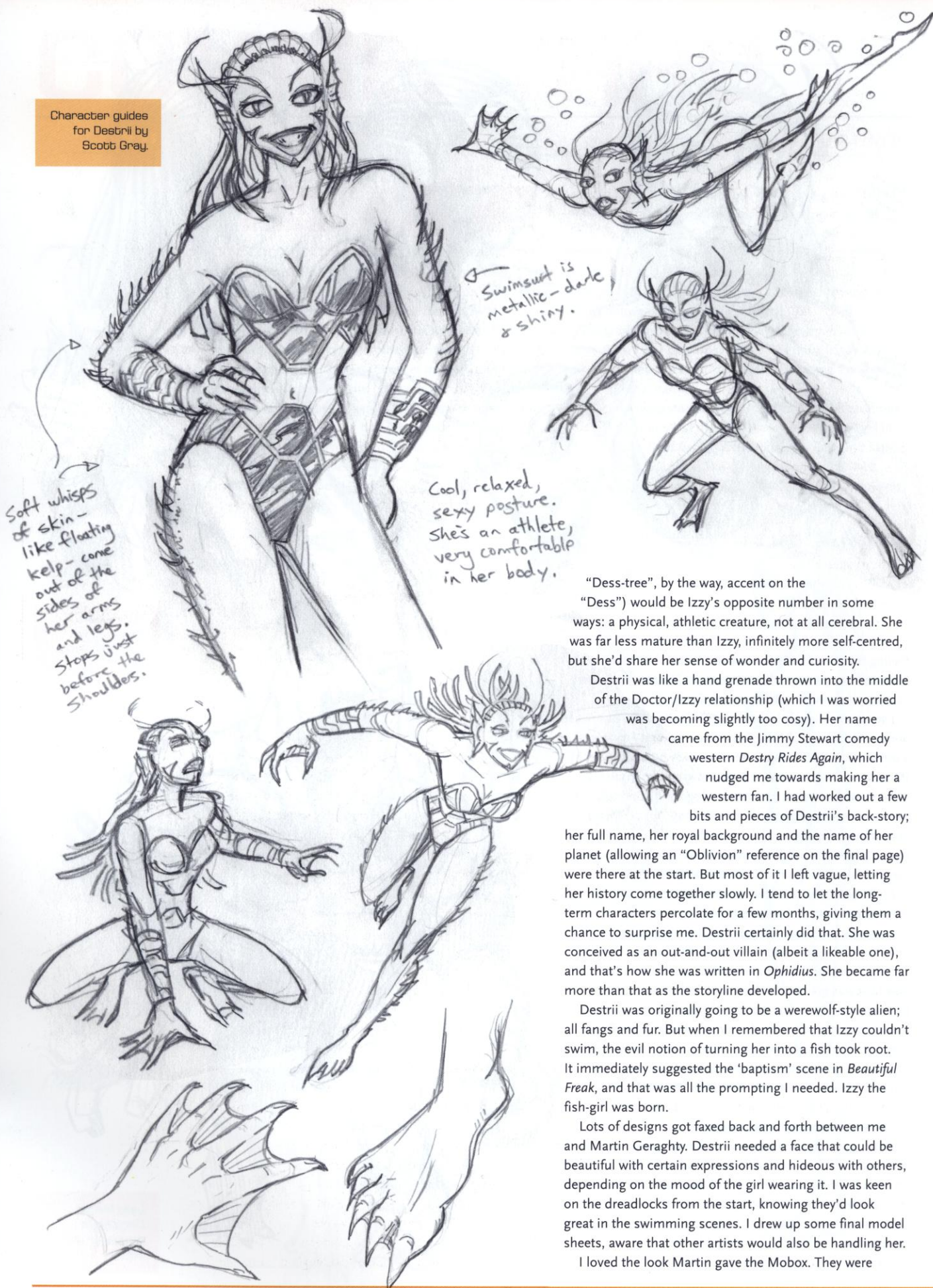
I've always found it bizarre that TV *Doctor Who* has never done one. (Sorry, but *New Earth* doesn't count – that was a possession. We'd need to see Rose waking up as a fleshy trampoline for it to qualify.) A body swap story is such a brilliant sci-fi concept, steeped in allegory. A good one can say so much about personal identity; how our physical appearance affects our outlook on the world and, in turn, how it affects the world's attitude to us. Does the body rule the mind or does the mind rule the body?

All body swap stories follow one simple rule: the change is never permanent. I wanted to stick to that, but instead of reversing the swap at the end of one story, take a long-term approach – do it across the length of a big story arc, thereby (hopefully) fooling everyone into thinking Izzy's new look was going to be for good. So Destrii-in-Izzy's body apparently died at the end of *Ophidius*. For once I did plan a get-out clause ahead of time. I always knew Destrii was just fine, floating around inside B'rostt's belly. But as long as the readers thought she was gone forever, their sympathies would lie totally with Izzy. The question would change from, "How will she get her old body back?" to "How will she cope with her new life?"

Dealing with the Master in *The Glorious Dead* had set me thinking about how enjoyable the "shadow" villain could be – the baddie who shares lots of traits with the hero, who has an intimate understanding of him. I decided to give Izzy her own evil counterpart; a girl her own age who would have similar interests and desires but without a scrap of conscience to go with it. Destrii (pronounced

* Parents who have children simply to possess them, thus sustaining a form of immortality?

Character guides
for Destrii by
Scott Gray.



Soft whisks
of skin-
like floating
kelp - come
out of the
sides of
her arms
and legs.
Stops just
before the
shoulders.

Swimsuit is
metallic - dark
& shiny.

Cool, relaxed,
sexy posture.
She's an athlete,
very comfortable
in her body.

"Dess-tree", by the way, accent on the
"Dess") would be Izzy's opposite number in some
ways: a physical, athletic creature, not at all cerebral. She
was far less mature than Izzy, infinitely more self-centred,
but she'd share her sense of wonder and curiosity.

Destrii was like a hand grenade thrown into the middle
of the Doctor/Izzy relationship (which I was worried
was becoming slightly too cosy). Her name
came from the Jimmy Stewart comedy
western *Destry Rides Again*, which
nudged me towards making her a
western fan. I had worked out a few
bits and pieces of Destrii's back-story;
her full name, her royal background and the name of her
planet (allowing an "Oblivion" reference on the final page)
were there at the start. But most of it I left vague, letting
her history come together slowly. I tend to let the long-
term characters percolate for a few months, giving them a
chance to surprise me. Destrii certainly did that. She was
conceived as an out-and-out villain (albeit a likeable one),
and that's how she was written in *Ophidius*. She became far
more than that as the storyline developed.

Destrii was originally going to be a werewolf-style alien;
all fangs and fur. But when I remembered that Izzy couldn't
swim, the evil notion of turning her into a fish took root.
It immediately suggested the 'baptism' scene in *Beautiful
Freak*, and that was all the prompting I needed. Izzy the
fish-girl was born.

Lots of designs got faxed back and forth between me
and Martin Geraghty. Destrii needed a face that could be
beautiful with certain expressions and hideous with others,
depending on the mood of the girl wearing it. I was keen
on the dreadlocks from the start, knowing they'd look
great in the swimming scenes. I drew up some final model
sheets, aware that other artists would also be handling her.

I loved the look Martin gave the Mobox. They were

It's nasty – incestuous overtones – they'd argue that the Greek Gods did the same things –



Mobox design guides by Scott Gray.

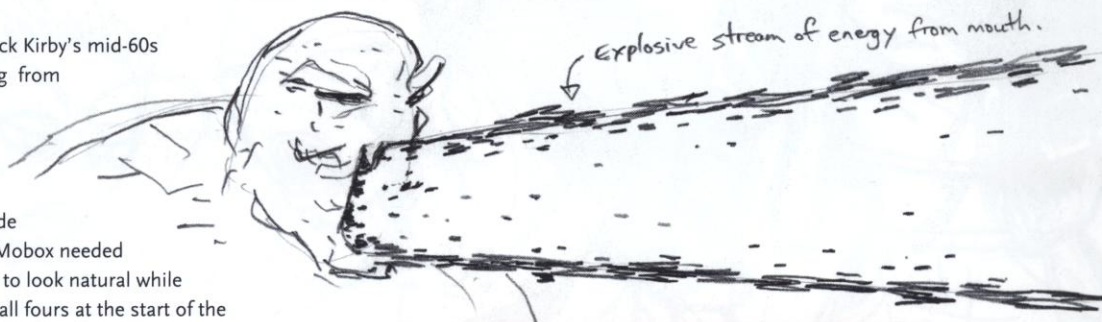
loosely based on Jack Kirby's mid-60s design for the Thing from *The Fantastic Four*.

I even asked for Kirby-esque energy dots to be crackling inside their mouths. The Mobox needed to be bulky enough to look natural while walking around on all fours at the start of the story, yet also make sense when they stood upright after they got their brains back.

I had always hated the way the Doctor's jacket, so dark and sleek in the TV Movie, appeared when anyone illustrated it in colour. Bright green? Really? Who the hell wears a bright green jacket, apart from the Riddler? I resolved to get rid of it ASAP, hence the scene where he dumps it in the Ophidiens' control room. We replaced it in *Beautiful Freak* with a sharp dark-blue one, which in comics terms really just reads as 'black'.

Alan and I had a disagreement at the plotting stage on how to progress the story arc. At the conclusion of *Ophidius*, Alan wanted Destrii to succeed in fooling the Doctor and join him on his travels. Not only that, he wanted Destrii to fool the readers too! He felt we should hide the body swap scene and make it a dramatic revelation somewhere down the line. I hated the notion. Destrii was a teenager, not some master villainess – there was no way she'd be capable of outwitting the Doctor. Also, the basic function of any *Doctor Who* companion is to be the audience identification figure. We need to see each story unfold through their eyes. If I was trying to hide the companion's very *identity* from the reader, I wouldn't be able to do that.

Most importantly, leaving Izzy behind onboard *Ophidius* would have meant taking the spotlight off her for months on end, just when we needed to see her reaction to the change. I wanted the whole arc to revolve around her; to show her physical and emotional struggle, her clashes with the Doctor, her gradual acceptance of her fate and her growth into a *bona fide* adult as a result. I just couldn't see this alternate plotline making any of that happen. I dug my heels in. And Alan, bless his cotton socks, relented.



BEAUTIFUL FREAK

The working title for this one was *Fish Out of Water*. Seriously.

And so... a complete change of pace. The colour levels came way down and the shadows were ramped up. The carnival was over. This was our *EastEnders* two-hander; a chance to focus on the Doctor and Izzy with no one else getting in the way. It was such a relief not to have to worry about the Big Plot for once – we could concentrate on the pacing of each scene, with room for lots of silent panels and big, emotional close-ups. Martin did an absolutely stunning job depicting it all. Bravo, Gez!

Beautiful Freak remains one of my favourite stories from my run on the strip. It's about something very real and personal. There isn't a teenage girl in existence who hasn't, at some point, despised her own body. Some don't survive that period of self-loathing and many never escape it, no matter what their age. Yes, boys can get hit by it too, but with only a fraction of the impact. Girls receive an obscene amount of social pressure about their appearance.

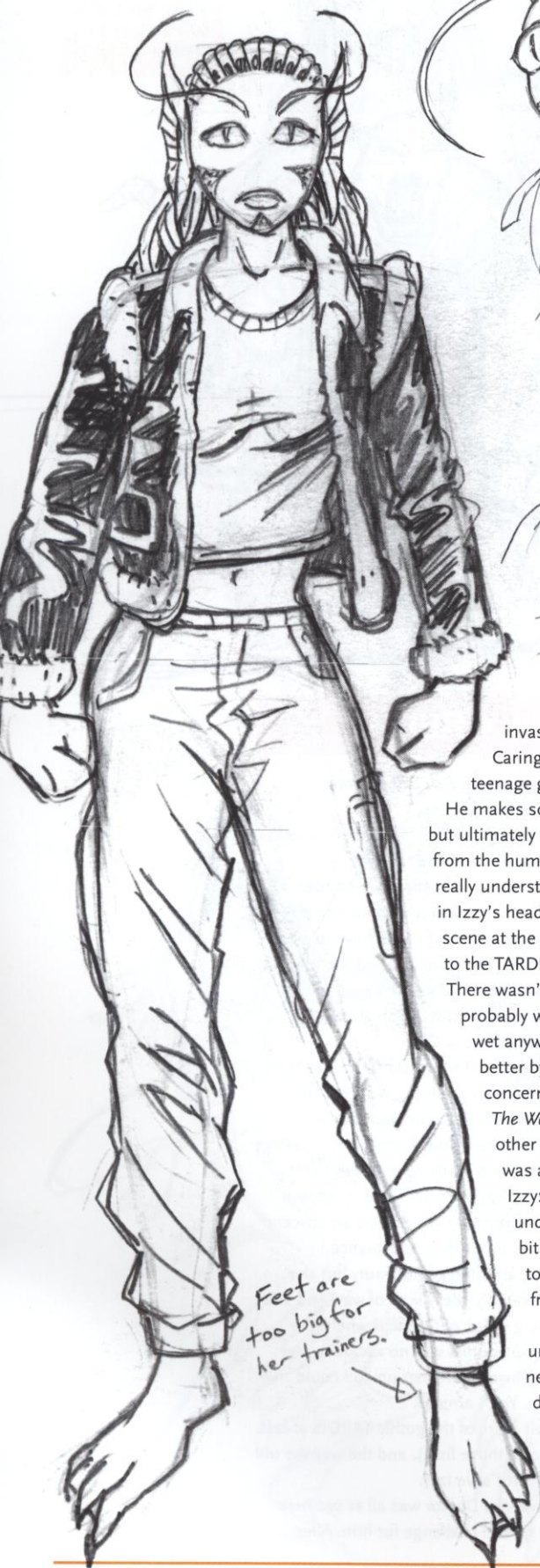
We had never cast Izzy as some great beauty but she was certainly pretty in a slightly geeky kind of way. And she knew it too – that opening scene of *Ophidius* where she enjoys trying on the various outfits was no accident. Her confidence was growing. I was lifting her up so I could bring her crashing down. Yes, I am evil.

It was nice to see a bit more of the gothic TARDIS at last. Loved the swimming pool (those fish!), and the way the old girl subtly helped the Doctor save Izzy.

I was excited by the way the Doctor was all at sea here – this was a brand new type of challenge for him. Alien

* The royal family are circus act - there to entertain the masses. They're a freak

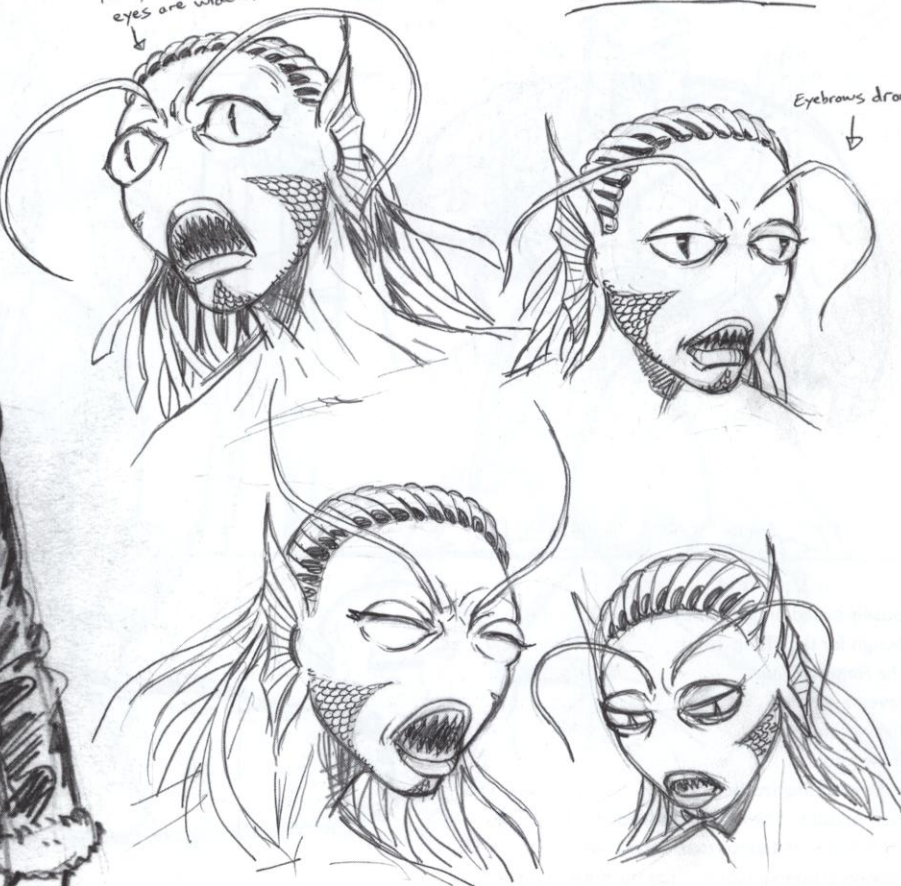
Scott Gray's designs for Izzy in Destrii's body for *Beautiful Freak*.



No eyelids visible when eyes are wide open.

IZZY AS DESTRII

Eyebrows drooping.



invasion? No problem. Caring for a traumatised teenage girl? Watch him sweat! He makes some valid points here but ultimately he's too far removed from the human condition to really understand what's going on in Izzy's head. I had planned a scene at the end where he talks to the TARDIS about his failure. There wasn't room for it and it probably would have been a bit wet anyway. It worked much better by shifting the Doctor's concerns to the final page of *The Way of All Flesh*. The only other thing that got cut out was a whispered line from Izzy: "Kroton would have understood." It seemed a bit too continuity-tangled to start referencing our friendly Cyber-God now.

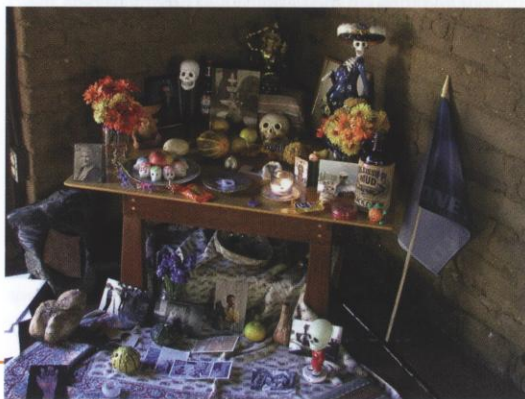
But who could understand her? Izzy needed a friend, I decided. A woman, a human woman, who would know something of the pain she was feeling. But who...?

THE WAY OF ALL FLESH

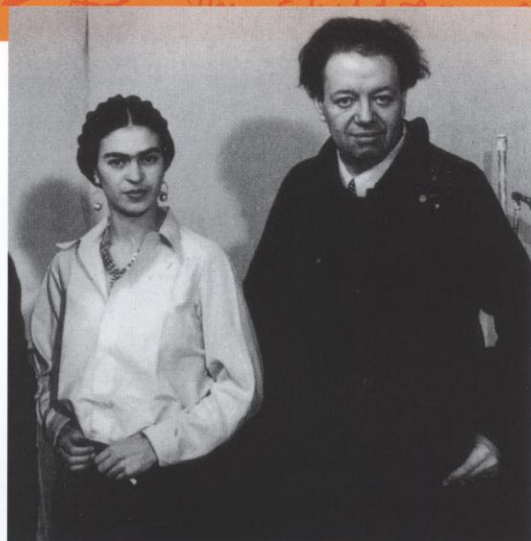
Working title? Are you ready for this? *Una Cosa Monstruosa*. Hot damn, I was on fire that year!

I'd always felt twentieth century Mexico would make a great setting for a *Doctor Who* story. Hot and dry, full of angry, caring, passionate people waving pistols. Just a little bit different in atmosphere to yet another alien invasion of the Home Counties. I thought we could maybe have a go at explaining the legendary Chupacabra; a sort of Mexican goat-sucking vampire-thing that supposedly lives out in the desert. I did a bit of research but it wasn't too inspiring.

Then I remembered an exhibition I'd seen in London in 1992; a display of models and artwork from the Mexican Day of the Dead ceremony. It was amazing. Little skeletons all dressed up, decorating delicate shrines. Skull masks and costumes. All beautiful and intricate and completely



show, each one grotesque in their own way.
 ... are the children supposed to fight each other



macabre to my New Zealand-born eyes. *That* was more like it!

Wandering through a Waterstones in search of reference, I came across *The Brush of Anguish* by Martha Zamora. It was a biography of Frida Kahlo. It was also a bolt of lightning. Frida Kahlo! *The* Frida Kahlo! No need to invent a friend for Izzy – history had just handed me the perfect one!

Starting the story from Frida and Diego's perspective was fun and felt a bit fresh. It quickly established them as the good guys – pseudo-companions, in fact. For anyone unaware, Frida Kahlo and Diego Rivera were very much real, living people. They were a celebrity couple in the international art world. Salma Hayek and Alfred Molina played them in the movie *Frida* (which I still haven't seen). I knew enough about Frida's turbulent, painful life to know she would immediately empathise with Izzy's plight. When Frida relates the story of her accident, I had to tone down the description of her injuries – they were too nasty for a family audience.



Carnation
 in hair??



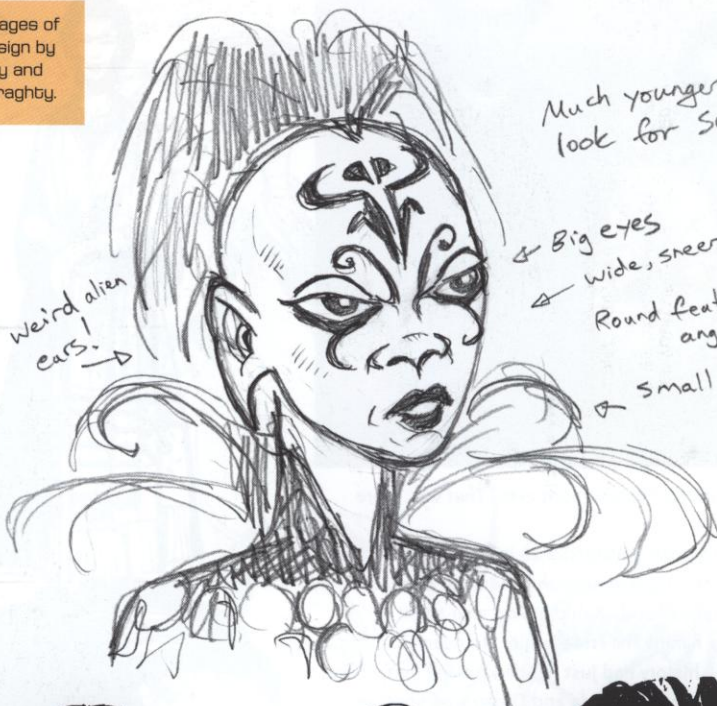
Far left: the real
 Frida Kahlo and
 Diego Rivera.

Left: Martin
 Geraghty's
 studies of Frida
 and Diego.

Various stages of
 Gusini's design by
 Scott Gray and
 Martin Geraghty.



1/2 heads
 tall.



weird alien
 ears!

Much younger
 look for Susini

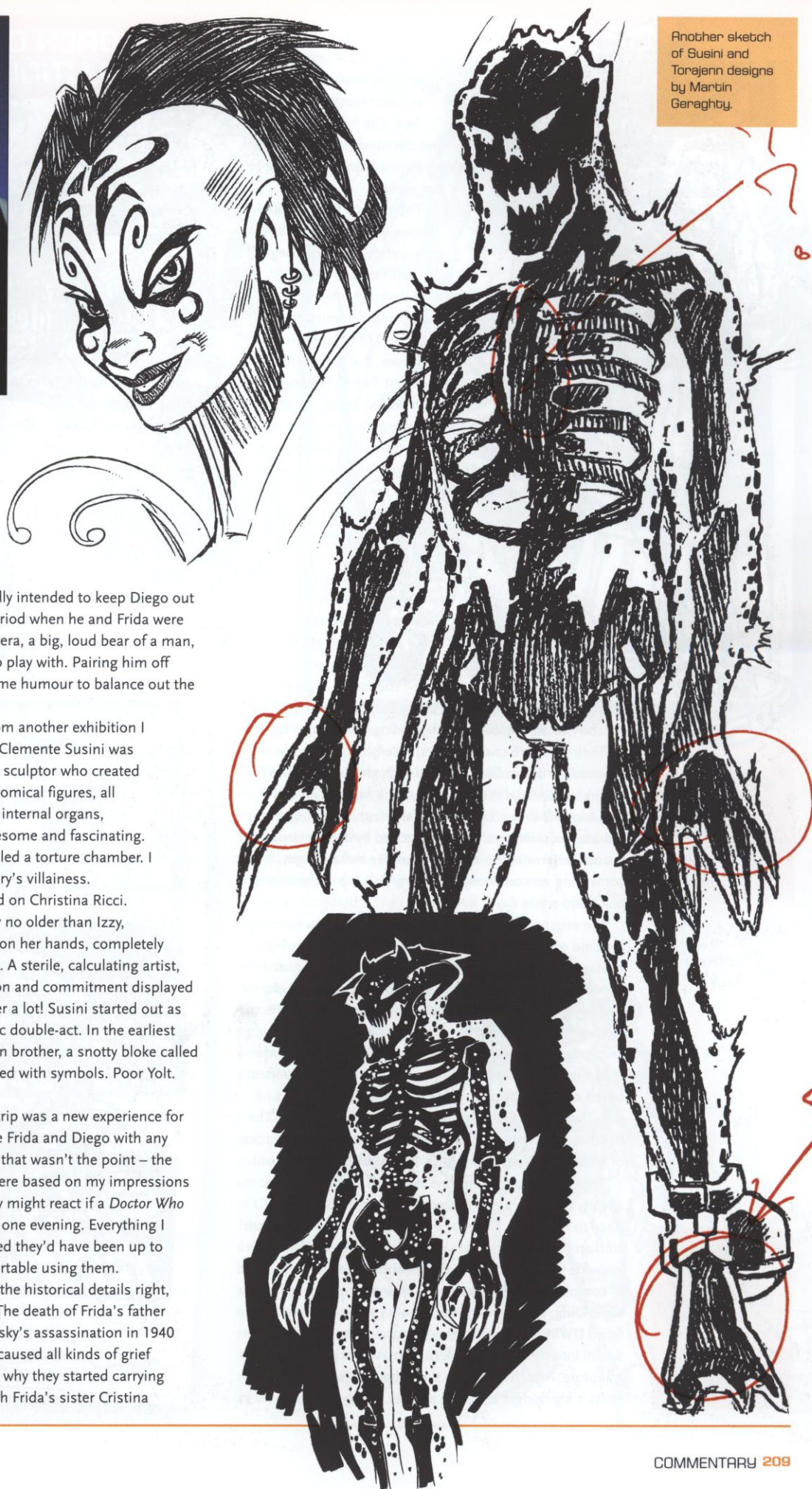
Big eyes
 wide, sneery nose.
 Round features - not
 angular!
 small chin



* why is the world called Oblivion? A curse placed upon it? Is everyone being punished in some



Christina Ricci: a visual inspiration for Susini.



Another sketch of Susini and Torajenn designs by Martin Geraghty.

For some reason I originally intended to keep Diego out of the story and set it at a period when he and Frida were separated. Thicko. Diego Rivera, a big, loud bear of a man, was just too much fun not to play with. Pairing him off with the Doctor provided some humour to balance out the darker Izzy/Frida scenes.

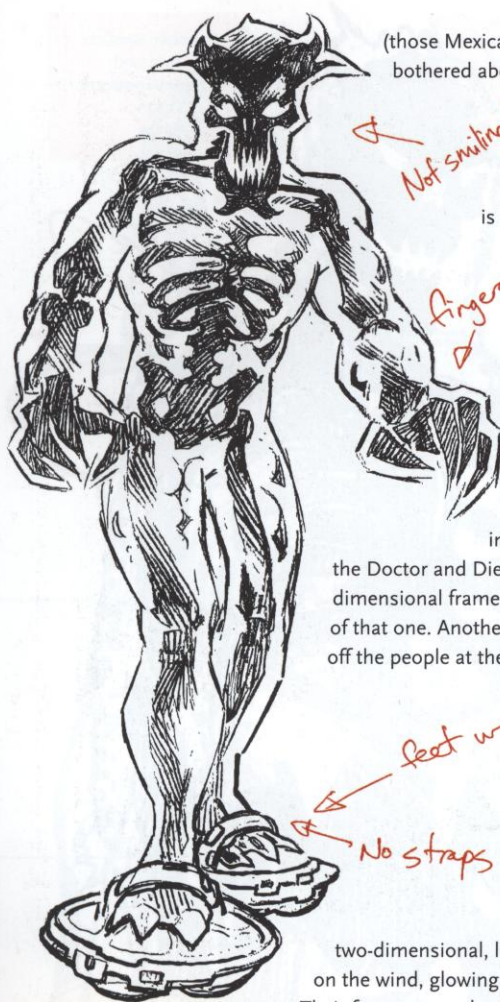
More inspiration came from another exhibition I saw while plotting the story. Clemente Susini was an eighteenth century Italian sculptor who created a series of amazing wax anatomical figures, all partially 'dissected' to reveal internal organs, muscles and skeletons. Gruesome and fascinating. The whole exhibition resembled a torture chamber. I pinched his name for the story's villainess.

Susini was (visually) based on Christina Ricci. I figured Susini was probably no older than Izzy, with lots of time and money on her hands, completely convinced of her own genius. A sterile, calculating artist, without a shred of the passion and commitment displayed by Frida and Diego. I liked her a lot! Susini started out as part of a much more comedic double-act. In the earliest plotting stages she had a twin brother, a snotty bloke called "Yolt" who only communicated with symbols. Poor Yolt. Where is he now?

Using real people in the strip was a new experience for me. I knew I couldn't capture Frida and Diego with any major degree of realism, but that wasn't the point – the duo in *The Way of All Flesh* were based on my impressions of them; how I imagined they might react if a *Doctor Who* horror came calling on them one evening. Everything I knew about the pair suggested they'd have been up to the challenge, so I felt comfortable using them.

I wanted to at least get all the historical details right, so a lot of books were read. The death of Frida's father is correctly placed. Leon Trotsky's assassination in 1940 (he had an affair with Frida) caused all kinds of grief for Frida and Diego, which is why they started carrying guns. Diego had an affair with Frida's sister Cristina

* Macavity - a cat-like chap - with a Cheshire-style grin. Destriis mentor!



Another Torajenn study by Martin Geraghty.

Above right: an unused title design for *Children of the Revolution*.

Right: a page layout by Lee Sullivan.

(those Mexicans!), so that's why Frida isn't bothered about demanding the use of her car. Frida really did have a skeleton hanging above her bed. The "will you be a kite on the wind" line at the end is taken from a letter Frida wrote to her niece.

There was a ton of material chopped out for lack of space. I desperately wanted Diego to walk into the TARDIS – he loved machinery and had painted a mural in 1934 entitled *Man in the Time Machine*. But the scene had to go! Part Two's cliffhanger initially featured Susini 'flattening'

the Doctor and Diego, trapping them inside a two-dimensional frame. The Doctor talked his way out of that one. Another cut bit had Frida tearing strips off the people at the cemetery for treating Izzy like a freak. Not enough pages, never enough pages!

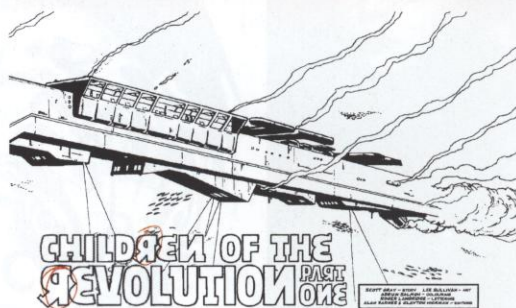
Susini's henchmen were originally ghost-like servants called "Avatars" which she'd created herself. The plot synopsis description reads: "They seem strangely

two-dimensional, like paper cutout men. They float on the wind, glowing with swirling psychedelic lights. Their faces are crude shapes, resembling Munch's *The Scream*." Hmm. Glad we went with glowing skeletons. I think we pinched the Torajenn's look from an issue of *The Avengers* drawn by Alan Davis. It featured flying green radioactive skeletons. We were excited by the prospect of introducing monsters that were proper visual effects. It was something we could never properly do back in the strip's black-and-white days.

The original climax was very different. The Doctor steals a gizmo off Susini which she's been using to create the Avatars. He lands the TARDIS in the Palacio Nacional in Mexico City, where one of Diego's murals, *Mexico Today and Tomorrow*, is displayed. It's a huge montage of Mexican history, filled with images of workers, Aztec warriors, revolutionaries, soldiers, bandits, etc. The Doctor hands Diego the gizmo and he creates a new armada of Avatars based on the images from his mural, animated by his will. They attack Susini's Avatars in a big aerial battle. The baddies don't stand a chance against the combined forces of Mexican history. Coyoacán's townsfolk cheer them on!

There were several reasons not to go with this. We'd already done the artwork-comes-to-life gimmick in *The Road to Hell*. Also, I had no desire to work Martin to death with an insanely huge cast-of-thousands finalé. (Although I know he would have done it, somehow, and without a word of complaint!) There wasn't nearly enough space for such a big ending, anyway. Clayton Hickman (then the new, fresh-faced *DWM* Assistant Editor) suggested we just shove Susini into the energy funnel and make her part of her own sculpture. And that was ten times better! Poetic justice beats a big-budget blow-out any day. Cheers, Clay!

CHILDREN OF THE REVOLUTION



Oh Lord. This one began life as *The Phoenix Factor*, but Clay started humming the T-Rex tune one evening on the train and we were saved!

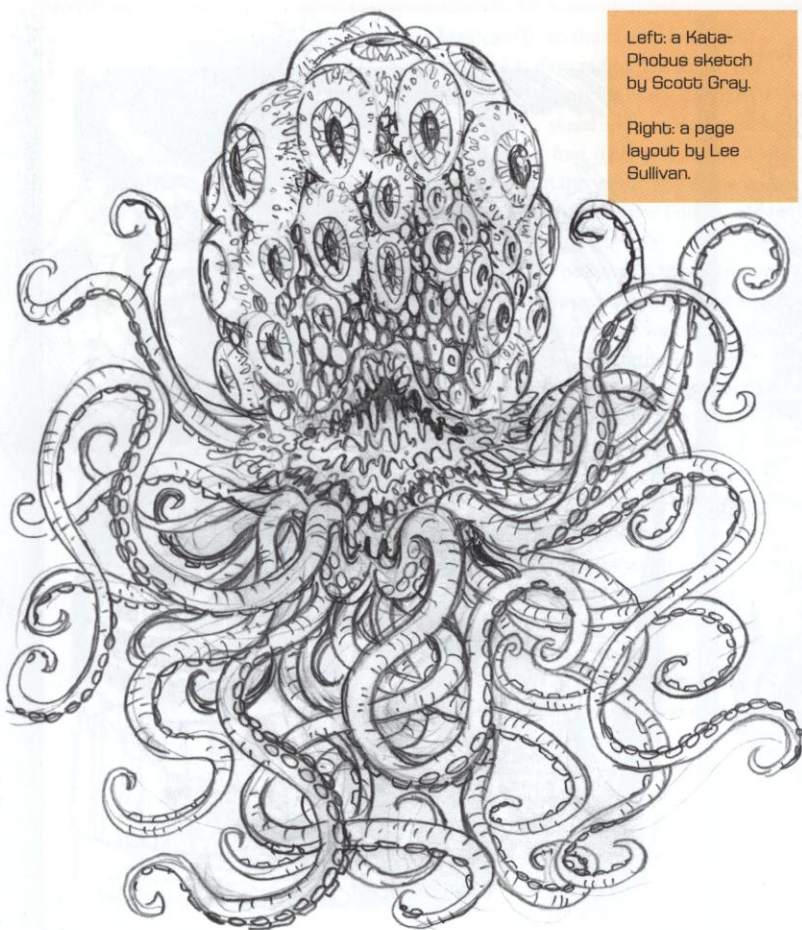
"What about Daleks?" Alan asked me one lunchtime at the pub. I think I just hummed. I "hmm" a lot when I hear suggestions I'm not expecting and don't particularly like the sound of. Daleks? Didn't we just do the Daleks? I had this big, profound story arc to plan! The party was in full-swing, I didn't want it gatecrashed by a busload of Daleks!

It wasn't a Grand Editorial Directive, and I really appreciated that. Alan was never one to push me in a direction I didn't feel would work. Daleks? Yeah, well, maybe after I was done with the Izzy/Destrii story. Be nice to do them in colour, I guess. Truth be told, I don't think Daleks adapt terribly well into comics – they have no body language or expressions, and their strongest attribute, that grating voice, is lost.

So I went back to plotting out the next, completely Dalekless, story. I knew Izzy would have to take a dip in the water – it was time to move her on, show her starting to come to terms with her new body, regaining her confidence. That meant an underwater setting. Underwater city... Underwater monsters...



* City has big wall around it - projecting an energy dome? Or has that?



Left: a Kata-Phobus sketch by Scott Gray.

Right: a page layout by Lee Sullivan.



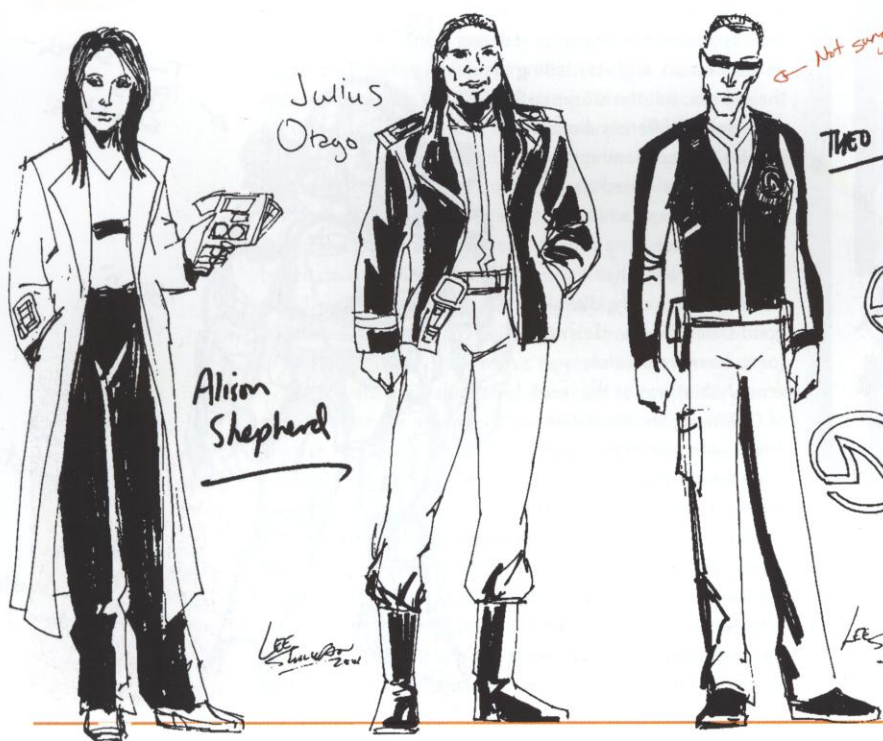
broke down the doors, they discovered the Zealots had all committed suicide. They had chosen death over slavery. And there was the end of my story. Easy.

Lee did a cracking job, under intense pressure. He suffered a death in the family while working on the story but never stopped. We would have gladly gotten a fill-in artist to give him a break but he only told us about his situation after the story was completed. *That*, ladies and gentlemen, is a *pro*.

Adrian Salmon joined the comic strip team as the colourist with *Children*. Ade had been drawing for *DWM* for several years and it was great to have him involved with the strip on a regular basis. He got better and better with each chapter.

I took quite a while to arrive at the finished story. I remember an evil archeologist called Professor West was a major player at one point, exploring a sunken city built by an extinct race called the Wijoa. The Daleks had wiped out the Wijoa centuries earlier but the humanised versions – called “Neo-Daleks” – had returned to their city. They were trying to find some ancient maguffin there that could rewrite genetic codes, and turn themselves back into Kaleds. They had even built a shrine to the Wijoa. Alpha was a much slyer, more manipulative type at first. He was getting the Doctor to help him by playing on his guilt (“You abandoned us, Creator!”). Alpha was in fact the villain of the story for a while. He had genetically altered himself before we even met him, becoming a big monster. He was fooling everyone by operating his Dalek shell by remote control, the tricky devil! But it all felt a bit false to me, and not in keeping with the theme of the story. People who stir up hatred between groups usually stand outside the conflict. They might be politicians, terrorists or tabloid editors, but their main goal is always to profit from other people’s pain. Hence the arrival of Kata-Phobus.

Below: Lee Sullivan’s character designs for Alison, Julius and Theo.



* Doctor seeing them again would trigger his anger.



!LIKE THIS BETTER!

The first ending went like this: Julius and Theo emerge from the Dalek saucer and announce they have contacted someone to help them escape. The Emperor Dalek appears on a TV screen and promises revenge! The Neo-Daleks decide to self-destruct. Theo later reveals that the Emperor was just a phony hologram he'd cooked up. Ah-hah!

Oh... dear. In my defence, this version never got close to reaching Alan's desk. I always liken plotting out a story to walking through a big garden maze. You know where to enter and you can see where you'll exit, it's everything

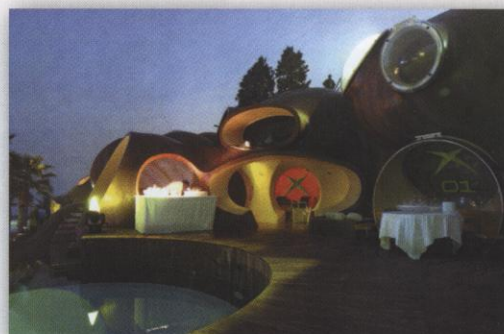
in-between that takes up your time. Paths that seem promising may turn out to be dead-ends – but you have to walk down 'em anyway, just to be sure.

Alison was originally a more important character. She was intended to be a more mature woman in her mid-forties, a sexy Jenny Agutter/Alison Janney type. She had fallen for the Doctor after he'd saved her life when she was 25. She was deeply dismayed to see him again, 20 years later, not having aged a day. But there wasn't room for any of this, and hey, what did it have to do with the Daleks anyway?

Lee made Alison look a lot younger, which raised some suspicions among the readership that Izzy was going to stay onboard the Argus and Alison would replace her in the TARDIS. It was great to hear that kind of speculation. Our heroes' fates now seemed genuinely uncertain for the readers, which is the ideal situation for any serialised story.

I wanted to avoid the usual *Star Trek* clichés aboard the Argus by giving it an informal, civilian feel. Everyone called each other by their first names – only Julius was "Captain" to the crew. Julius Otago was named after the area of New Zealand I grew up in. Lee based the design of the Argus on his electronic saxophone. No, really!

Kata-Phobus was my go at doing a proper HP Lovecraft-style critter. The big green tentacle monsters aren't usually intelligent in *Doctor Who*, so I made this one quite the *raconteur*. He was voiced by Stephen Fry. In my head.

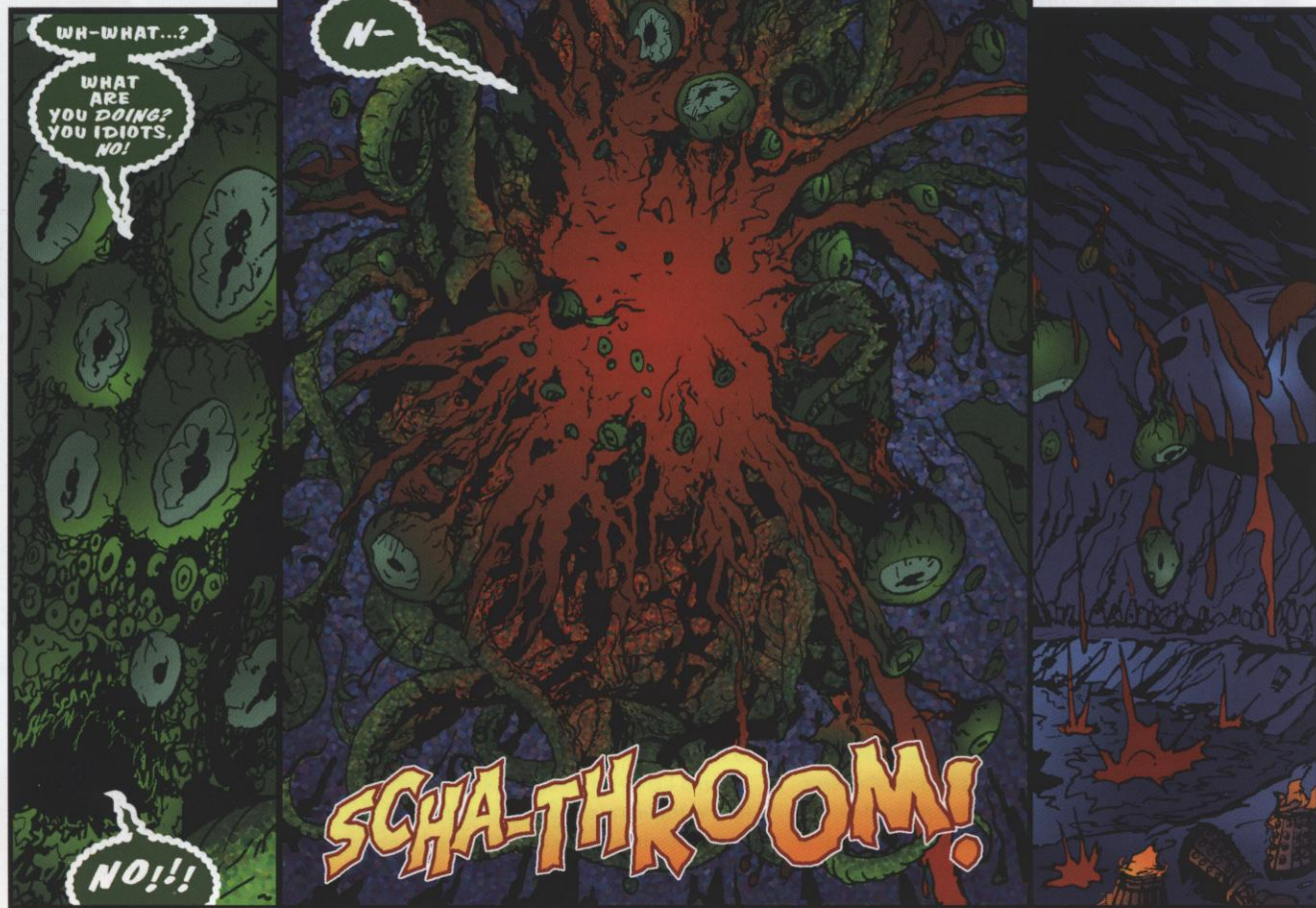


Above: a modernist house that inspired the Dalek city design.

Left: Lee Sullivan's layout for the penultimate page.

Below: the original (very brief) death of the Daleks as seen in *DWM* #317.





Above: Kata-Phobus' original (smaller!) demise in **DWM** #317.

I've had second thoughts about Panel 6, Page 6 - that sketch I sent you earlier is a tad smelly, methinks...

How about something like this? Closer to your rough, but a bit more fluid shot of Izzy.



Above: a revised panel design.

Right: pencils for **Me and My Shadow**.

By this point I had the remainder of the arc worked out in detail. This gave me the chance to spring a nasty surprise on the Doctor and Izzy (and the readers) at the end. But once again, the page-count tripped me up. I needed the final page to introduce Heliath and Hassana (of whom, more later...) but that left us with little room for the big Dalek sacrifice scene. As originally printed in **DWM**, it was a real blink-and-you-missed-'em moment. Luckily, Clayton was just as annoyed about that as me, so he found some spare cash and got Lee and Adrian back to do a

special extended version of the climax for this book. Brilliant, job, guys, thanks! And we killed off old Kata-Phobus in style this time! Yay!

This was Alan's final strip as **DWM** editor. In the tradition of Gary Gillatt's send-off at the end of *The Glorious Dead*, I asked Lee to include Alan in the Argus crew line-up in their final panel. And then Al was very sadly gone, off to genteel Oxford and the take-no-prisoners world of the **Judge Dredd Magazine**.

I had now worked on the **DWM** comic strip with four editors in a row: John Freeman; Gary Russell; Gary Gillatt and Alan Barnes. I was starting to feel like the Ian Beale of **DWM**. Maybe it was time to be moving on myself. Nahh. I decided to give the new kid a try first...

ME AND MY SHADOW

This one didn't have a working title. Honest.

I'd been chomping at the bit to bring Fey Truscott-Sade back, and Izzy getting kidnapped was the perfect excuse. I started out imagining this as a classic James Bond pre-title teaser – a seven-page taste of what Fey could do when she was let loose. The initial idea was to set it entirely on a



+ Sword goes through Fey - she's not solid! 'solid enough' - she wallops him in the face,



train heading for Switzerland. Fey is a passenger, carrying important documents. She's posing as an elderly (male) war veteran, with a big moustache and grey wig. But she's betrayed! Nazi agents attack! The rest of the story is just one big action piece. Fey dodges bullets, rescues a beautiful damsel, knocks a big bald German called Karl through a window, etc, etc. The climax takes place on the train's roof (where else?). Fey battles with the evil spymaster before he's decapitated by an oncoming tunnel. And then, right at the end, Shayde wakes up and asks who's making all the noise? Fey sighs. Cut to opening credits, song by Shirley Bassey...

It seemed like a no-brainer, and maybe that was the problem. It was all a bit too easy. I realised that I wanted to show another side to Fey. I had loved the character Alan had invented, but so far we had only seen the Fey Truscott-Sade of the 1930s; the product of a hopeful era. Fey's life during World War II would be a tough one, full of loss, pain and anger. No Roger Moore-style quipping for her.

The struggle between Fey and Shayde was something I'd had in mind right from the point where I'd 'married' them in *Wormwood*. I knew there'd be trouble ahead, with Shayde taking the elevated Time Lord view of Earth history, and Fey seeing it as a here-and-now she wanted to change as

quickly as possible. Both viewpoints are correct, of course. It's all just a matter of perspective.

We gave Fey a slightly sleeker outfit than the one she'd inherited from Shayde. The bulky belt disappeared and the gun also became more elegant. It just seemed more in keeping with the lady's style. I tried giving Fey a jazzy collar too but Clay said it looked a bit *Star Trek*. Fair enough!

Me and My Shadow was an especially enjoyable experience for me as I finally got to collaborate with one of my favourite artists, John Ross. I'd employed John on Panini's *Marvel Collectors' Edition* line as the chief cover artist. He was also a mainstay on our *Action Man* and *Spectacular Spider-Man* titles. John Ross can illustrate anything, and I mean *anything*. Heroes, villains, animals, spaceships, ugly monsters, beautiful women, robots and cowboys and knights and doctors and clowns and... and... well, you get the idea. His figure-work is always fluid and dynamic, his storytelling crystal-clear, his understanding of perspective top-notch. And he's fast too! I begged Clay to give John a few months on the strip. When he agreed, I knew the new kid was going to be alright!

Adrian needed some time off for another project but we kept the colouring in the *DWM* strip family by getting Roger Langridge to fill in. And a lovely job he did too! John and Roger were an unlikely team but they produced a beautiful piece of work.

Left: more of John Ross' pencil pages.

Below: the inspiration for Thor!



Left: Scott Gray's designs for the new-look Fey.

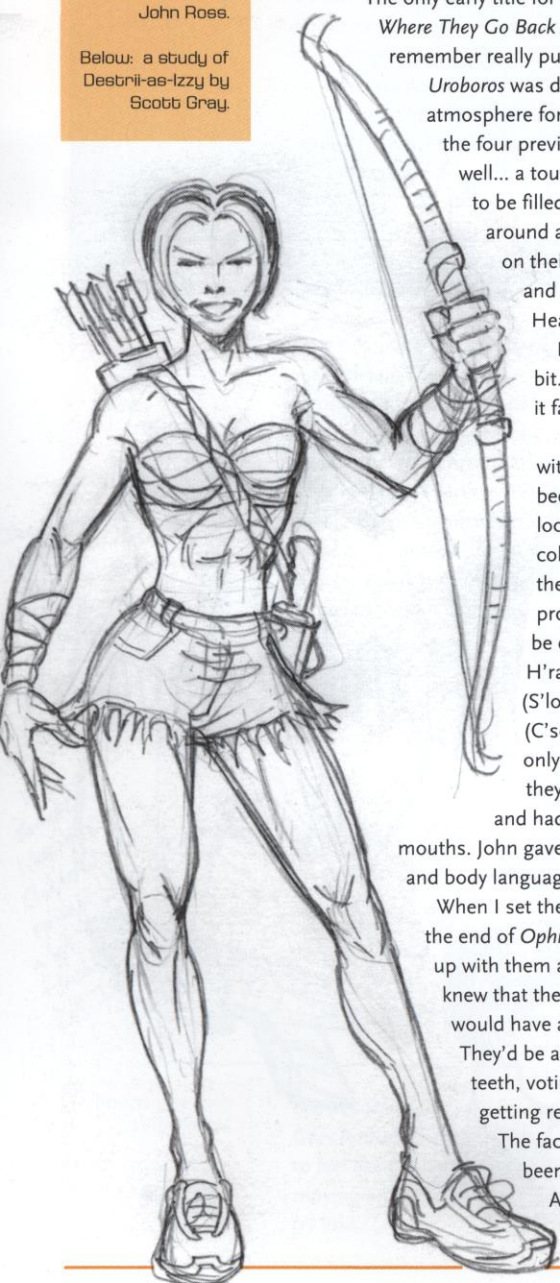


* Isotopic energy streams - Doc admits he knows nothing about the form of energy



Above: the opening page from layout to finished inks, by John Ross.

Below: a study of Destrii-as-Izzy by Scott Gray.



UROBOROS

The only early title for this story was *The One Where They Go Back To Ophidius*. I don't remember really pushing for it.

Uroboros was designed to be a change of atmosphere for the arc. I was aware that the four previous stories had all been... well... a touch 'dark'. They all seemed to be filled with lots of people running around at night with pained looks on their faces, shooting each other and shouting "Nooooo!" a lot. Heavy! Meaty! Angry!

It was time to lighten up a bit. Set a story in daylight, make it fast and zippy. Funny, even!

I fell head-over-heels in love with the Mobox. They had been devised purely as a nice-looking monster to kick off the colour run, but coming back to them I started viewing them as proper individuals. They could be endearing and daft (Major H'rakk), competent and sinister (S'lokk) or just plain mysterious (C'sorr). Just like people really, only better – because, y'know, they were made of white rocks and had Kirby energy dots in their mouths. John gave them all very specific looks and body language.

When I set the Mobox up as the victors at the end of *Ophidius* I knew we'd be catching up with them a few months later. I also knew that their brief brush with disaster would have a profound effect on them.

They'd be arming themselves to the teeth, voting in a right-wing leader and getting ready for war with the enemy!

The fact that the enemy had already been defeated wouldn't matter.

Any enemy, any war, would do, just as long as it kept the

population satisfied that something – *anything* – was being done to keep them SAFE!

The thing is, I wrote *Ophidius* at the end of 2000, way before the whole global axis started tilting. I knew the Mobox would soon plunge into complete jingoistic lunacy. I just wasn't expecting the real world to get there first. As a result, *Uroboros* became the most satirical story I ever did for the **DWM** strip. It seemed to practically write itself, which made a very nice change.

I had fun with B'rostt's speech in Part Two (the visual of him standing in front of his own huge face was lifted from *Citizen Kane*). I downloaded a pile of transcripts from Bush and Blair off the internet, plucking out choice catch-phrases. All their spiels seemed to mention a letter they had received from a Little Girl whose Brave Daddy was being shipped off to fight the War on Terror. The Little Girl would ask why the Bad Men hated us so much, and would her Brave Daddy be okay? That Little Girl wrote a lot of letters in 2002. I hope her Brave Daddy was alright. If he wasn't, it's not like we'd be allowed to see a photo of him on his return trip.

But B'rostt wasn't a George W Bush stand-in (he won his election in a landslide, remember?). I wanted a canny opponent for the Doctor; a man who couldn't be swayed by advisors, a bloke convinced of the righteousness of his mission. He even had a decent emotional crisis (the



* Power-dampening field back on - TARAS is paralysed again when they arrive. Doc curses his own stupidity!

murder of his life-mate) to explain his ruthlessness. His name came from 'bereft'.

The way language gets twisted in times of war is fascinating. What's the status of the enemy when captured? Are they 'Prisoners of War'? 'Convicts'? 'Suspects'? 'Detainees'? It's been years now and they still can't decide. When does justice turn into revenge? I wasn't expecting to feel any sympathy for the Ophidians but that's the direction the story seemed to naturally move in.

The idea of coming back to Ophidius appealed to me. The Doctor always leaves a huge mark on the places he visits but we rarely get the chance to see the long-term impact of his actions. Clay was a bit resistant to this. He felt that returning to a previous story's setting made the Doctor's universe seem smaller. But Clay had inherited the Izzy/Destrii arc and he knew I'd sulk and hold my breath if I didn't get to finish it the way I'd planned. Another tick in the margin for the new kid!

Clay also wasn't grabbed by the title. Neither was I, really, but we couldn't think of anything better. An 'uroboros' is a snake swallowing its own tail; devouring and giving birth to itself. It seemed to fit the whole cyclical nature of the events taking place.

Ophidius revealing herself to be intelligent was as much a surprise for me as it was for the characters. Definitely not planned at the start! Moments like that are a reminder that stories have a life of their own – sometimes you're the writer but often you're only the transcriber. I'd been bitterly disappointed that a lack of space in the first story had stopped us from introducing Ophidius with a double-page spread, so I made sure she got one this time around. And didn't John and Adrian do her proud? Not just her exterior, of course; the 'Brain Room' blew me away too. Yow!

The Doctor was a joy to write in this one. It was so unusual to have him angry from the get-go; snapping at Fey, berating himself, even grabbing Destrii in a moment of fury. I loved the notion that, just for once, he wasn't even interested in all the standard intrigue. The madder he got, the more entertaining he seemed to become. That final page remains one of my all-time favourites. I wanted to remind everyone that this was *really* not a man you wanted to muck about. Ever!

Uroboros gave Shayde the chance to show that he was evolving beyond being just a mechanical servant of the



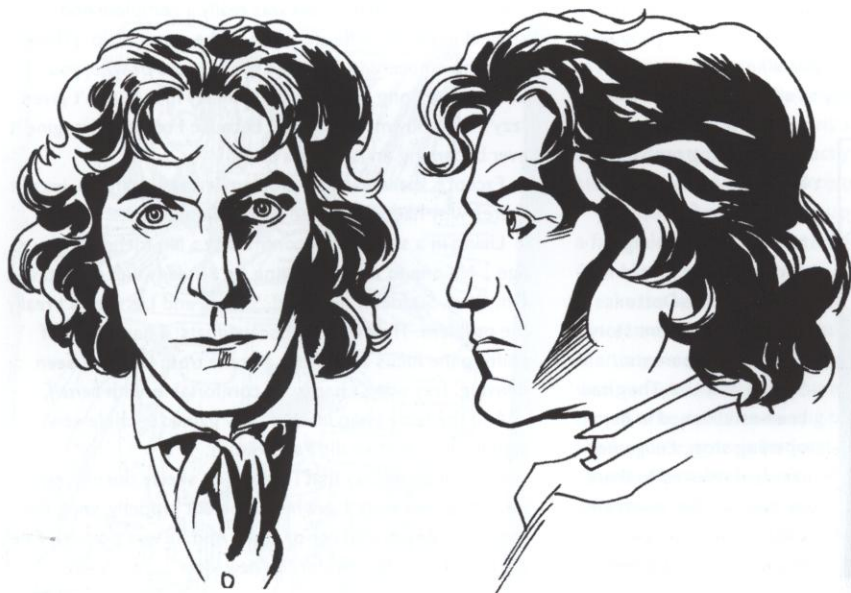
Above, below and previous page: more roughs and pencilled pages by John Ross.

Time Lords. Fey's influence was altering his attitude, making him question his actions, consider moral quandaries. Being able to say "on the other hand..." is a strength, not a weakness. People who think otherwise should seek psychiatric help.

I knew the second we reintroduced Destrii to the storyline, the tone of the arc would change. Readers would start to relax and begin to imagine a happy ending for Izzy. Let's face it, if there was any opportunity for her to get her original body back, chances are it was going to happen. I needed to keep some tension going, and good ol' C'sorr helped me out. His blunt "You will fail" comment at the end was a gift. He's really just saying that the Doctor and Izzy's time together is already over, but it helped maintain a bit of uncertainty when we really needed it.

John's depiction of Destrii-in-Izzy's-body was everything I could have hoped for. 'Lithe' ain't the word! John's instinct for body language and facial expression allowed him to create a genuine 'performance' for the new-look Destrii. She was sexy, dangerous and funny, and I had a blast writing the scenes with her and the Doctor. The bit with Destrii snogging the Doctor seemed terribly daring at the time, but we were already planning to top it...

Left: John Ross' first studies of the Eighth Doctor.





Above: Martin Geraghty's designs and finished pencils for the opening page of *Oblivion*.

OBLIVION

This one was always intended to have that title, although I also considered *The Foundling*. It was nice, but sounded more *Star Trek* than *Doctor Who*.

Oblivion had its roots in the *DWM* strip story *The*

Glorious Dead. In Part Four, Izzy related to Kroton how, after being told she was adopted, she had indulged in a regular fantasy of being whisked off to a magical land where she was an alien princess. I decided straight away that sooner or later, I was going to make her dream come true (in a really nasty way, of course). *The Glorious Dead* ended with Izzy forcing two men (Kroton and Sato) to take a long, hard look at themselves. I knew that Izzy's turn at the mirror would eventually arrive too.

I don't recall exactly when the decision was made to make *Oblivion* Izzy's final story, but it was very early on in the arc. The ultimate purpose of the body swap storyline was to push Izzy into a more mature frame of mind. While she had

never been whiny or self-centred, she definitely had some personal issues buried deep; stuff she could easily avoid dealing with as long as she was living this huge, colourful life with the Doctor.

With very few exceptions, *Doctor Who* companions fall into one of two categories: they're either a) an adult with

no strong domestic ties or b) a young orphan.

Either way, they have no one waiting for them to come home at night and can therefore travel freely with the Doctor. Izzy was a different story. She had two parents: Sandra and Les. They had been established in her opening story, *Endgame*. Izzy had referred to them as "sort of" her mum and dad. She told the Doctor she had been adopted

and would someday find her "real" parents. Sandra and Les were standing on the steps of their pub, The Redfern Inn, frozen by the Celestial Toymaker's magic. But they were waving and smiling and looked like the sweetest, kindest, most loving couple you could ever hope to meet. And Izzy just left them! She jumped into the TARDIS without even scribbling a goodbye note! I imagined the days and weeks and months passing slowly for Sandra and Les... Their hope starting to fade... Poor Max Edison, the town weirdo, getting charged with Izzy's murder... And Izzy just larking about in time and space! That was way beyond childish, I thought. That was just plain cruel.

But as we soon discovered, Izzy wasn't cruel. She was a brave, decent, caring girl. So what was going on in her head? I often pondered that one during my run on the strip.

Izzy was always, always, *always* gay. Alan Barnes had decided this right at the start of *Endgame*. We all agreed it was a nice idea – it neatly side-stepped any romantic complications for her and the Doctor. (Let's face it, a 17-year-old heterosexual girl travelling with a Paul McGann lookalike? There'd have been a lot of tears before a lot of bedtimes.) It also gave us opportunities for the occasional nudge-nudge, wink-wink gag. Who spotted the Sporty Spice poster in her bedroom? But Izzy's gender preference was pretty much academic. Sex was really a complete non-subject in *Doctor Who*, certainly in the comic strip. (These were the innocent, pre-Steven Moffat days of *Who*, you understand, long before puberty finally hit.) I hadn't given Izzy's sexuality much thought because I couldn't imagine it ever becoming an issue in a story.

Except... there was this problem with her parents, wasn't there? Why had she treated them so shabbily?

Living in a small, rural community... No friends her own age... No one to talk to... Living on a steady diet of fantasy... Oh. Okay. Suddenly it clicked. Sandra and Les weren't really the problem. They were just scapegoats; a handy way of shifting the focus away from a home truth Izzy had been denying. Izzy wasn't happy, or comfortable, with *herself*.

And the body swap immediately gained a whole new significance. And so did Fey's return.

I explained to Clay that I wanted to shelve the innuendo for Izzy's final story, have her come out properly, snog Fey and make peace with her parents. And he was perfectly fine with all of that. Hurrah for the new kid!



Above and below: Izzy's dreams in *The Glorious Dead* and her reality in *Endgame*.



"I could tell you some s--- off..." "You're going to. You're going to tell me everything you know!"



Left: Destrii and Izzy are reunited! Layouts and pencils by Martin Geraghty.

* Royals as your foe

* No trans mas ore before

* Final Chpt -

"So you're dec with this." "H

(Kiss) "Goodb

"Our schedules

Izzy unsure

a "shush" - sh

than Izzy

* what about lead? Have

Left: layout page by Martin Geraghty.

Below: Martin's first sketch of Scalamanthia.

I think we only got one angry letter (from an American reader) about Izzy and Fey's kiss. He cancelled his subscription in protest. I would have been deeply disappointed if we hadn't outraged *somebody*, so thank you, Mr Republican, wherever you are! We also received a cheery e-mail from Russell T Davies, saying it was a "very marvellous thing" and calling us "clever, pioneering bastards!" We're still blushing...

Oblivion feels very 'TV *Doctor Who*' to me, for two reasons: just for once we had human-looking people depicting aliens. More crucially, the story relied on a classic *Who* premise: the class struggle! Speaking as a foreigner (albeit a colonial one), I've long been intrigued by the relationship the British royal family has with its subjects. Somewhere in the last few decades the balance of power seems to have shifted – while the Windsors still have piles of money, land and deference, there now seems to be a

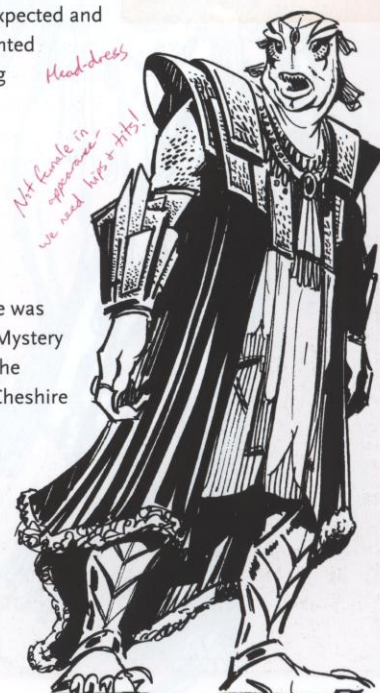
tacit understanding that they are also entertainers. We expect to see them *perform*. If they don't, we get annoyed.

I remember discussing *It's a Royal Knockout* with Clay. I never saw it but it sounded like a turning-point in the public's perception – look, the royals are dressing up in silly clothes and trying to make us laugh! To go from having the power of life and death over every man, woman and child in your dominion to hosting a game show is quite a change in historical status. I was also watching *Celebrity Big Brother* and imagining what the ratings would be like if the Windsors were in the house. *The Truman Show* was another inspiration: people living under a microscope in an artificial world.

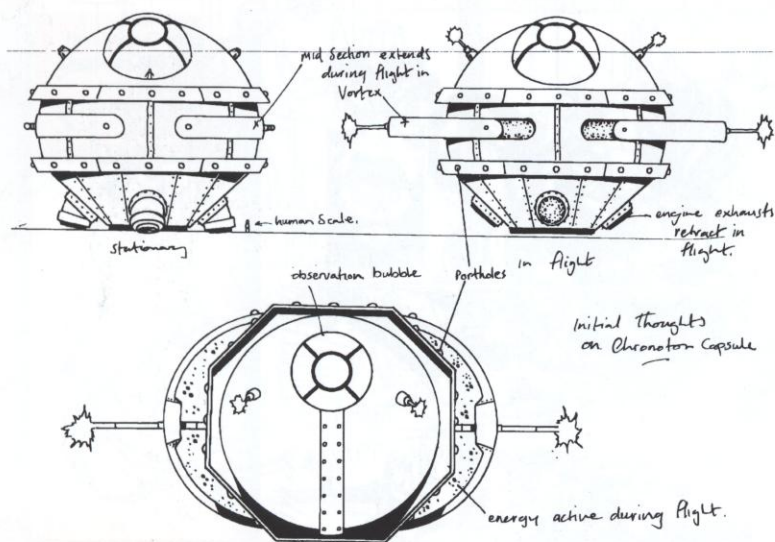
I was surprised to find *Oblivion* becoming Destrii's story as much as it was Izzy's. Once I had her background worked out, she came to life in a way I hadn't expected and I enjoyed fleshing her out. Destrii was even granted a few thought balloons in one scene, something I had only ever given official companions (or temporary ones like Diego and Frida). It took me forever to realise that Destrii would kill Scalamanthia, thereby setting the climax in motion. In hindsight it seems so obvious, but look, matricide isn't exactly a common story element of the *DWM* comic strip...

Jodaфра seemed to spring up fully-formed. He was a fairy tale figure, a combination of TS Eliot's "Mystery Cat" Macavity ("He's broken every human law, he breaks the law of gravity") and Lewis Carroll's Cheshire Cat. Hardly a hero but not quite a villain either. Martin gave Jodaфра a Regency Buck look which was perfect. I was having so much fun with him that he was threatening to overshadow the far more serious (at least in this story) Doctor. Clay had to remind me that this wasn't the Jodaфра Magazine comic strip!

The central characters all came quickly enough but (as usual) I went down a lot of



* Does Izzy make another Star Trek ref? (or maybe Destrii does) 'Where no man has gone before'?



Above: Martin Geraghty's design for the Salvation.

Below: more of Martin's Scalamanthia sketches.

blind alleys in the plotting. I was stuck on the idea that the Doctor, still wound up with guilt and anger, would do something very out of character in Part One: land the TARDIS in the middle of the palace court, then march out and grandly proclaim to Scalamanthia the truth about Izzy and Destrii. This would earn him a swift trip to a torture chamber. It took me a long time to understand that, while Scalamanthia was the main villain of the story, the Doctor didn't have to meet her. I also kept trying to pair off Izzy and Jodafra, with Izzy keeping up the pretence that she was Destrii. Jodafra would get suspicious and test her with a bit of sci-fi trivia he'd assume only Destrii would know, but Izzy would get the answer right!

Destrii was going to have a bigger family at first; a couple of evil younger sisters and a

useless dad ("a leonine Ricky Tomlinson"). They just got in the way of her relationship with Scalamanthia ("an aquatic Ann Widdecombe") and were dropped. The idea of a weird, mutated royal family was pinched, once again, from Jack Kirby: the Inhumans from *Fantastic Four* and the Deviants from *The Eternals* (with just a sprinkle of the Borgias for added taste). The animal bodies of the royals were originally their own doing – they had genetically altered themselves to avoid the Oblivion Plague.

The 'meeting-of-the-minds' scene in Part Five was at first planned as an elaborate psychic battle between Izzy and Destrii, set in a surreal landscape that mixed elements of Stockbridge with Oblivion. Sandra and Les would appear in it. But it all seemed a little too similar to the Doctor/Master scrap in *The Glorious Dead* so I gave them a physical fight instead. The psychic bit became the moment when the girls find some common ground. Much more satisfying!

The scene in Part Three when Izzy goes ballistic was another example of the characters hijacking the plot. I was planning for her to throw a couple of rubbish punches and get slapped down by Destrii. Izzy had other ideas! This pushed me into one of my favourite cliffhangers, with Izzy nearly committing a bizarre form of suicide. I loved what Martin did with this – the moment when the two girls are finally reunited had to be extra-special, and Mr Geraghty really came through.

There was a different final scene planned for Destrii and Jodafra. Originally the big explosion takes place and our heroes are left wondering if Destrii and Jodafra have survived. The Doctor makes a solemn speech about how Izzy's humanity had influenced Destrii at the end... And then we cut to Destrii and Jodafra lounging around inside the Salvation, watching the Doc on a TV screen. "What a sap!" laughs Destrii. She and her uncle toast their success and plan their future. I'm not sure if this got changed due

Scalamanthia

"Scala is the undisputed monarch of Oblivion, and gives off an aura of malevolent power. She's very big – maybe seven feet tall, and packed with muscle. Big hands. I've included a copy of *Excalibur* featuring a big blue lady named Gatecrasher to give you an idea of what her shape should be.

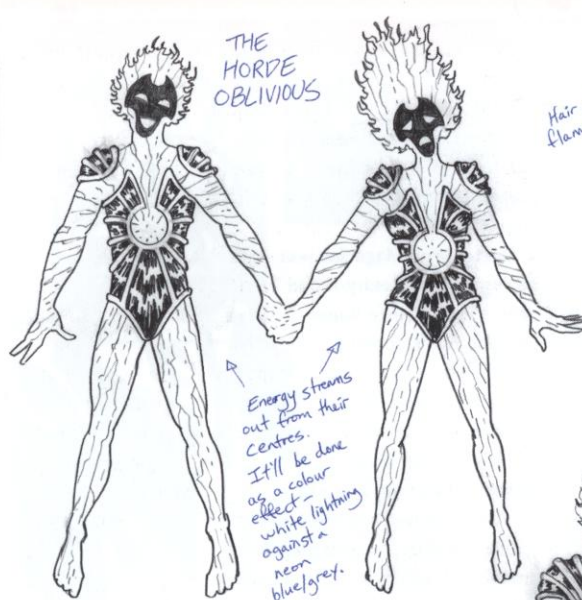
"She's aquatic like Destrii, so she'll be blue-skinned and scaly, but she needn't look like an older version of her daughter – the genetic meddling going on means that parents and children never quite seem to be part of the exact same species. Feel free to give her different facial characteristics. She should look very scary at the best of times. At the worst of times she's terrifying.

"Scala wears a couple of outfits in this story. In Part One she'll be in something fancy for the ball – long, jewelled robes and an elaborate headdress. Later she'll be in something a little simpler, but no less regal. Both costumes should be dark."



Scalamanthia

+ Does Destrii kill her mother?! Is that what the Horde have been waiting for?! Yes!!!

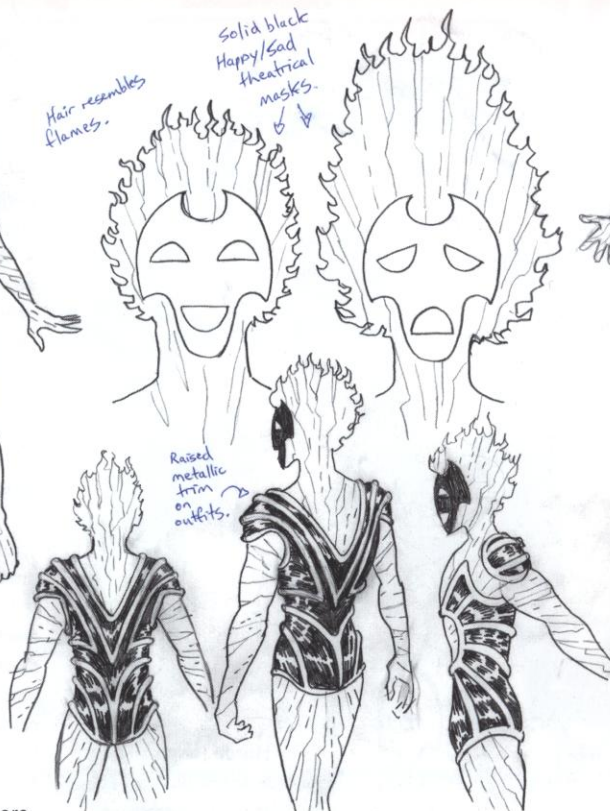


No musculature - their figures are silhouettes.

Energy streams out from their centres. It'll be done as a colour effect - white lightning against a neon blue/grey.

Their outfits are dark-blue leather. The shine on them helps add to the "explosion" effect.

Hair resembles flames.
Solid black Happy/Sad theatrical masks.



Raised metallic trim on outsides.



Left: Horde sketches by Scott Gray.

Below: Jodafra designs by Martin Geraghty.

to lack of space or because I wanted to garner a little more sympathy for Destrii at the end. Maybe both!

The art got an added boost with the arrival of David Roach as the regular **DWM** inker. His style meshed beautifully with Martin's approach. Martin, David and Adrian really clicked, and *Oblivion* enjoyed a very consistent look - the atmosphere is tangible, everything looks like it's caked in six inches of dust. The main design inspiration was Spanish architect Antoni Gaudi.

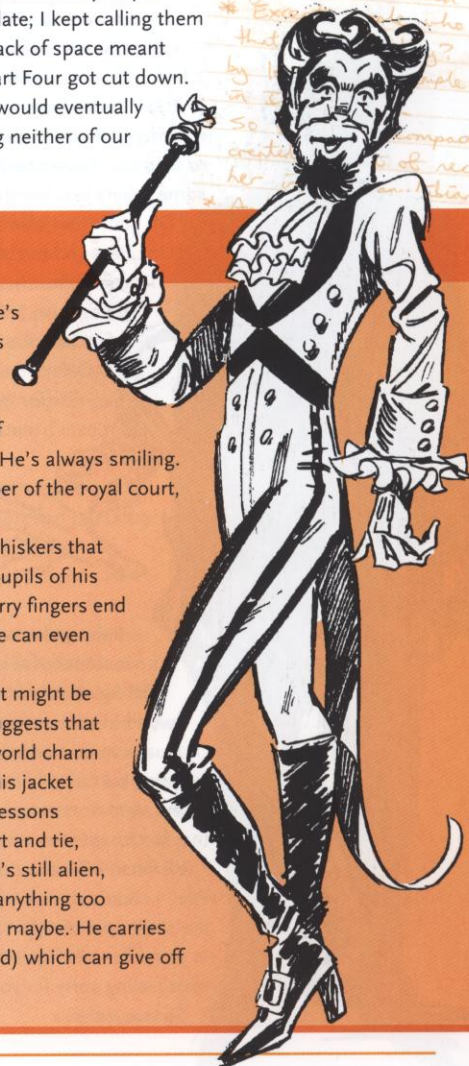
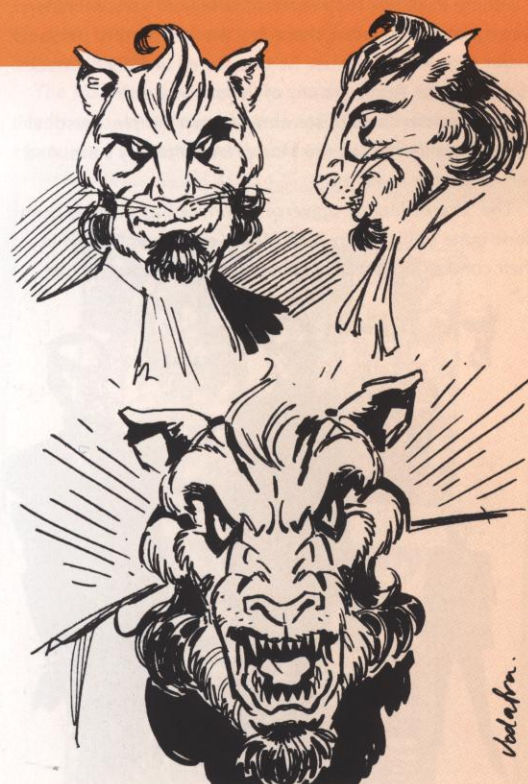
Heliioth and Hassana started out as a pair of children. I don't recall why we made them adults but they stayed childlike anyway. Their names came late; I kept calling them "Vic and Bob" during the plotting. Lack of space meant their scene with Fey at the start of Part Four got cut down. They predicted that Fey and Shayde would eventually "fuse" into a single mind; something neither of our heroes was exactly thrilled to hear.

Jodafra

"Destrii's uncle is a catlike fellow. He's been inspired by Macavity (TS Eliot's "Napoleon of Crime") and the Cheshire Cat. He's tall and thin - very agile, despite his years. Think of David Collings in extreme make-up. He's always smiling. He's the only lively, charming member of the royal court, which is why everyone hates him.

"He has long, elegant ears, and whiskers that resemble a moustache. The slitted pupils of his eyes resemble Destrii's. His long, furry fingers end in claws which look rather deadly. He can even have a tail if it doesn't look too silly.

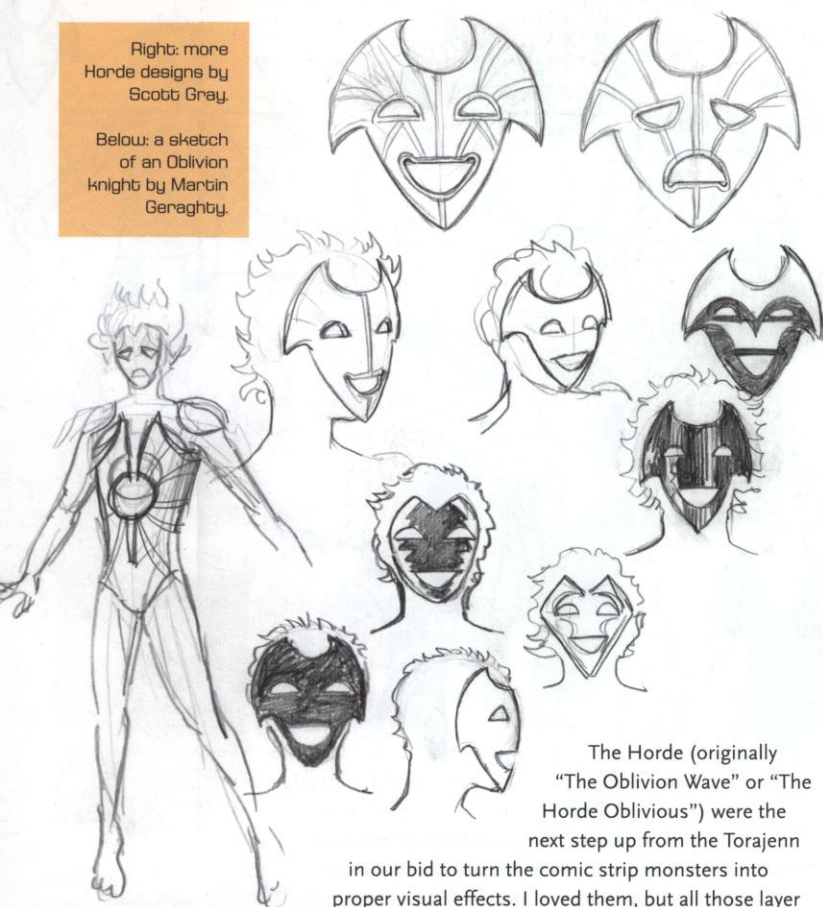
"Jodafra's a bit of a magician, so it might be nice to put him into an outfit that suggests that - something dark and elegant; old world charm with frilly white cuffs poking out of his jacket sleeves. He could give Jon Pertwee lessons in *haute couture*. A high collared shirt and tie, very formal. A flower in his lapel. He's still alien, though, so don't have him wearing anything too specifically historical. Leather boots, maybe. He carries a wooden cane (with a silver fox head) which can give off electric shocks."



* Destria knows that the Horde won't let the Doc & Fey go once they find the Oblivion.

Right: more Horde designs by Scott Gray.

Below: a sketch of an Oblivion knight by Martin Geraghty.



The Horde (originally "The Oblivion Wave" or "The Horde Oblivious") were the next step up from the Torajenn

in our bid to turn the comic strip monsters into proper visual effects. I loved them, but all those layer separations at the colour stage made them a long, painful, laborious job for poor Adrian. I remember having to break the bad news to him on the phone while he was working on Part Three: "Oh, listen, Ade, I've been meaning to tell you... You know Heliath and Hassana? There are some others just like them."

"Oh god. How many more?"

"Um... Around ten billion..."

I can still hear his strangled cry.

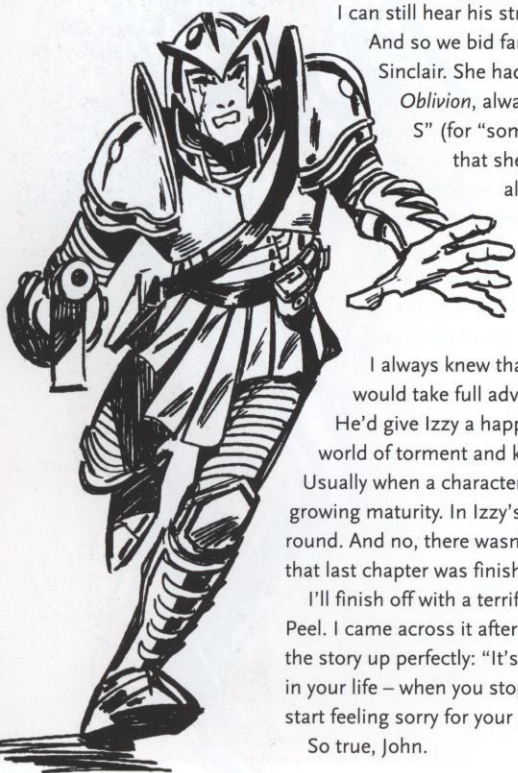
And so we bid farewell to the wonderful Isabelle Sinclair. She had never had a surname before *Oblivion*, always referring to herself as "Izzy S" (for "somebody"). With her realisation that she had known her "real" parents all along, I figured it was about time we gave her their name. Why "Sinclair"? I just liked the sound of it.

I had had the final two pages of *Oblivion* in my head for years.

I always knew that, just this once, the Doctor would take full advantage of his Time Lord status. He'd give Izzy a happy ending, save her parents a world of torment and keep good ol' Max out of prison! Usually when a character leaves home it's a sign of their growing maturity. In Izzy's case it worked the other way round. And no, there wasn't a dry eye in the office when that last chapter was finished. But then, we're all wusses.

I'll finish off with a terrific quote from the late, great John Peel. I came across it after completing *Oblivion* but it sums the story up perfectly: "It's a very, very important moment in your life – when you stop feeling sorry for yourself and start feeling sorry for your parents."

So true, John.



CHARACTER ASSASSIN

This had three working titles: *The House of Pain*, *Rogues' Gallery* and (wait for it...) *Pulp Fiction*.

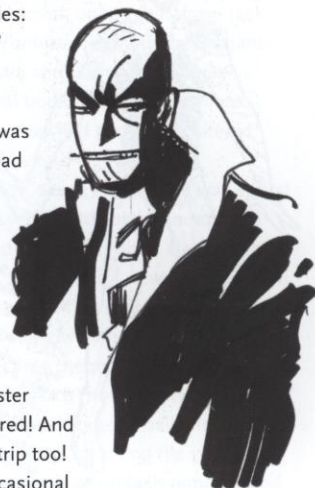
Doctor Who Magazine was having an anniversary. It had been 30 years since Roger Delgado had stepped out of a horse box in all his Satanic splendour and clicked his fingers (while wearing leather gloves!) in *Terror of the Autons*. Time for a Master special, Alan Barnes declared! And time for a Master comic strip too!

I loved the idea. The occasional Doctorless story subtly reminds the audience that the *Doctor Who* universe is a gigantic place with adventure around every corner, populated by an infinite array of colourful figures – it doesn't just begin and end with the Doctor. Kroton can bop Sontarans in *Unnatural Born Killers*, Fey can shoot Nazis in *Me and My Shadow* and the Master – well, he can have a bit of fun with a few like-minded individuals.

I've always been annoyed by the endless comparisons between the Master and Professor Moriarty. This is going to be heresy for the Sherlock Holmes contingent but I'll take my chances: Moriarty is a *rubbish* villain. *The Final Problem* is a *rubbish* story. Arthur Conan Doyle was sick to his back teeth of Holmes and obviously whipped Moriarty up in a weekend to kill him off. We're asked to believe that he's a brilliant mastermind simply because Holmes says so – with no evidence supplied! As the Master says, Moriarty was a plot device, not a character. We only think of him as a major arch-villain because he's appeared in 1001 Sherlock Holmes films. And were any of *them* any good?

So *Character Assassin* stemmed from a simple, personal desire: I wanted to see the Master kick Moriarty's ass. And very satisfying it was too!

The 'shared literary universe' gimmick had recently been done quite brilliantly by Alan Moore and Kevin O'Neill in their comic *The League of Extraordinary Gentlemen*. I had



P.4
 Scales in understandable fusions when Doctor

I SEE THE MASTER COMING INTO THE ROOM AT TOP LEFT OTHERWISE HE WILL MEET DRAC, IN FOREGROUND FIRST AND HE DOESN'T SPEAK TO DRAC, TILL NEXT PAGE „YES“ ?

THIS IS THE BEST POSITION FOR ALL THE CHARACTERS TO WORK IN THE FOLLOWING PANELS. I DID A MOCK-UP WITH CARDBOARD TO CHECK IT

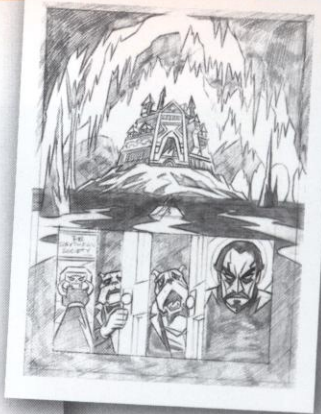
P.1



P.2



I LIKE THE IDEA OF SEEING MORE OF PHANTOM'S CLOAK HERE.



P.3



no qualms about mining similar material, though – *Doctor Who* had staked its claim four decades earlier in the TV story *The Mind Robber*. It was set in the Land of Fiction, an ethereal world where all fictional characters are alive and can interact. If Lemuel Gulliver could spend an afternoon chatting with Rapunzel, why couldn't the Master pop over there to meet a few Victorian-era baddies?

The first plot synopsis described a simpler story. The Master travels to a sinister mansion on a small island. Upon entering he is immediately set upon, one-by-one, by Count Dracula, Mr Hyde and the Phantom of the Opera. He deals with all of them but is knocked unconscious by the Invisible Man.

The Master wakes up tied to a table. Edgar Allan Poe's deadly razor-sharp pendulum is swinging above him. He's surrounded by a small army of literary villains. The Master

simply denies the reality of the trap and is suddenly free. He grabs the headset off Moriarty and clobbers everyone else with the Martian war machines. The Master rows away, but he's aware that you can't really kill fiction – tomorrow the house will be rebuilt and all the villains will be back there, as good (or bad) as new. The End!

At this point I was following the rule established in *The Mind Robber* – the villains only spoke dialogue from their original books, so I had to do a lot of reading. Alan liked the general flow of the story but thought it could be funnier. (And the "with one bound he was free" bit was pretty rank, I had to admit.) Alan came up with the idea of the villains living in a gentlemen's club, with the Master arriving to (apparently) petition for membership. The "white-balled" bit was Alan's too. This meant that the villains would have to clearly converse with the Master, so the 'original dialogue' rule had to go, but it was worth it. The end result was miles better.

I could give you a list of all the villains shown in the story but I think you'll have far more fun guessing their identities for yourselves, so I'm not going to. Oh, and a couple of them are still in copyright so we might get sued.

"The Sisyphean Society" came from a character in Greek mythology. Sisyphus was a bloke condemned to push a rock up a hill for all eternity in the Underworld. It seemed to fit the endless, repetitive fate of the villains. Although I see I didn't mention that in the final draft!

The story was specifically written with Adrian Salmon in mind – when it comes to drawing iconic characters, no one else can touch him. Ade often suffers for his art but he had a lot of fun with this one, and it shows. The Master started out as the Delgado version but morphed into a more iconic (see?) incarnation. It was a great, great job, full of Adrian's usual flair, and it showed off his colouring skills beautifully. Loved that tiger!

Text © 2006 Scott Gray

Layouts and character designs by Adrian Salmon.



PAGE 4



PAGE 5



PAGE 6



PAGE 7



what pres will be bloods?

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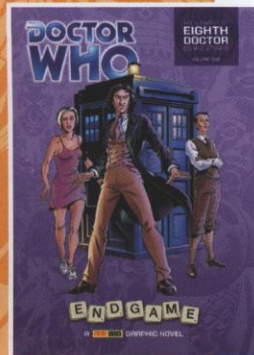
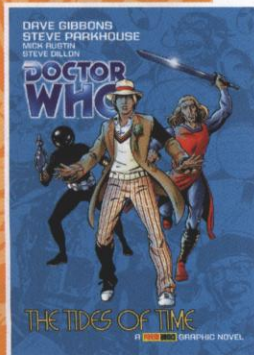
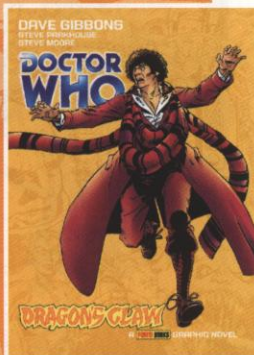
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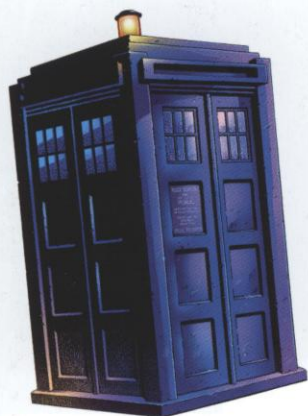
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ABOUT THE AUTHORS

SCOTT GRAY wrote and illustrated comic stories for **RAZOR MAGAZINE** in his native New Zealand. In 1991 he sold a comic script to **DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE** editor John Freeman. He promptly packed his bags and arrived in the UK just as the British comics industry imploded like a wet balloon. He became **DWM**'s assistant editor and was the comic strip's regular writer between 1998 and 2004. Gray is now the editor of Panini Comics' **MARVEL COLLECTORS' EDITION** line. He and artist Roger Langridge recently collaborated on a Marvel comic, **THE FIN FANG FOUR**, and are currently working on a follow-up.

MARTIN GERAGHTY was four when he first started drawing *Doctor Who* monsters in crayon on scraps of paper, and nothing much has changed in the intervening 32 years. His first comic strip was commissioned by John Freeman in 1992 for Marvel UK's short-lived **OVERKILL** comic – so short-lived, in fact, that it folded before Martin's first finished strip could be printed in it! His **DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE** debut came in 1993 with *Bringer of Darkness* for the Dalek-themed Summer Special, and he's been proud to have been the regular artist for most of the Eighth Doctor's comic strip tenure. Away from comics, Martin works in the advertising industry and, yes, he is ashamed of himself.



JOHN ROSS started working for Panini in 1996, drawing **MASKED RIDER** and **ACTION MAN** along with covers, posters and, latterly, strips for **SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN**. Numerous other comics for Panini came and went but **ACTION MAN** paid the bills for nine long years. He also managed to squeeze in quite a few covers for Panini's Marvel US reprint titles and the odd story arc in **DWM**. Whilst working on Action Man, John worked for lots of other companies, contributing to the **GOOSEBUMPS** strip in the BBC's **FBX** comic and also strips in the BBC's **ROBOT WARS**. More recently, he worked on **JACKIE CHAN ADVENTURES** for Eaglemoss for all its 80 issues and drew the **DOCTOR WHO** strip in the first six issues of Fabbri's **DOCTOR WHO – BATTLES IN TIME**. John is currently the artist for the BBC's **DOCTOR WHO ADVENTURES** strip, and has just finished work at 5am, having started at 8am yesterday. John Ross is going to bed. Goodnight!

LEE SULLIVAN stumbled into the comics world in 1988 and has since worked on: **DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE** (semi-regularly since 1989), **TRANSFORMERS**, **THUNDERCATS**, **DEATHSHEAD**, **ROBOCOP**, **WILLIAM SHATNER'S TEKWORLD**, **2000AD**, the **RADIO TIMES** Eighth Doctor strip, **THUNDERBIRDS** and most recently **DOCTOR WHO – BATTLES IN TIME**. Alongside educational and magazine publications he's also provided art for BBC Cult's *Doctor Who* webcasts: *Death Comes to Time*, *Real Time* and *Shada*; website art for BBC's *Sherlock Holmes* and the new *Doctor Who* TV series. In what he laughingly refers to as his 'spare time', Lee continues to frighten with his noisy saxophone fetish and can regularly be found in UK venues as part of a Roxy Music tribute band (see: www.roxymagic.co.uk). Lee's website address is www.leesullivan.co.uk.

ADRIAN SALMON recalls breaking down the doors to comicdom with **DOCTOR WHO MAGAZINE**'s **THE CYBERMEN**, whilst simultaneously tackling **JUDGE KARYN** for the **JUDGE DREDD MEGAZINE**. He then spent numerous years drawing Rugrats, superheroes and Action Man's garage for various Panini Comics titles. **DWM**'s editor Gary Gillatt recalled his cyber debut and put him to work illustrating *The Time Team* – a lifelong project. Finally the computer age caught up with Salmon and he forged a career as a comics colourist – primarily on the **DOCTOR WHO** comic strip and various superhero titles for Panini. He then retired for a while and drew a graphic novel – **THE FACELESS: A TERRY SHARP STORY**. He continues to draw *Bernice Summerfield* CD covers for Big Finish and provides colours for the ongoing **DOCTOR WHO ADVENTURES** comic strip for BBC Magazines.

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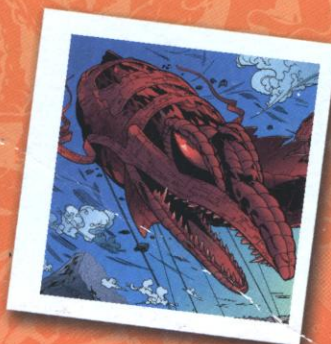
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